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FIFTY YEARS' REMINISCENCES

OF

NEW-YORK;

OR,

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF LAURIE TODD.

Grant Thorburn
aged 73

FIFTY YEARS'

REMINISCENCES OF NEW-YORK,

OR,

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN

OF

LAURIE TODD:

BEING A COLLECTION OF FUGITIVE PIECES WHICH APPEARED IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS OF THE DAY, FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS;

INCLUDING,

TALES OF THE SUGAR-HOUSE [PRISON] IN LIBERTY-STREET;
THE YELLOW-FEVER IN NEW-YORK, FROM 1798 TO 1822;
TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,
&c. &c. &c. &c.

OBTAINED FROM ACTORS IN THE SCENES.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY DANIEL FANSHAW, 575 BROADWAY,
OPPOSITE NIBLO'S GARDEN.

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE WIDOW

OF THE LATE

MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Respected Madam,

Without thy knowledge, and without asking thy permission, have I dedicated this book to thee.

When I think of thy late venerated husband (once my personal friend) defending with his pen the rights of my adopted country in the 17th year of his age, while yet a student in Columbia College, N. Y.;—when I think of him drawing his sword on the right-handside of *Washington* in his 19th year;—when I think of him as I have seen and heard him, in Council and at the Bar, defend with his eloquent tongue the cause of the poor and of the oppressed;—when I think of him as the bosom friend of *George Washington* and John Jay—an honor in itself enough for any

man—I say, Madam, when I think of these things, the name of HAMILTON sounds like music in mine ears.

Thou thyself, Madam, art a living proof that God is true to his word. He has been thy support through the last forty-one years; when he, the husband of thy youth, was torn from thy arms by the hand of a ruffian, he has given thee favor in the sight of all men, and made thee the instrument of doing much good.

Madam, mayest thou enjoy through the remaining days of thy pilgrimage that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and a mansion in the skies when the towers, castles and palaces of earth will shiver in the blaze, is the prayer of thy sincere well-wisher,

GRANT THORBURN.

New-York, 1st August, 1845.

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PREFACE.

For some years past I have been importuned by many [on whose opinion in this matter I place a higher estimate than in my own] to collect the various articles published with my signature in the periodicals and papers of the day for the past thirty years; in complying with their request they are now offered to the public.

Having come to this country shortly after the struggle for Independence, I came in contact with many of them who were actors in the scenes; forty-eight hours after I stept on shore I sat down in Liberty-street, where, between the Old *Sugar-house* and Broadway, I remained forty years; probably there was not a spot on the continent where the American prisoners suffered so much as in this same Sugar-house; for the first twenty years that I lived near that prison, it was visited for the first five years almost daily, next five weekly; then monthly; and as time wore on, their visits were few and far between; till, during the last seven years

that I remained in the street, I don't remember to have seen one of them—poor fellows, by old age, infirmity and poverty [for their country never paid them as they deserved] they were thrown aside like useless lumber in some miserable garret, or had pressed a *soldier's grave.*—I never missed, sometimes from pity, [for many of them were maimed,] and sometimes from curiosity, to introduce myself in a civil way to their notice; being strangers, I took them in a pot of ale—a crust of bread and a few kind and sympathising words set them a fighting their battles over again,—and I was amply repaid.

But the Sugar-house is gone, more's the pity,—generations unborn will search for its site with more than *antiquarian interest*, but it will not be found; however, I can clear my conscience of the *foul deed;* have done my best to snatch it from *present oblivion;* let others do the rest.

As I never left the city during the seasons of the prevalence of yellow fever, I was witness to scenes of pains and sufferings, enough to harrow up the soul; for instance, in going my rounds one hot afternoon in September, 1798, when the fever was raging like a plague, I entered a cellar where lived a man, his wife and child; all three lay on one bed; I thought the hours of the parents were numbered; as

their tongues clove to the roof of the mouth, they were past speaking; early next morning I was at the bed—their spirits had fled—the child striving to draw life from the cold breast of its dead mother; the child was taken care of, and the parents buried; the Board of Health did every thing in their power to mitigate the distress, but sometimes the inspector of a certain district took sick, and days might elapse before it was known to the Board of Health.

But I stop, or I may be writing the book over again; the stories in it are certain, and the interpretations thereof true.

GRANT THORBURN.

August, 1845.

REMINISCENCES

OF

GRANT THORBURN.

Fifty Years' Wanderings of an Emigrant.

No. 1.

"Experience is by industry achieved,
"And perfected by the swift course of time."

This day completes fifty years since I first stepped on shore, from the good ship Providence, lying at the foot of Governeur's wharf.

When we sailed from Scotland the mountains were covered with snow; when we dropped anchor opposite the old Fly-market, foot of Maiden-lane, June 19, 1794, the small ferry boats were passing, filled to the gunwale with baskets of cherries. I thought I had dropped into a *New World* indeed. It was on a Monday morning, 10 A. M.; the sun shone bright. I was wonderfully pleased with the clean appearance of the cartmen—having that morning put on their newly washed frocks. I thought these men must be well paid for their labor, and know how to take care of their money when earned. Their horses, too, in general, were more like the hunting horses I had

seen in Scotland, than like dray horses. The carmen at that time were all Americans. The highest number I observed on the carts, for months after I came to the city, was three hundred. There was only one brick store on the east side of the city, and that stood on the corner of Front-street and Governeur's-lane. South-street was not founded as yet. The wharves were alive with business. John Jay had sailed a few days previous for London, where he made the famous British Treaty. [A few weeks previous to this, those venerable trees in front of the Dutch Church in Nassau-street were planted. They were then about as thick as a man's arm.] A three months' embargo was removed at his sailing, and all the shipping was in motion. Sailors' wages were twenty-five dollars per month. Most of the vessels were loaded with flour for France and England. The revolution in France was fairly under way, and the war between England and France just commenced. But to return to June 16. [Something notable has happened to myself or family, or to the public, on every 16th of June since. For instance: My commission to hold the office of Postmaster at Hallet's Cove is dated June 16, 1834—on the 16th of June, 1806, the almost total eclipse of the sun took place. Bonaparte had his notable days and lucky days, and why should not I?]

A passenger ship was a rare occurrence at that time; and as soon as we dropped anchor the ship was surrounded by small boats, filled with people

inquiring for letters, friends, and servants. I asked one of the gentlemen if there were any Nail-makers in New-York.

"No," said he; "they have just got up a machine for cutting nails from iron hoops."

Here was a death-blow to my hopes at once. Clothing excepted, my stock in trade consisted only of my nail hammer in my clothes-chest, and an English sixpence in my pocket. The captain and crew went on shore in the boat, as likewise did all the passengers, I only excepted; and not having any money to spend, I thought I might as well stay where I was. On the passage, having nothing wherewith to kill time, I was in the habit of assisting the steward, and thereby came in for a portion of *cabin fare;* thus I lived as well by paying six guineas, in the steerage, as those who paid fifty, in the cabin. The captain returned on board, bringing with him a fine piece of beef, which he ordered cooked for dinner. While I sat on the deck, helping to get ready the vegetables, a boat came along side, from which three gentlemen stepped on board. One asked for a servant girl, another for a ploughman, and the third if there were any nail-makers on board. This to me was like life from the dead. I readily answered—

"I am a nail-maker, sir."

I sat flat on the deck, with a large dish between my knees, pealing potatoes.

"What," said he, looking down, "can you make nails?"

"I was piqued at this question; and answered, briskly, that I would wager sixpence (all my stock) that I would make more nails in a day than any man in the country."

The speaker, and the manner, set the gentleman in a roar of laughter. However, he gave me his card, and I went to work for him in twenty-four hours thereafter.

At this time the City Hotel was building, in Broadway. That was the first house covered with slates in America; shingles and tiles were the only covering prior to this. When they were ready to put on the slates they could not find nails, nor any one who could make them, for nails were not in fashion, and American nailors knew not how to make slate nails: they came to me, and I made them. I now thought I was of some consequence in the world, and that I might make myself useful in this wooden country. About twenty-five years thereafter, in passing the hotel, I saw them removing the slates to put on a new roof. I went up and gathered a handful of my nails, and now have them in my house. Next November it will be fifty years since those nails were made. At this time, also, the steeple of St. Paul's Chapel was being erected.

The first night I slept on shore was at No. 8 Dutch-street, in an old frame building with shingle roof. The weather was very hot, and I slept in the garret, with the window open. About midnight it began to thunder and rain tremendously; the rattling of the

heavy drops on the naked shingles—the constant blaze of lightning—with the crashing roar of thun der, almost scared me to death. Before this I had never been twenty miles from the house in which I was born. In Scotland we have no shingle roofs, no such heavy rain, no such blazing lightning, loud thunder, or hot nights; besides, there were mos quitoes, bugs and fleas, with all the plagues of Egypt at their back. I wished myself *hame* again. I slept no more that night, but kept tossing about on a straw bed, spread out on some Albany boards, till daylight. When I arose, not wishing to disturb the family at 3 o'clock, I thought to while away the time by opening my large case of books. They had been three months in the hold of the vessel, and I thought they might be mildewed. Having uncover-ed the case, on the top of the pile lay a small pocket Bible in two volumes. It was placed there by the hands of my father—my mother I never knew. I opened the book to see if it had sustained any dam-age on a three months' voyage; my eyes fell on the words, "*My Son.*" I was thinking of my father. I read on with delight; having finished the last verse, I found I had been reading the third chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon. I read it again. Now, gentle reader, get a Bible and read this chapter—then suppose yourself in my situation—sore in body, sick at heart, and commencing life among a world of strangers—and say if words more suitable could be put together to fit my case. You may think as you

pleasc, but I looked upon it as a chart from Heaven, directing my course among the rocks, shoals and storms of life. Its immediate effect was to raise my hopes, drive away my fears, and add strength to my soul; my sick head and sore bones were cured by the impression. I went forth with a light heart, to work my way through the world, resolving to keep this chapter, as a pilot, by my side.

On the following Sabbath morning some young men of our passengers called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" said they.

"To Church!" said I.

"Oh!" said they, "let's go to Long Island, and take a stroll in the fields. Our health requires exercise after being so long confined on ship-board."

"You may go where you please," said I, "but I go to Church. The last words my father spoke, as we parted on the shore of Scotland, was, 'Remember the Sabbath day.' I have not so soon forgotten his words!"

They went to the fields—I went to Church; they spent a few shillings—I put a penny on the plate. Some of them earned nine and ten dollars a week —I only received five and a half. They would get a light wagon, drive off with some young ladies, spend five or six dollars, get caught in a thunder-shower—fine clothes and hats all spoiled—come home half drunk, rise at 8 o'clock on Monday morning with aching bones, sore heads, down-cast looks and guilty concience. I went to Church, rose at 5

o'clock on Monday morning, with sound head, bones and body refreshed and rested; entered the labors of the week with a clear head and a quiet conscience. At the end of the year they had fine clothes, fine hats and powdered heads; but I had a hundred hard dollars in the corner of my trunk. They having lived fast, all died young; while I, in consequence of my regular living, have not been confined a day by sickness in fifty years.

This summer the weather was very hot. I thought I never could live in this country, working over the fire, so I resolved to *gang hame again* as soon as I had saved money enough to pay my passage. As I wrought by the piece, I rose very early; one morning, between three and four o'clock, (I then boarded in Liberty-street, near Greenwich-street,) as I was crossing Broadway, going toward Nassau-street, I observed a tall genteelly dressed young lady coming towards Broadway; we met at the corner; she turned and walked down Broadway, toward the Battery. I met her, at the same hour, and at the same place, three mornings in succession; each time I followed her with my eyes till she disappeared from my sight, wondering and conjecturing what she was doing up so early in the morning. For some time I met her almost every other day or two, at the same time and place. But, to make a long story short, she spoiled my voyage by binding me to herself, and to the soil.

Shortly after this, the cut-nails cut down my wages

to a shaving; however, the yellow fever broke out, and the *cut*-nailors cut stick. All the hardware shops shut up, and then I had as much as I could do making nails for the coffin-makers. A carpenter residing in Warren-street employed the whole time while the fever prevailed in making coffins from white-pine boards. He had a light hand-wagon, with four wheels, on which he placed his coffins, and sent forth his two little boys to sell around the streets, at four dollars each; stopping at the intersection of the streets, they would sing out, "Coffins! Coffins of all sizes!"

Remaining in the city during twelve years' prevalence of the yellow fever, I witnessed scenes and sights which well might shake the stoutest heart. I have seen the babe striving to draw life from the breast of its dead mother's corpse. I have entered a deserted dwelling, and found on a bed in one room the corpses of father and mother; in another room lay three children, asleep, unconscious of their loss. From July 29th to November 1st, 1798, two thousand seven hundred and sixty persons died of yellow fever. After all who could had fled, the Board of Health caused the census to be taken, when it was found only fifteen thousand three hundred remained. In 1822, from July 13th to November 2d, twelve hundred and thirty-six persons died of yellow fever.

About this time, having been cut out of employ by means of the cut-nails, I started a small grocery, and as I generally attended to my own business, (only,) I was soon in a thriving way. This being observed by

a neighbor, he commenced the same business two doors above me, and under more advantageous circumstances, and thus I was cut out again. I then commenced the painting of common flower-pots with a green varnish; this took, and soon became a business. This was in 1800. Being in the Fly-market one day in the following spring, I saw a man, for the first time, selling plants; as I passed, I broke off a leaf; it smelt like a rose. I asked the name; it was a Rose Geranium. This was the first time I ever heard the word, or even knew there was a geranium in the world. I gave fifty cents for the plant, placed it in one of my green flower-pots, and set it on the counter to draw attention, not with the intention of selling it; it sold, however, and the pot with it; and by this speculation I made twenty-five cents. Next day I bought two plants, and sold those also. Thus I commenced the selling of flowers. Travellers and others, seeing the plants, often inquired for seeds, and thus I commenced the selling of seeds.

You see, by this, what I thought to be misfortunes were only blessings in disguise. When the cut-nails *cut* me out, I thought it a misfortune; being cut out of a grocery, I thought that was another misfortune. But by this Providence was leading me (without my ever planning it) into a more pleasant, more respectable, and a more honorable business.

I will now go back, and give you some of the sayings and doings of the sovereign people, forty-nine years ago.

In the winter of 1794, the State Legislature held their session in the old City Hall, in Wall-street, opposite the head of Broad-street. At that time Richard Varick was Mayor of the city. Some one of the men who rowed the ferry-boats from Maiden-lane to Brooklyn had grossly insulted the Mayor on his passage. The man was tried, and sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes on his bare back. A lawyer named Kettlelass, or some such name, brought the matter before the House of Assembly; in his speech he insulted the house, and was ordered to make an apology; this he refused, and it was voted to send him to jail. A large mob had by this time collected in front of the Hall, and they placed him on a rush-bottomed chair, and carried him up Broadway to the old jail in Chatham-street; on their way they stopped opposite the house of the Mayor, hissing, whooping, and yelling like the *sans culottes* in Paris; they next proposed to set fire to the house, but General Giles, and other revolutionary officers, coming up at this time, by fair words and smooth speeches diverted them from their purpose, and thus the matter ended.

About this time John Jay arrived from London with the famous British treaty. Congress then being in session at Philadelphia, it was immediately laid before them. Gen. Washington, Gen. Hamilton, and the majority of the men who had just hung up their swords and wiped the blood, dirt and sweat from their brows after achieving their country's independ-

ence, thought the treaty was highly advantageous to their country; but the clammen, hodmen, dustmen and cartmen thought otherwise. Accordingly a meeting was called at four P. M. in front of the old Federal Hall, on the head of Broad-street, to remonstrate against the ratifying of this obnoxious treaty. Long before the hour the broad space was filled with a motley group; there was the Irish laborer, his face powdered with lime, shirt-sleeves torn or rolled up to his shoulders—and the clammen were there, and the boatmen were there, and the oystermen were there, and the cartmen were there, and their horses were there; and the horses seemed to possess more gratitude than their masters, for they licked the hand that fed them; but these men knew not Him in whom they lived, moved, and had their being. The mob rolled to and fro like the waves of the sea. On the corner of Broad and Wall-streets stood Gen. Hamilton, Col. Varick, Giles, and eight or ten more of the revolutionary officers; they looked on the multitude like affectionate fathers, beholding with sorrow the frantic tricks of their erring children. On the steps of the Hall stood a group of cold, calculating, sinister-looking faces; in their countenances and eyes you could read deeds and plans of deep, dark, and daring political intrigue; at their head stood that prince of intrigue, Col. Burr.

I afterwards found these men writing huge essays to prove that the State of New-York could not command capital enough to finish Clinton's canal for one

hundred years. When they saw it finished in seven years, they would have drowned him in the ditch which his skill and perseverance had made. They cared not though the State sank, provided they might rise on its ruins. I next saw them as drummers, beating up recruits for Fanny Wright and her temple of reason, at the time she was trying to engage all the working men to work for the devil. I next saw them kicking all the poor old revolutionary officers and soldiers out of the Custom-house, Post-office, and every other office, that they and their hungry political swindlers might eat a piece of bread. I lately saw a small remnant of them—for death has wofully thinned their ranks—they were holding a repeal meeting in the Park, so that they might catch a few Irish (not American) votes. But in following these hungry politicians, I had almost forgot the meeting.

A tall fellow got up—(I have known him ever since, and saw him a few days ago, a regular opposer of public good)—and called the meeting to order. He might as well have told Bunker's Hill to remove into the deep of Montague Point. He then proposed Mr. —— for chairman. After this he began reading a paper, but was neither heard or understood, for some cried one thing, and some another, and the greater part knew not for what they had come together. In those days there stood an old Dutch house, its gable-end to the street, on the corner of Broad and Wall-streets, which had a large stoop; on

this stoop Gen. Hamilton stood, and began to speak in defence of the treaty. His clear full voice sounded like music over the heads of the rabble, and for a while they stood still. Lowering himself somewhat from his natural style of eloquence, he spoke in language plain and simple, suited to the capacities of his hearers. His words were true, and they understood them. They were cut to the heart, and laid violent hands upon him in the midst of his speech, and dragged him from the stoop and through the street! Yes! Hamilton, the right-hand swordsman of Washington, was gagged and dragged through the streets by a set of political renegadoes, the scum and offscouring of a foreign kingdom! I got up among the branches of a large buttonwood tree, which at that time stood in front of the old Dutch house, that I might be out of harm's way. Looking down upon the ruffians from my tree of safety, I thought to myself, "What a fine thing democracy is in *theory!*"

As I said before, death and the yellow fever have wofully thinned the ranks of those chaps since that day. While existing, they were scratching and scrambling over the shoulders of each other, each striving to be uppermost, and all grasping for the crown—each brother democrat snarling, growling, snapping at the bone that another was gnawing at. And this is what they called the *beautiful simplicity of a Republican government!* Simple enough, in all conscience; but wherein lay the beauty, I am not able to discern. But I must return.

Mr. Longfellow roared out, "All you who agree to adjourn to Bowling-Green, and burn the British treaty, will say Ay." The thunder of the "Ays" shook the watch-house, which stood on the south corner of Broad and Wall-streets, to its foundation, and the mob ran, shouting and yelling, to Bowling-Green. The treaty was burned, while the Irishmen danced the "White Boys' March," and the Frenchmen sung "*Dansons La Carmagnole*—the boatmen, clammen, oystermen, and hodmen adjourned to the grog-shops around White Hall—and the carmen and horses retired to the rum-holes along Coffee-house Slip; whilst a few of the choice leading spirits, deists and devil's journeymen, repaired to the City-Hall, where they ate, drank, and laughed at the political farce they had closed with so much satisfaction to themselves. Col. B—— remarked, "Never mind—next spring the votes of these hodmen and clammen will tell as much at the polls as the vote of John Jay." Universal suffrage was not then fully introduced.

Fifty Years' Wanderings of an Emigrant.

No. 2.

"He travels and expatiates, as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

I heard much of a country which lay toward the rising of the sun, whose daughters were daughters of the Puritans, and whose sons were the sons of the Pilgrims; and besides that, of late years they had made such rapid advances in what they termed *rational Religion*, that I thought it was there and then that the Millennium, so much spoken of by John Bunyan, in his "Progress of the Pilgrims," was about to commence. I therefore was anxious to see this people—not to take the height of their corn-stalks, nor the diameter of their pumpkins; but among them, I thought, was to be found the perfection of the Church militant; and I longed to see a sight so imposing. You will see, in the sequel, how sadly I was disappointed.

It was on a beautiful day in the summer of 1829 that we took our departure from Fulton-slip, East River, in the steamboat Franklin, Captain Bunker. After we passed the Gates of Hell, and got over the Hog's-Back and Fryingpan, the captain sent forth a herald, with face as black as Lehigh coal, and teeth like mountain snow, in whose hand was a silver bell. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, "Passengers, please step to de-

captain's office and pay your passage." Thought I, these Yankees have an office of deposit everywhere. I was carried along with the crowd, and brought up with my head under the port-hole, or office window, when up came a long-legged fellow, squeezing along, and shoved me aside like a thing of nought. Said I—

"In New York, he who comes first with his pail to the pump, gets it first filled."

He looked down upon me, but that was all. He held between his thumb and finger, while it floated in the breeze, a $50 note, as much as to say—You see I have more money in my purse than wit in my head! Captain B. with one eye observed this manœuvre, while with the other he gave change for a ten-dollar bill. Said he to me—"Mr. Todd, it's your turn next." [I wondered how he knew my name.] "You are getting squeezed among them large men." Mr. Longfellow looked as "flat as a pan-cake" without yeast. This *wee bit o' civility* from the captain gave me a good opinion of his heart and his head.

The next morning we saw Newport. I was surprised to see a large number of men building something like a stone fence, with windows in it. I asked the captain what it meant, and was told it was a battery of one hundred and fifty guns, for the protection of Newport. As Newport appeared in my eyes, from the water, I thought their property might be their protection. This, thought I, is another rip-rap contract.

We soon reached Providence, where coaches were ready to convey us to Boston. No rail-roads at that time. I stood by my trunk, observing the filling up of about thirty carriages with about two hundred men, women and children, with trunks, band-boxes, &c. when Capt. B., standing by a coach door, called out to me. On approaching him, he said—

"This coach contains ladies only, but I have reserved a seat for you; so you must take good care of them."

"Thank you, sir," said I. "It's a precious charge, but I will do my best."

There were fourteen of them, from twelve to fifty years of age, some very handsome, one homely, and some between the *twa*. On the road I kept them awake with Sir Walter's Scotch tales and Hogg's stories; and being in the rear, with the wind astern, we got along very comfortably—a cloud of dust going ahead of us like a black thunder cloud.

We arrived at the Eagle Hotel, in Boston, about sundown. The ladies' hats, cloaks, and dresses, which, on the steamboat, showed colors enough to bedeck fifty rainbows, were now but one, viz. ashes on ashes, and dust on dust.

The next day being Saturday and the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker-Hill, I visited the old battle-ground and monument; and being alone, retraced in memory and imagination the scenes, consequences, and results of that sanguinary conflict, and, with my mind's eye, looked back, through the mists of sixty

years, to the beautiful village in Scotland where I drew my first breath. I think it was in the month of August, about eight o'clock on a fine evening, that the villagers stood in groups, awaiting the arrival of the Edinburgh stage-coach. At length it arrived. The driver threw an Edinburgh evening paper to the group, and the schoolmaster of the parish, mounted on horseblock, read to the gaping throng, "*A true and particular account of a battle fought near Boston, on a field called Bunker-Hill, 17th June*, 1775," &c. and as the British had the story all their own way, the rebels were crushed, and the rebellion at an end. A few excisemen and their deputies gave a shout, but the rest entered their cabins with heavy hearts and long faces.

Little thought I that night, that on the 54th anniversary of that battle, I should stand on the field where it was fought. That is the first of my newspaper recollections. The matter was stamped upon my heart, from the circumstance that that night, at family worship, my father prayed God to protect, bless, and direct George Washington, and to break the arm of the oppressor. Being too young to know the merits of the cause, I wondered at my father's being glad when our folks (the British troops) were beat. At school, you know, *ye'rs aye for our ain side.* But to return to the *rational religionists.*

Thinking that Sunday was better than Saturday or Monday to examine into the principles and practice of this new light, I therefore arose before 5 o'clock,

on Sunday morning, resolving to examine the exterior and interior of their churches. Wherever I espied a steeple for a guide, thither I steered my course; and into most of them I found access, as the sextons were either dusting inside or sweeping outside. This might be *rational* enough, for ought I knew, but I thought it was hardly consistent with *pure* religion; they ought to give a man seventy cents a week more, on condition that he beat the cushions and swept the gutters on Saturday afternoon. I was struck with the grandeur of all of them: they beat our New-York churches all hollow. I was pleased, too, that they did not let the house of God lie in ruins, while they themselves were living in ceiled palaces. I saw a church where the back of the pulpit was nearly as broad as the east end of our City-Hotel: high above the minister's sofa there hung a guilt anchor, large enough, from its appearance, to have served a seventy-four; and instead of tarred ropes, it was bound round the stock with thick scarlet silk cords, and the wall covered with fine scarlet cloth. I should think there was a hundred yards of it, which hung in beautiful festoons over the flukes of the anchor. The sexton told me the cloth and anchor were presented to the church by a single (bachelor) gentleman, and cost a thousand dollars. I thought he had better given five hundred dollars to the Bible Society, and then bought furniture with the other five hundred, and went to house-keeping with one of those *bonnie lasses* I saw, the day previous, walking round the large Elm tree!

Whatever might be his religion I knew not, but I thought that would have been a more *rational* way to lay out a thousand dollars.

At ten o'clock I entered a church which I had not before seen. The minister, after sitting awhile to breathe, got up and asked the congregation to join with him in singing to the praise and glory of God, &c. when up started a long string of lads and lasses, who sung out most lustily, to the praise and glory of *themselves*. I turned around to see how the minister brooked the affair, as no one joined with him, when, lo! there he stood, as mute as a mummy, with his psalm-book shut, and one hand upon each side of the pulpit supporting his noble frame, his face mantling with a complacent smile as he looked under the broad brims of the lasses' hats, (at that time the ladies' hats measured about three feet, brim, crown, and border,) and seemed absorbed in contemplating the sweetness of their warbling throats. By his ruddy cheeks and glistening brow, I was sure, without any manner of doubt, that however satisfied he might be to worship God by *proxy*, in the pulpit, he did not carry the principle into the ordinary walks of life, at least, so far as eating and drinking were concerned. I found it to be an old Scotch tune, called "French," which they were singing; so I opened my hymn-book, turned my back to the minister, like the rest, and sung to the end of the hymn, keeping time with the lads up stairs. The people looked around, and some smiled, some said, "He's a Yorker," and some that I was *daft*.

Thought I, "You may say what you please, but I have only joined with them who sing praise, as the minister requested; so 'they may laugh who win.'" They called themselves rational Christians in this church, but I thought they had a queer way of showing their rationality.

In the afternoon I went to another church, to see if I could find anything more orthodox. The minister, after inviting the people to join with him in singing, read a hymn; the organ then played a solo, after which a woman—dressed pretty enough, but I thought her cheeks were rather more ruddy than nature commonly paints in the month of June—got up and sang most sweetly, all alone by herself, praise and glory to the whole congregation. I could not see that any person joined with her—nothing was to be heard but her sweet pipes and the tin pipes of the organ. After church was out, I asked a gentleman who she was that sang for us, and he told me that she belonged to the theatre; that she sung till past twelve o'clock on Saturday night, on the stage, to the praise and glory of the devil—that the rational church paid her three hundred dollars, and the devil's church six hundred dollars, per annum. So that, between the two, she cut a pretty bright figure. Said I to myself, "If one of those pilgrims who landed on Plymouth-rock, that cold frosty morning, with noses as red as a north-west moon, was to look in upon these *rational degenerates*, how they would sink into insignificance." And here let me remark, that nearly all the ministers I heard in Boston, were *readers*, not *preachers* of the Gospel.

I afterwards went to Guilford, Stonington, Huntington, Derby, Bambury, Danbury, &c. and in all these places the ministers read their sermons, and the people sang by proxy. It was now harvest time, and the weather very warm. The next Saturday was a fine day for the farmers, and, being full-moon, many of them kept their men-servants and maid-servants, their oxen and their jackasses, at work till one o'clock on Sunday morning, getting in their grain, &c. On Sunday morning the bell rang at ten o'clock, and then all the people, who could walk, went to church. The lads and lasses in the gallery sung for the whole concern, as usual. After prayer, the minister began to read his sermon; and when he had got to "*Thirdly*," I looked around upon the congregation, and found them all asleep, except three or four old women who sat under the pulpit; and they too would have been asleep, but having dozed for the last forty years under the droppings of this drousy preacher, and, for the life of them, could not sleep an hour longer. There were about two dozen Sunday-school scholars in the gallery, and they were amusing themselves by cutting sticks to make windmills, while their teachers, male and female, were asleep. The minister, however, kept on reading his *dead language*. Before this, I was at a loss for the meaning of "Professor of the dead Languages," in Yale College; but I now thought it must mean those who learned these young Yankees to read sermons. But why send them to college, thought I, when they can buy as many

sermons for a hundred dollars as they can read in fifty years? But a reader can never be an eloquent speaker. In Parliament, in Congress, or in the Halls of Justice, it is very rare to hear a paper speech. The ministers in the devil's church would be hissed off the stage were they to read their parts from paper; on the contrary, they deal out their lies in such strains of eloquent pathos, that they chain the attention of their audience, and bathe them in tears for hours: while many of the ministers of the Most High—who have the whole scope of heaven, earth, and hell for their subjects—deal out their solemn realities as if they themselves believed they were fictions, and can hardly keep the attention of their hearers for half an hour!

When Paul stood before Felix, and reasoned of Righteousness, Temperance, and Judgment to come, his eyes kindled with the mighty theme, and flashed conviction through the eyes of the tyrant into the dark corners of his guilty soul, which made him tremble on his throne before the prisoner, then in chains. But had Paul *read* his speech, the conviction of the eye would have been lost, and the eloquence of his tongue would have fallen harmless on the rocky heart of Felix.

We have heard much about the *march* of *intellect* since the days of the pilgrims, but, as far as pulpit-life, eloquence and oratory are concerned, I think it has been with an awfully retrograde motion.

Such were my reflections returning home in the steamboat Washington, Capt. Comstock.

But I have said nothing of the town through which I passed, nothing of the fields, and but little of the people. I will then begin with Lowell, because the impression is uppermost—not the town, but the *pretty factory lasses*, with their clean, neat dresses, and healthy, *bonnie* faces, walking two and two. Queen Victoria, (for I have seen her,) with her crown, robes and sceptre, cannot bear a comparison. But on this subject perhaps the least said will be soonest mended; so I will only remark, that, as I looked upon the happy group, I wished in my heart that Madame Trollope, Hall, Fiedler, and Dickens were there, each having at their backs a score of girls from the factories of Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow, together with the pin-makers from London. I think they would have confessed that New England excelled the old as much as the parlor of Queen Victoria excels her kitchen. But as I intend to revert to this subject again, "we will rest here," as they say in court.

Around Roxbury, the rocks are very curious. They appear as if a load of stone-marble had been thrown upon a quantity of lime-mortar, and then left to cool and adhere. Along the roads and rivers the farms are good, and the gardens, dwellings, out-houses and fences are generally in good order. The family-graveyards on the farms are very interesting. Were I the owner of one of those farms, I think no consideration in the world would tempt me to leave it to live in Michigan. What is more soothing, in the cool of an evening, than to walk among the graves of out

fathers, where they have slept for centuries past? And the fact that the bones of a father, mother, wife or child were resting there, would be a strong inducement to retain the farm in the family. Every few miles the modest village-spire—the glory of any country—is seen rising above the trees; and under its wing the school-house, and sometimes a college. I found abundance of Bibles everywhere; and it is a historical fact, that where Bibles abound, seats of learning much more abound. Hence the unremitting endeavors of the Romanists to banish the Bible from our schools. Once banish the Bible, and before another century shall have gone by we will have no schools at all; our days will be as dark as the days of Henry VIII. and then we must either kiss the Pope's toe, or be lost. But I firmly hope that the intelligence and moral character of the people of the eastern and northern States will stand like a wall of fire against all encroachments of Popery, and sophistry of Deism, as long as wood grows and water runs.

All the churches which I entered on the Sabbath were well filled, and the taverns, of course, were empty; but Thomas Hume, Thomas Paine, and every other Deist says, empty the churches and fill the taverns; and this they call laboring for the *good of society*. Thomas Paine put this, his favorite principle, into practice, and to such an extent, that, with filth and brandy, he lowered himself many degrees below the level of the brute that perisheth. For years before his death I saw him, almost daily, in this situation.

In all my wanderings through this eastern country, I found the men kind, sociable, sober and industrious; and the women handsome, intelligent, and good-natured. It's all we can want of them.

In the month of May, of the year following, I started upon another voyage of discovery. And that I might pry into the by-ways as well as highways, I left all my lumber at home. The history of one steamboat voyage on our northern or eastern waters may answer for the history of a hundred at the same season of the year. It being the season when men, as well as birds, choose their mates, you may always observe a reasonable proportion of these two made one on board; and you may easily distinguish them from those who have been buckled together in holy alliance for some years, provided you are a close observer of human nature. You will see the fair *new made one* cling fast to the arm of her natural support, up stairs and down stairs, to the table, or promenade; always linked together as close as the bands of matrimony can tie them. Even in a crowd where they cannot go abreast, you may see her squeezing along sideways after him, still grasping his arm as if she was afraid he might drop into oblivion. Supper over, and most of the passengers retired, you will see them still pacing the deck, or sitting in a lonely corner, like two turtle doves on a leafless oak, repeating their tales of love; there they sit till midnight, or till the cold northeast wind comes sweeping down from St. Anthony's Nose, or round the

corner of Point Judith, more like forming icicles than fanning the flame of love, admonishing them to retire; they then walk to the door of the ladies' cabin, where the imperious law of the boat—in direct contradiction of the ceremony—parts those asunder whom God hath joined together. No more dare he set foot in there, than enter the harem of a Turk. There, with the pearly tears dancing in their eyes, they shake hands and part, as if for ever—she to sleep if she can, and he to the bar, to drown his sorrow, if he can, in a glass of mint-julep.

I observed a pair of this kind now, whom I had seen on my former voyage. Then they were newly linked; now they were settled down, with all the sober realities of life upon their backs. No squeezing sideways, arm in arm, in a crowd—no leading down stairs, or pulling up stairs by the hand, or tips of the fingers, as you would pull a trout from the depths of a mill-pond—no snatching at a fan, glove, or handkerchief before it has reached the deck—but merely a very sedate ejaculation of "My dear, you have dropped your fan!" while he very quietly moved on, leaving his goddess of last summer to pick it up as best she could. I could but notice how much easier they then got along one before and the other behind, in all the composure of true Indian file.

Should any of my readers think these pictures are too highly colored, they have only to visit Albany or Boston by steam, and they will then see these comedies, or tragedies, acted up to nature.

The next morning I arose at five o'clock, and having lit my pipe, sat down in a *lound* corner to ruminate upon the events of the day previous. Thought I, I have been young, but now am old, yet I have never seen an unhappy marriage but that the improper conduct of the husband lay at the root of the evil. The temper of the woman must be very bad if a man of sound sense cannot lead her along. In no case is it the duty, business or interest of the husband to drive his wife—though they do it by law in England. She was never made to be driven. By kindness, gentleness, or persuasion you may lead her anywhere.

Mrs. Socrates, if fame speak true, was a woman of violent temper, and a tremendous scold; yet her husband, being a man of sense, got along with her very comfortably. It is written of her, that having one day scolded her husband for nearly half an hour without being able to draw an angry word from him, and finding that the powers of wind had no effect upon his placid temper, she bethought herself to try the power of water; accordingly, seizing a vessel from one of the upper chambers, she made a rush to the front window, from where she espied him quietly conversing with a friend on the stoop, and immediately emptied the vessel upon his bald head, with the ejaculation of, "There, take that! That will make you speak." Socrates, smiling, and wiping his face, observed to his friend, "After thunder, we may always expect a shower!" No doubt but this

sensible remark of the philosopher made the old lady draw in her head and smile; and, I dare say, when they met again on the stairs they were as good friends as ever they had been since the first day they were buckled together.

Now, had Socrates been as hot-headed as some fiery fools of husbands that I have known, he would probably have ran up stairs and broke her china tea-pot, and perhaps drove the point of his cane through the heart of the looking-glass; while she, in revenge, would tear his portrait in strips, and, may be, cut the throat of his favorite cat; and then a hell upon earth would have been in the house. But, instead of this, he poured the soothing oil of forbearance upon her stormy passions, and soon the waves were still.

Men are mighty kind, attentive, pliable and condescending before and a short time after marriage; but soon they begin to show their teeth, and then the fair girl finds that, instead of her slave, she is buckled to one of the very lords of creation. Having observed these matters for the last fifty years in New-York, I have ever found the genuine, thoroughgoing bawlers for the rights of men to be the most consummate tyrants in their own houses, and as far as their brief authority extended. Thomas Paine wrote and lectured fifty years upon the rights of men, and still his wife got a divorce from him for cruel treatment. With such facts before me, I would admonish the young ladies to be very circumspect in their dealings with young men of infidel principles,

for they will find some pretty stubborn articles among them.

When people are yoked together they must draw equal, or they cannot get along with comfort. It is a man's business to stay at home, when not necessarily called away, and share with his wife the cares, pleasures, and sorrows of the family. A husband is not drawing equally when he goes out, four or five nights in a week, to political or literary meetings, or jockey-club, or theatre, leaving his wife at home, perhaps alone, waiting his return at midnight, breathing the fumes of wine and smoke of cigars. A pretty companion this, to be sure, for a sensible, delicate woman of refinement. Such things tend to cool the affections and sour the temper. And in this, as in almost every thing else, the woman has to bear the burden; for, as an apology for so doing, you complain of tea-table lectures and the ugly temper of your wife. She was an angel when you married her, and if she is any thing less now it is your own fault. I remember hearing the eloquent Dr. Mason once assert, from the pulpit, that there were "other ways of breaking a woman's heart besides breaking her head."

A Funeral at Sea.

"The plashing waters mark his resting place,
" And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;
" Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
" And break, to be like him, beheld no more."

One of our steerage passengers died last night, after being six days out; he was brought on board almost in the last gasp of consumption; he hoped his bones would moulder in his native soil, (Ireland,) but his grave is in the deep. None of the cabin passengers knew of his situation till two hours after his death: we had on board the Rev. Mr. B——, an Episcopal minister from England; he was in bed, and knew not there was a corpse on board till I informed him in the morning; he seemed *awfully struck* when I asked if he had his prayer-book and canonicals in order, as there was to be a funeral at 9 A. M.: he mustered the materials, and finding all in order, said he would perform the last office for the dead, provided I would officiate as clerk pro tem, as he understood I had been clerk in a church in New-York for some years.

I informed the captain of the arrangement, and requested he would order every thing to be conducted with decency and order. After receiving my short lesson from the minister, we repaired on deck. The scene was novel, solemn and imposing; the morning was fine, the sun shone bright and mild, a

gentle breeze, just enough to steady the vessel, was humming through our sails, hundreds of sea-gulls were sporting in the sunbeams and dipping their snow-white wings in the transparent element beneath; ever and anon as they crossed our path, followed in our wake, and skimmed our stately ship, they looked and screamed as if anxious to learn the meaning of this dance of death.

Our crew and our passengers, eighty-five in number, were all on deck uncovered—all watching with intense interest the order and systematic preparation of the seamen: the body was tightly stitched up in a white sheet, not a spot of skin appearing, then lashed to a plank, and a heavy stone fastened to the feet; the end of the plank, with the feet towards the sea, was now placed on the bulwarks about midships, the end where the head rested was supported by the carpenter and his mate; all things being now ready, the captain on the right, I on the left of the minister, the beautiful service for the dead commenced—"I am the Resurrection and the Life," &c. in the full toned, solemn, and clear accent of a regular bred Yorkshire parson. The various and intense feelings depicted in the faces of the motley group of steerage passengers, most of them Irish, as they eyed the cloth that hid the lifeless clay, the wild screams of the milk-white sea-fowls, ascending and descending in quick succession, forced on the mind the thought of guardian angels, ready to convey some ransomed spirit to worlds of light. We were 1,400 miles from land,

suspended as it were between heaven and the great deep, and only a four-inch plank between us and the gates of heaven or hell.

When the minister came to the words, we "Commit the body to the deep," I sung out "Launch the Corpse," in a moment it was sinking in the mighty waters. "Lord, *what is man !*" exclaimed each thinking soul; we seemed *alone* as it were, shut out from all the world, and pausing on the brink of eternity; but the eye of Omnipotence was there: in the clear waters of the Atlantic I could see the *white shrouded corpse* sink, sink, sink, perhaps a thousand feet; I stood on the stern and watched its descent. The buoyancy of the plank, with the stone at the feet, kept the body erect, it looked to me like a mortal of earth descending to the confines of eternal space—perhaps in a few moments the strips of the winding-sheet, with the tatters of the flesh, were lodged in monsters' jaws.

To commit a body to the earth, seems like cancelling a debt of nature; but though the flesh be as cold as the marble of Siberia, there is something revolting to the feelings when a human carcass is sunk in the cold green sea—but this sea must give up the dead that are in it.

Rights of Women.

No. I.

"Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending."

For some days I had been concocting the sequel; but being a subject of a rather delicate cast, I put in a demurrer, and came to a stand. An incident occurred, however, which turned the whole current of my thoughts. I met an acquaintance, a bachelor of fifty-six. Thirty years ago I advised him to form a copartnership, for bed and for board, with one of the *bonnie lasses* whom he used to stand staring at as he saw them enter the brick meeting church every Sabbath. He said he would, but did it not. Now he says it's too late. I say so too. Says I, "Sir, in a country like this, where more trees are growing than there are men to cut them down, no bachelor, over twenty-five years, ought to be tolerated." Says he, "A law made to this effect would be a good one." However, considering his age and station, the chap looked ten years younger than he really is. He was disguised in a clean shirt and collar; his gray whiskers (the most hateful article you meet in the street) were neatly polished with ivory, lamp, or some other sort of black; his cheeks, eyes, and forehead were nicely smoothed with violet soap, cream of roses, and some one of the sovereign restoratives for old age, speckled

faces, and wrinkled skin; in short, he looked as if he might be good company yet for a spinster of forty-five. But, with all his fixing, there was still an air of solitary and wo-begoneness about his carcass. He looked like creation's blot—creation's blank; for it was 10 A. M. and he had just descended from his solitary roost; and he had no pretty little bird of paradise to chirp and sing with him and for him. "But," says he, "your speaking so highly in praise of the ladies reminds me of a *soiree* I attended in Bond-street, about three weeks ago, where some of the ladies were overhauling brother Benjamin. You, though, for writing, and he for printing, what some of them termed a libel, in the New World of December 2, 1843. But," says he, "you had all the young ladies on your side. They agreed that it's better to go to Hackensack, in the Jerseys, to learn common sense, than to be crammed into a nunnery and there shut up for life. But the matrons and old spinsters declared they would never forgive us for saying that they appeared in the Theatre, at Dickens's *shearing* ball, like *old sheep* dressed in *lambs' wool*."

You will now see how a small matter may change the whole course of a man's thoughts. Had a tea-kettle never boiled, we would never have seen a steamboat; and had I not met my friend aforesaid, this bill of rights never would have seen the light; for hearing I had given offence, I thought to bring out their bill of rights by way of rejoinder: or rather, as queen Victoria said when she went to see king

Philip, by way of *pacificator*. For Park knows that rather than offend the least, even among the most illiterate of them dear sisters, that, had I length of body and strength of mind, I would fight in their cause even to the boot-tops in blood, as Bonaparte did at the battle of Wagram, and thereby married an Austrian princess.

But, as they say at the bar, I have been all this time travelling out of the record, but I turn to the rights. For the last sixty years the world has been kept in a continual stew by a set of vain philosophers, wise fools, and simple dreamers, writing volumes of theories, (which will never work in practice,) whose leaves, if but in strips, would circumnavigate the globe—and all this about the *rights of man*. Not a word about the *rights of women!* These champions of freedom would not even allow the girls to choose the color of their own night-caps—for they cut off the heads of the queen and some thousands of the prettiest women in France because they said that they could sleep better in a *white* night-cap than in a *red* one! Now only think how profound must have been the wisdom of those French democrats; for they really thought if a woman's head was once cut off she could not wear a night-cap of any color at all.

N. B. We have got some hundreds of American democrats among ourselves who would act just as wisely, if once they had all the doors and windows knocked out of the *menageries* and the wild beasts let loose.

Next came Thomas Paine, with a huge compound of abstract ideas entitled *Rights of Man*. He found time, however, while writing this collection, to marry a respectable young woman in a small town in England: three years thereafter she obtained a divorce from him for *brutal usage*, and this was his *bill of rights*. I knew another champion of freedom, in a small village some few miles south of Philadelphia, by trade an auctioneer. There he stood, with the Rights of Man in one hand, a cowskin in the other, and the Declaration of Independence pinned on his breast. He was selling a *woman* and her three children at vendue: and this was his bill of rights. But to bring the matter home to our own doors, and our own firesides—here I might fill a volume, were I only to give the names of a set of political jugglers whom I have known within the last half century. They were married to some of the finest specimens of women that the world could produce. They swore at the altar to nourish and to cherish the weaker vessels all the days of their lives; but, within six months after marriage, should their better half be any way indisposed, away they go to some ward meeting, or card meeting; or, may be, he takes some country cousin, and away they hie to Niblo's, the Park, or the Battery. She is sitting by the window, her pale cheek resting on her delicate hand—the tears, like drops of pearl, trembling in her beautiful eyes, while he and his cousin descend the front steps with loud peals of laughter, every one of which goes

to her heart like the sharp point of cold steel. Perhaps she sees no more of him till he asks if coffee is ready, at 8 A. M. next morning. Now, Mr. Whiskerface, is this the way you nourish and cherish your wife? You say you left her in the hands of a good nurse. No doubt you did; but, except you are a most consummate fool you must know that a kind husband makes the best nurse. Instead of straying out and leaving her alone, had you staid at home, mixed her medicine, carried the cup to her lips, (from your hand the bitter drug would taste sweet,) then sat down beside her, as close as you please, and if you told her only one half of the fine stories you used to tell her three weeks before marriage, she would be perfectly well before the going down of another sun. This is a *woman's right*, and you are sworn to respect it. There is not an unhappy marriage, out of five score, but where the man is either a fool or a rogue.

There is another class of land pirates who prey on the rights of women. New-York, and Broadway in particular, is completely infested with them. On fine days—for these chaps can't stand a storm—you will see them on the steps of the Astor, the Howard, the Franklin, City, and other hotels, planted like the mandarins in the windows of a tea-shop. If you have time and patience to stand by St. Paul's, you may see some of these automatons pass and repass fifty times between Leonard and Rector-streets in the course of three hours. They generally hook arms,

and as they grin, look and talk in one another's faces, their motion has much of the swagger of the Siamese Twins. You may know them by the cut of their jib. They have beards like the goats on Mount St. Gothard—their slender waists (I am now speaking of *twa-legged* animals, who call themselves men) are squeezed up and pressed up with whalebone, cord and buckram, till they look like a spider suspended between the heavens and the earth from the leaf of a peach tree. They also wear india-rubber suspenders, which are intended to act as *preventors*, (as the sailors say,) to stop the extremities from parting from the trunk. Now these insignificant simple sons of silly women do nothing else but go about among the weaker sexes seeking whom they may devour, like the devil, their master, who first beguiled Eve. She having *lost caste*, is driven from society to the highways and hedges for food and shelter; while he, provided his brown hide is covered with black superfine, is caressed, courted, and admitted into the best society—(the word *best* is too often misapplied in these cases)—fine carpets, damask curtains, and stately parlors, where such genteel dressed blackguards are introduced, turn that society into the very worst. "Fowls of a feather flock together." Some of our now State's Prison gentry formerly shone in these *best* societies. In the mean time the poor ruined fair one is a stranger in the house of her friends.

I was led to these reflections by a visit to the Penitentiary; where I saw among the women some of

the finest models of face and person that I ever saw in my life, walking two and two with other outcasts of society, under the rod and discipline of a ferocious, a savage-looking lord of creation. But as I intend to resume this subject if life is spared, I will conclude this No. 1 of the *Rights of Women*, by hoping that all the ladies between the ages of seventeen and seventy may have *good* husbands of their own before the 1st of January next.

Astoria, December 21, 1843.

Some years ago, friend Park, I used, by *request*, to write a New-Year's piece for the Mirror, which they always inserted in the last number for the year. If this is in season—and you like it—it's at your service. Please mend the spelling, but let grammar and orthography go as it is. People, who read my productions, look for something to make them laugh, not belles letters and well turned periods. If spared, I intend to contribute now and then, and when people find my pieces in your *cheap paper*, I hope it may increase the subscription list.

Yours sincerely,

Grant Thorburn.

Rights of Women.

No. II.

——"Being a woman, I will not be slack
"To play my part in fortune's pageant."

It is an opinion very current among us republicans, and probably firmly believed by three-fourths of the whole population, that all kings, princes and potentates are naturally born fools. In viewing the aspect of things for some time past, I verily believe that the maxim, or proposition, is a true one; for on no other principle can I account for the doings and sayings of the body politic for some years bygone.

That we are all born *sovereigns* in this country is a fact in politics as firmly fixed as the rock in Plymouth, or the Pilgrims' stepping-stone, (and it only travelled three miles during the last century, from its own bed-post;*) and that a *king* and a *sovereign* is exactly the same sort of article in all languages—heathen, Greek, or savage—is a problem as true as any in Euclid; so it just comes to this, that we are nothing else than a set of sovereign, blustering, consummate fools. Were it not so, why is it that we act just the opposite to every principle of common justice and common sense? If a poor Irishman steals a pair of pants to protect his hind-quarters from the

* I am told that the said rock has been rolled into the market-place in the town of Plymouth.

piercing winds of a winter morning, or to hide them from the prying gaze of the vulgar throng, he goes to the penitentiary at once, with but very small ceremony; but the men who steal hundreds of thousands of the people's money at the custom-house, post-office, banks, insurance companies, &c. are but seldom brought to trial: and if they are so fortunate as to meet this ordeal, they have enough of the people's money in their pockets to buy them off, though they may have been born heirs to the gallows. But this is not all; for, as they have plenty of their *ill-gotten gear* (the people's money) on hand, they are able to dress like gentlemen: and all our exclusives, and every one who calls himself a gentleman, gives him a hat, invites him to dinner, and plays cards with him till daylight on a Sabbath morning.

There is another case in which the folly of the sovereign lords and kings of this country is made manifest unto all men; and that is, the almost total disrespect that is paid to the *rights of women*. In all history, sacred and profane, it is held up as a *sure criterion* of the *sound sense* of the *men*, that the rights of their women are respected. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, says that man is made with strength of body and powers of mind, that he may be able to *direct* and *protect* his weaker companion, the *woman;* but, instead of directing and protecting, he employs the cunning, subtle, devil-like powers of his mind and brutal strength of his body to work her destruction. But I cannot describe this operation better

than by quoting from Mrs. L. Maria Child's Letters from New-York. Mrs. Child is a lady of modest worth, and an eloquent writer; had she been an imported article she would have been extolled to the skies:

> "For many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> "And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

She was paying a visit to the penitentiary when the editor of the "Weekly Rake" (a blackguard paper) was brought in. She asks, "Why should the 'Weekly Rake' be shut up, when daily rakes walk Broadway in fine broadcloth and silk velvet?" She adds—"More than half of the inmates of the penitentiary were women; and, of course, a large proportion of them were taken up as 'street-walkers.' The men who made them such—who, perchance, caused the love of a human heart to be its ruin, and changed tenderness into sensuality and crime—these men live in the 'ceiled houses' of Broadway, and sit in council in the City Hall, and pass 'regulations' to clear the streets they have filled with sin. And do you suppose their poor victims do not feel the injustice of society thus regulated?"

Yes, my dear CHILD, they do feel it; for God made them angels—men made them devils. And as it is one of the standard doctrines in a republic, that it is just and lawful for *men* now and then to kill off a tyrant, provided that thereby they may recover their just and natural rights, so I wonder not when I hear

that one of these fellows gets shot now and then by the hand of a woman in Leonard-street; for, like a true republican, she is only cutting down the usurper of her natural rights. Nor did I wonder the other day to see one of those injured sisters of charity drag a usurper from the steps of the Astor House and make him strut through the mud like a crow in a gutter! Served him right! If the ladies only knew their *power*, and were rightly to improve it for their own advantage, they could twist the whole male generation like a thread of tow round their fingers.

But, to be serious—for this is a grave subject whereof we treat—there seems to be something wrong in the present state of society with regard to this matter. Why should the woman be driven away into the wilderness, like a scapegoat for the man, bearing away his sin on her own head? for as soon as she is cast out and trodden under foot, he, though the *chief transgressor*, is caressed, looked up to, and courted by all, as if to sacrifice her was to make him a more pure and better man than he ever was before! He is invited by fathers (who have daughters) to visit at their houses, giving him another chance to scatter about firebrands, poison and death in their families. You may see him walking in broad day, in Broadway, with females whose characters, *as yet*, are as pure as the mountain-snow, and who will meet and receive the salutations of their friends without a blush for being seen in such company; but let them meet his victim, (who probably was once their friend,)

and they will shun her as they would the plague.

Now, Miss Mock-Modesty, why shun your poor, young, blasted friend, when you are not ashamed, in the face of the sun, in the public street, to be seen *hanging on the arm* of the whiskered rascal who has ruined her? Here's something rotten in Denmark! This is fashion; and so is it the fashion in Turkey for a man to have six wives.

I have thought of a remedy, and as our State legislators are now in session, if they have a mind to attend to it, well; if not, I can't help it. Let there be a court established by the name and title of the Court of *Conscience*. Let this court consist of three matrons not under forty, and not above fifty-five years of age, bearing the title of Judges; also, twelve matrons, by way of a jury: all their appointments being permanent and for life. Then they will soon know how to do business; for as one dies, her place being filled with a green-hand, the old ones will show her how matters are conducted. It is the curse of the republic that our officers are all children and apprentices—ever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of their trust. Every change of president brings a change of the whole concern, down to the clerk of a dirt-cart. Just as they begin to know how to conduct the affairs of their office they are kicked out, and a new set of apprentices step in to learn. Instead of having *master builders* to conduct our affairs, we are not even allowed to have journeymen; hence come blundering, defaulting, swindling, and every evil

work: see the late Treasury Report to Congress. Every Congress has to borrow money to pay the interest of the money borrowed by their predecessors; and as we are all sovereigns, we won't be taxed; so we must just borrow as long as we can find fools to lend us, and then take the benefit of the act, like other unfortunate gentlemen.

But to return to the Court of Conscience. Presuming said court is now properly constituted, let the injured sister go before the court with her female witnesses. Should there be a man among the witnesses, let him make affidavit before a police magistrate; for neither constable nor any of the male creation are to enter these premises. It is also presumed that the court always sits with closed doors. It is not intended that the court should take any notice of the man, the defendant or destroyer, as you call him; he having *broken his word and promise* already, whatever he might say in his defence cannot be taken as evidence. Well then, these fifteen matrons, or ten out of the fifteen, believing the complaint of the plaintiff to be well founded, issue their precept to the city or country Recorder, setting forth that they, having found Tom, Dick or Harry guilty of certain high crimes and misdemeanors, have mulcted him to pay over one-third of his estate, real and personal, to Jane Maria, by way of indemnity. The Recorder must seize on the property immediately: if the defendant have no property, send him to the State prison, and let all his earnings (after deducting maintenance) be paid over

to Jane Maria during her life; at her death let him out of prison, that he may learn better manners. There can be no appeal from this to any court where the men wear wigs; for, as the men have already trampled on all the rights of women, by refusing to enact laws for their protection in this and similar cases, it is but fair play and turn about, for the women to take the law in their own hands. That this may be carried into effect *instanter* let the women call a public meeting, to be held in the Park, on the 22d day of February, being WASHINGTON'S birthday, and the birthday of liberty. Let our worthy friend the Mayor be requested by the ladies (and being a man of choice gallantry, he won't refuse their request) to turn out the whole posse of constables to guard the gates and perambulate the fences, that no male animal of any description may enter in by the gates, or climb over any other way, like thieves and robbers as they are. Let three of the ladies hold a caucus the night previous, and have all the resolutions and speeches *cut and dried*, so that when they get on the stage they have only to read them, and let all the wondering multitude say "Ay! ay!" Thus having done their duty to their *country* and *themselves*, they can go home and eat their dinners with a calm mind and a quiet conscience, showing an example of modest worth to those would-be lords of the creation who hold meetings there, and who, before they break up, get all a-fighting, like the Democrats and their leaders—constables and aldermen, plaintiffs and wit-

nesses, defendants and counsel, peace-keepers and head-breakers, pell-mell, all through each other. This they call *freedom of debate.*

But before I conclude, allow me, dear ladies, to drop a hint. You are to address the Senate and the House (meaning the President) in Congress assembled, and our own State Legislature, or house of Assembly, which house contains the Governor also; but, *observe*, you are not to *petition;* for, as Park Benjamin told the Moabites at the great meeting of Post Office levellers, "you are to *remonstrate*—not citizen jobbers and brokers," says he, "but fellow-craftsmen like myself, you are to remonstrate. What! petition for your own rights? No! they are your servants; tell them at once that, whereas, in our days of ignorance, you made us pay two shillings for a letter that was not worth *tuppence*, now, having opened our eyes, you *must* lower the price to the true republican *standard*, or we will drive every *auld wife* and mother's son of ye back to your native woods to grub trees; besides, we will REPUDIATE the eight, six, or ten dollars per day, whereof you have been shaving the body politic for the last month, by doing nothing—except the mixing of sling, playing billiards, and calling hard names may be called doing *something*."

Now, ladies, this is not the precise words made use of by my friend Benjamin, but it is pretty nigh the meaning; however, if you would like to possess a correct copy by way of a guide, you have only to intimate a wish and he will furnish a certified copy at once, for he is very accommodating in those matters.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have cut out a plan which, if the ladies follow up with their wonted spirit and perseverance, will insure their complete success in regaining their *long-lost rights*, viz. it will be absolutely necessary to send on a deputation to present the remonstrance aforesaid in person. I thought of recommending six, and had almost gone on to name half-a-dozen of such *startling beauties* as would have turned the brains of all the old *copper-heads* on this side of the Rocky Mountains, but, thinks I to myself, where we have sixty thousand equally handsome within fifty square miles, distinctions would be invidious; and having seen by the commercial advertisements, that it is recommended to the young whigs in Pennsylvania to send on *twenty thousand* by way of a deputation to the convention, I thought the idea so bright it might well be imitated by the ladies. I therefore recommend that twenty thousand go on forthwith, armed with their powerful remonstrance. Having refreshed themselves with a night's rest at Washington, be up by times next morning, and having eaten a substantial breakfast, fill your reticules with crackers, cakes and dough-nuts, with a small vial of simple water by way of moistening the lips. Thus armed for a siege, repair to the Capitol and take possession before the drowsy Samsons have awoke from the lap of Delilah. Fill the gallery, pit and lobby, only reserving seats for John Adams and two dozen more of the members who are sworn champions of women's rights. Let the sitting be declared perma-

nent, (as the French Directory used to say in 1793, when at 10 P. M. they had not got up Royalists' names enough to keep the guillotine in motion from 6 to 8 A. M., till Bonaparte, fearing they would not leave him heads enough to shoot at, drove out the Council of Five Hundred at the point of the bayonet, and scattered them to the four winds of Paris.) Yes, ladies, your sitting must be permanent, and you will soon bring the members to terms. They, not being prepared with the staff of life like yourselves, you will *starve them out* before morning; for the hungry democrats must either be sleeping, eating, drinking, or snarling after the bone that another brother of the sect is gnawing at.

Having now brought this matter to a happy conclusion, (as Daniel Webster said anent the Boundary Question,) I would now just remark, that if the ladies resolve to take possession of the House by force of arms, they are not without a precedent, as the following historic fact will establish.

About a century ago it was customary for the wives and daughters of the Peers, and other honorable ladies, to sit in the gallery of the House of Lords, listening to or looking at the speakers. The younger members of the House were often detected by their seniors, with their eyes fixed on the gallery, when they ought to be looking at the Speaker; to be winking, nodding, and playing pantomime with their female cousins, when they ought to be laying in funds of political economy. The elders, taking offence at this

levity, (stupid old sobersides, you played the same trick at twenty-five,) passed a resolution that, thereafter, no woman should be admitted into the house or gallery. Next day all the West End was in commotion, ladies in their carriages (no lords there) flying in all directions. Shortly before 6 P. M. the whole posse of noblemen's wives, headed by the *Duchess of Devonshire*,* beset the door, demanding admittance. In obedience to his instructions, the door-keeper refused; they made a rush and pushed him one side, while they entered like a flock of pigeons and filled the whole gallery. When the Peers took their seats they were confounded to see their wives, and daughters that were married, to the number of some hundreds, dressed with all their ornaments, and holding a silent meeting, like a company of Friends. As soon as a quorum arrived the Speaker took his chair; the sergeant-at-arms was ordered to clear the gallery; the ladies dared him to touch them; they claimed their right as peeresses of the realm; the sergeant folded his arms and looked at the Speaker of the house for orders; the noblemen began to laugh; the resolution of yesterday was reconsidered and laid on the table; the majority felt proud of their dames for the noble stand they had taken; the House adjourned, when each

* She was said to be the prettiest woman in Britain. Going up the Strand she was met by a coal-heaver, all black with soot; says he, "Madam, will you please allow me to light my pipe at your eyes." The Duchess observed, "That's the highest compliment I ever received in my life."

Peer conducted his wife to her carriage, and drove off as happy as six weeks after marriage.

Now, ladies, having given you both precept and example, if you don't stand up for your rights it's not my fault.

The De'il's Church.

"A simple race, untaught in Fashion's school,
"To ape frivolity or play the fool,
"Esteem'd it wisdom's best and safest part
"To guard the eye, the ear—*to keep the heart*."

I think it was about ten years ago when Fanny Kemble and her father were gathering dollars in and about the Park Theatre. They frequently used to spend a leisure hour at our store in Liberty-street, to see the flowers blossom and hear the birds sing. She had a neat little person, but her face was far from being handsome. She was quite intelligent, however, and I liked to hear her little English tongue going pat, pat, pat continually, like a mill-clack. She had not yet become *Butler* (to Pharaoh.) I told her I intended sailing for Liverpool in a few days, and expected to be in London; she gave me a letter to the manager of the Covent-Garden Theatre; about three weeks thereafter I gave him the letter in the green-room. He asked many questions, and was highly pleased that his friends the Kembles met good success in New-York. Says he, "I am going

to play Richard the Third to-night," and then asked me to take a couple of tickets for a friend and myself. I told him I had never seen a play. At this he broke out with a loud laugh for some minutes: "Why," says he, "they tell me you have a good house in New-York, and you have had some good players there too, of late—what is your reason?" Says I, "I have one fundamental reason; I always like to be in bed at half-past nine o'clock, and I would not break my regular rest for all the plays in the world; besides, in Scotland they say that the theatre is the 'De'il's Kirk,' and the players 'na better than they shu'd be.'" At this he sat down on a bench and laughed till his spacious sides heaved like a pair of bellows. When he had drawn his breath a little, "Well," says he, "take the tickets, be in the house at seven, call here at eleven to-morrow morning, and if you like the dose I will give you a pass to every theatre in London." I was in my box at the hour; I liked the play; my friend said it was well performed. I was so pleased when Richmond killed Richard, that forgetting where I was, I sung out, "Well done, old troop!" this set the folks in the next boxes all laughing. The after-piece was the "Maid and the Magpye," a nice article and a good moral. I remember a case of this sort which happened in Scotland, about sixty years ago, in a genteel family. The silver spoons were diminishing continually; suspicion rested on a servant girl who was much esteemed in the house; she was discharged

without a character, when mistress and maid parted in tears. Twelve months thereafter, when the slater went up to repair the roof, the whole of the spoons were found in a Magpie's nest. The lady of the house immediately sent for her favorite, paid her twelve months' wages, and reinstated her in the same responsible situation; and there she is yet, if not dead or married.

But to return to the theatre. As I said above, the play and farce were well enough; but, just as I thought all was over the fiddlers struck up a lively Scotch reel, when six *bra' lads* and six *bonnie lasses* came scampering out from behind something like a hay-stack. The lads wore black shoes and silver buckles, white silk stockings, blue velvet breeches, white satin vests, and blue cloth round jackets. I thought they looked like gentlemen's *flunkies*.* The lasses were dressed—ay, here's the rub, it was no dress at all; their hair was nicely fixed off with roses and lilies of the valley; their faces white-washed and painted, so they looked very pretty; they wore pink silk jackets, in shape like a corset, but wonderfully cut down in front; white satin kilts, not longer than what is worn by the men who compose the Highland regiments of soldiers in Scotland; flesh-colored silk stockings, and pretty little white satin slippers, small enough I thought to squeeze on the foot of Cinderella; they were tall strapping queens, and as

* Servants.

straight as a bean-pole. Well, the fiddlers bowed and at it they went, first kicking out *ae fit* and then the *tither;* they louped, they jumped, they whirled and flang; ay, man, but it was an *awfu'* sight in a Christian country. I thought o' Tam O'Shanter and the witches dancing in *Alloway's auld haunted kirk* while the *De'il* was playing the bagpipes.

When the play was going on all was still—no excitement; now all was uproar and commotion; the men clapping hands and hallowing encore, encore; scores of women laughing; ladies with their hands on their faces. I thought if they did na like to see it they had no business there. Says I to myself, this is the secret, this is the grand attraction of the theatre.

Next morning I called at the green-room: "Well," says Mr. Bertram, (I think was his name,) "how did you like it?" "The play and the farce very much," says I; "but the dancing girls were the fly in the ointment. I have heard your shop called a school for morals; but if this is your standard, I think it's very much below par." He smiled and said, "It is true, but we are obliged to consult the public taste." Says I, "I would rather hoe corn in the month of July in America, than be a slave to the public." "But," says he, "you have had some first-rate fashionable dancers among yourselves of late." "Yes, sir," says I, "but they are not Americans; now and then we import a ship-load of Italian fiddlers and rope-dancers; men singers and women

singers, live elephants and monkeys; and the scum of society everywhere will wander after such beasts, but there is not a native born lady in America who, rather than expose her person to the vulgar stare of a set of royal blackguards and noble fools, would not take a prayer-book in one hand and a wooden cross in the other and walk into the flames of martyrdom." Says he, "I know you are a moral people, but you are making wide strides after us." He proffered me a pass to every Theatre and Opera in London. I thanked him, but I was engaged to dine at seven, eight and nine o'clock, and meet with Gardening and other Societies for ten nights a-head, which I preferred to play-acting.

I remember about forty-seven years ago, when the only play-house in the city stood on the premises in John-street now occupied by Thorburn's Seed-store. One night a fire broke out near by while they were playing: the house was emptied, the fire extinguished, the people returned, and the play went on in less than half an hour. Never having been inside of a play-house, I went in to see what they were about. They were busy with "The Devil to pay in the West Indies," a piece in high repute in those days. But as I could not understand what they were at on the stage, I took a look at the folks in the boxes, pit, and gallery. I saw respectable women from Broadway and Pearl-street in the boxes—(no Jones or Bond-streets, no Park or Swamp-Place in those days,) men, women and chil-

dren in the pit, a motley group—and Blacksmiths' apprentices and Canvastown girls in the gallery. (No Church or Leonard-streets in those days. Canvas-town, now Whitehall, manufactory is at present located in Walnut-steet.) I saw mothers of forty, with their daughters of twenty, sitting in all the immodesty of undress. I knew many of them by name and number. Some were members of Churches. Said I to myself, "You dare not, for the life of you, be seen in church rigged out in that fashion." The next place I saw any of those ladies was in church, there they sat, in modest apparel and decorum of manner, reading their prayers and making their responses with faces as long as their hat-bands. I thought they must have a conscience for Sundays, and a conscience for Mondays—a dress for the house of God, and an undress for the synagogue of Satan.

There is something so fascinating in dramatic representations to boys of from fourteen to twenty-two, that they will steal from parents, masters, superiors or equals, or anywhere, so that they may gain admittance into this hot-bed of all iniquity. The records of our criminal courts well establish this fact. Colquhoun, who was many years at the head of the Police in London, and who published a history of that institution, remarks—"I believe that more of the youths among the lower orders in London begin their career as thieves, in order that they may have the means of gratifying their penchant for theatricals, than for any other cause that could be

named." Now don't you think that the youths in New-York are made exactly of the same material that the youths in London are made of—only our youths are *better fed*, and many of them are not so well taught as are the youths in London? Besides, our youth being all born sovereigns, they are consequently crammed with an extra quantity of impudence and folly, making them fit subjects for every evil work.

The theatre is the entering wedge to every other vice; wherever they erect an opera or play-house, immediately there springs up, right under its wing, an oyster-house and a porter-house, a gambling and a prostitution-house. The frequenters of the first are generally the regular customers of all the other four. In the cares of a family for forty years in New-York, I have walked the streets at all hours of the night, for doctors, nurses, &c. I have often seen (just as the streaks of light began to climb the eastern sky) young men and boys entering the stores in Broadway, where they slept, and the keys of which they kept in their pockets. Between Reed and Liberty-streets I have counted from seven to twelve in a morning of these *trusty servants* so make entry. Little think their masters—who at the same hour may be playing cards in Leroy-Place with some worthy brother of the cloth—that their five-dollar bills are flying about in Church-street like chaff before the wind; and little think the farmers of Rhode and Long Island, when they send their sons to New-

York to measure cloth and sell mousseline de laine, that they have pitched them into the mouth of the roaring lion—that he is dragging them along the *road to ruin*, and down to the chambers of *black despair*. This custom of boys and young men sleeping in the store is a sore evil under the sun; and intrusting them with the *front door-key* of the *store* is a sore temptation to steal from the till by day, that they may spend it in the houses aforesaid by night. Remember—*who murdered Ellen Jewett!*

Beside, dramatic representations unfit the mind for the steady routine of business, and for all the sober realities of life. Let any one walk into the stores on Broadway or Pearl-street between the hours of three and four, while their employers are gone to their dinners, and the clerks will be seen standing in groups with pen stuck behind the ear, the bales, the bills, the day-book and ledgers all unstrung, while they are comparing notes about *Celeste's dancing*, *Wood's singing*, *or Flynn's playing*, *&c.* Should an undertaker step in at this moment and ask for black kid gloves, so engaged are they in this all-important discussion, and so loath are they to be interrupted in their favorite and all-engrossing subject, that the poor grave-digger is frowned from the threshold with an abrupt and surly No! although the abominable rascals know that they have fifty dozen of that self-same article lying on the shelf at that very moment. Self-interest and common sense make them keep their eyes on their books and bills while their

employers are present, but even then the hand is often still and the eyes shut over the day-book, while the mind is running riot over the wild intoxicating scenes they have witnessed in the opera or play house the night previous; in their sleep they talk and dream of nothing else, and at their desks they are still haunted by the same delusion. At one period of my life I was one of the *helps* in D. Dunham's large vendue concern in Pearl-street, and although he was the sharpest business man in the street, I often witnessed the above and similar blasting effects of dramatic representations, even among his clerks. Beside, it is an awful murder of time, to sit three nights in a week, from seven to eleven, learning nothing but what is worse than nothing: debasing and paralyzing the mind.

If our city fathers, all over the continent, would close the theatres for only five years by way of *experiment*, they would find the candidates for the gallows, prison and penitentiaries, to diminish fifty-fold. I don't ask whether you believe in the Bible, in the devil or in hell, but you all profess to be promoters of the public good. Well then, if those who are guardians of the public weal would look on the thousands of boys and children of both sexes that beset the doors, obstruct the walks, and throng the streets in front of these temples of vanity, listen to their oaths and profane language, (God help the city when these boys are aldermen,) and say, if the causes of such gatherings are not a public nuisance.

Twenty years ago there was no theatre in Rochester; they were then a quiet, steady, sobersided fraternity of wheat flour grinders. There started from New-York a company of players; they stopped at Albany to scratch up what they could catch; (it was precious little;) they pushed through the canal with their kettle-drums and fiddlesticks, their bass-drums and clarionettes, their supernumeraries and doorkeepers; females and bottle-holders, broom-sweepers and candle-snuffers—a motley group: they entered the town like Death on a pale horse, and all hell followed after—and what is Rochester now? But to draw to a close, (as brother Miller said after a two hours' lecture on the propriety of burning the world last St. Patrick's day,) I would only remark, that for the three years just gone by theatricals are getting every day in less repute. There is one reason for this, as I think, and for which we have to thank the Harpers, Winchesters, Benjamins and others, viz. the cheapness of books. Young men are struck when they see a book that formerly used to sell for three dollars, now advertised for 25 cents—the title attracts them, they can purchase as many for what they formerly paid for a play ticket, as will keep them reading at night for a month; thus the charm of the theatre is broken—the infatuation dispelled; he has time to think; he has chanced on Astronomy, the sublimest of all earthly sciences; the more he reads the more he admires the wisdom and power of God; he now looks back with regret on the time and money

he has spent for nothing, and worse than nothing, and vanity; he sees he has a part of his own to perform among his fellows, and having buckled on his armor, is resolved to play his part like a man.

Reminiscences of Thomas Paine.

———— "Of one, whose hand,
"Like the base Judæan, threw a pearl away,
"Richer than all his tribe."

I think it was in 1801, when Mr. Jefferson, being firmly established in the throne of his kingdom, despatched a vessel of war to bring from France the incomparable Thomas Paine, author of the Rights of Man, Common Sense, &c. Mr. Paine had just escaped, as if by miracle, from the guillotine, wrought by the sturdy arms of the brethren of his own cloth, who thought, as appeared by their deeds, that a man never had got his full *share of rights* till once they had clipped the head from his shoulders. He came to New-York and put up at the City Hotel. Next day, about 9 A. M. a gentleman came into my store and reported that Mr. Paine was then standing on the steps of the front door. With two gentlemen who happened to be in the store, we sallied out to have a look at him; but just as we came in view he had returned inside. While I stood considering how

to get a sight of him I saw Samuel Loudon, the printer, enter the hotel. This Samuel Loudon was a sober-sided old Scotchman, and a stanch Whig. When Lord Howe took possession of New-York Samuel fled with his types, black-balls and printing devils, and joined the army under Washington. When Washington wrote a proclamation, Samuel was sure to print it. Dr. Rogers—who was many years minister in Wall-street—was there too, preaching about the sword of the Lord and of Washington, till the fellows fought like the Highlanders at the battle of Waterloo. Dr. Rogers' son was there too: he was a doctor of physic; and when the soldiers got their legs broke in the storming of batteries, he coopered them up, and set them a marching again as soon as possible. All this I learned while conversing with Mr. Loudon. But to return to Thomas Paine. As I knew that Mr. Loudon and he were co-patriots through the whole of the American revolution, I presumed Mr. L. was going to see his old friend; and if so, I could thus get an introduction to Mr. Paine. So in I went. A servant was sweeping the passage. "Is Mr. Paine at home?" said I. "Yes." "In his room?" "Yes." "Alone?" "Yes." Here I was put out—if he was alone, I had no introduction. But I was determined now to see him. Come what will, thought I, he wrote the Rights of Man—he won't deny my right to look upon his august person, and being *alone* I will introduce myself. "Can I see him?" "Follow me." He ushered me

into a spacious room, where the table was set for breakfast. A gentleman was at the table writing, another reading the newspaper, and at the farther end of the room stood a long, lank, coarse-looking figure, warming his hind-quarters before the fire. From the resemblance the latter person bore to portraits I had seen in his book, I knew it was Paine. While I followed the waiter, I was preparing an exordium to introduce *myself*, a plain republican *alone;* but when I found a company, I was taken all aback. Now, thought I, I am in for it—get out as well as I can. Facing round to the table, said I, "Gentlemen, is Mr. Paine in this room?" He stepped toward me, and answered, "My name is Paine." I held out my hand, and taking his, says I, "Mr. Paine, and you, gentlemen, will please excuse my abrupt entry; I came from mere curiosity to see the man whose writings have made so much noise in the world." Paine answered, "I am very happy in being able to satisfy your curiosity." I made a bow, something, I expect, like a goose ducking his head under water. "Good morning, gentlemen," said I, walked out, and shut the door behind me. They all burst out into a loud laugh, the sound of which followed me to the front steps. Thought I to myself, they may laugh that win —I have seen Thomas Paine; and, all things considered, have made a pretty good retreat. They called the waiter. "Do you know that little gentleman?" "Oh, yes; it's Thorburn, the seedsman." They hied away to a coffee-house, then at the corner of Wall

and Water-streets; they reported the matter, with additions and improvements; and as the story travelled it grew larger with every version, till it became quite a farce at length. One said that I told Paine that he was a great *muckle* beast, and that it was for reading and lending his Rights of Man that I was compelled to leave my country, &c. &c.

At that time I was clerk in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar-street. The kirk session took the alarm, an extra meeting was convened, and I was suspended from psalm-singing for three months, because I had shaken hands with Thomas Paine.

A few years after this, when Mr. Paine had fallen into disrepute, and his company was shunned by the more respectable of his friends on account of his unpopular writings and hard drinking, he boarded in the house of William Carver, a blacksmith and horse-doctor. This Carver and I had been journeymen in the same shop ten years prior to this period; so having free access to the house, I frequently called to converse with Mr. Paine. One evening he related the following anecdote. He said it was in the reign of Robespierre, when every republican that the monster could get in his power was cut down by the knife of the guillotine, Paine was in the dungeon, and his name was on the list, with twenty-four others, ordered for execution next morning. It was customary for the clerk of the tribunal to go through the cells at night, and put a cross with chalk on the back of the door of such as were to be guillotined. In the

morning, when the executioner came with his guard, wherever they found a chalk the victim was brought forth. There was a long passage in the cellar of this Bastile, having a row of cells on each side containing the prisoners; the passage was secured at each end, but the doors of the cells were left open through the day, and the prisoners stepped into one another's rooms to converse. Paine had gone into the next cell and left his own door open back to the wall, thus having the door inside out. Just then came the chalkers, and probably being drunk, crossed the inside of Paine's door. Next morning, when the guard came with an order to bring out twenty-four, and finding only twenty-three chalks, (Paine being in bed and the door shut,) they took a prisoner from the further end of the passage, and thus made up the number; so Mr. Paine escaped. Before the mistake was discovered, or about forty-eight hours after, a stronger party than Robespierre's cut off *his* head and about thirty of his associates—so Paine was set at liberty; and being afraid to trust his head among the good republicans for whom he had written so much, he made the best of his way to this country.

I asked him what he thought of this miraculous escape? He said: "The *fates* had ordained I was not to die at that time." Said I, "Mr. Paine, I will tell you what I think. You have written and spoken much against what we call the religion of the Bible; you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by

priestcraft and superstition; the God of Providence (for neither Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, nor thyself can tell what *fates* mean) has spared your life, and sent you here, that you might give to the people of this country, where your writings were so very popular, a living comment on your own doctrines, and to show to all the world what human nature is when left by the Creator to wander in its own counsels. Here you sit, in an obscure, uncomfortable dwelling, bedaubed with snuff and stupified with brandy;—you, who were once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, are now deserted by every good man, and even respectable Deists cross the streets to avoid you." He said: "I care not a straw for the opinions of the world." Said I: "I envy not your feelings." So we parted. In short, he was the most disgusting human being you could meet in the street. Through the effects of intemperance, his countenance was bloated beyond description—he looked as if the mark of Cain was stamped upon his face. A few of his disciples, to hide him from the gaze of men, conveyed him to Greenwich, where they supplied him with brandy till he died.

One evening I found him with ten or twelve of his disciples in company. As usual, he was abusing the Bible for being the cause of every thing that is bad in the world. When he stopped, I said: "Mr. Paine, you have been in Ireland and other Roman Catholic countries, where the priests forbid the use of the Bible to the people; and if they have the Bible,

never having been learned, they can't read it—so, of course, the Bible can't spoil them." This was conceded, and I continued: "You have been in Scotland, which is full of Bibles, and where every man, woman and child *can* and *does* read it." This he acknowledged. "Well," said I, "if the Bible were a bad book, those who used it most would be the worst people; but the contrary is the fact—for, while our jails, alms-houses, prisons and penitentiaries are filled with ignorant foreigners who never saw the Bible, there is not a Scotchman this day in one of them. Where the Bible is not read, the peasantry live like, live with, and are but one step above the brutes that perish; in Scotland the peasantry are intelligent, sober, industrious, and live in comfortable dwellings." At this moment, as I stopped, the clock struck ten—he lifted one of the two candles that stood on the table, and without a word in reply, or even a good night, walked up stairs to bed, leaving his friends and me to draw our own conclusions.

Shortly after this a man was hung for murder. He walked with a steady step from the old Bridewell in the Park to a hill which stood on the west side of Broadway, near the corner of Leonard-street, where the gallows was erected, a clergyman on each side of him—all three singing a hymn. When arrived at the gallows he mounted the cart and stood on his coffin. Before he left the prison a rope of about two feet long, having a small iron hook attached to it, was put round his neck. From the gallows was suspended

another rope, having a similar hook at the end of it. Being told that the hour was expiring, he prayed two minutes, then took hold of the hook which hung on his back, gave it a catch on the hook suspended from the crostree of the gallows, the cart drove from under him, and he died without a struggle.

Being in company with Mr. Paine that same evening, I asked him if he saw the man die. He did. "What thought you of the scene?" "I thought the man behaved with much fortitude." Said I, "Mr. Paine, what you call the delusion of the Bible was this man's support in that trying hour." He said, "An Indian will sing his death-song while roasting at the stake, and die as bravely as that man did." "Because," said I, "he believes he is going to join his kindred in the hunting grounds, where deer are plenty, and the game never fails: and so with the Turk—at death he hopes to pass into elysian fields, where he may pick up a dozen handsome wives for nothing, and swallow flagons of wine for ever without getting drunk. But you have no hope—your chief ambition is to live like a dog, to die like a dog, and to find a dog's damnation, (viz. annihilation.) I would rather believe with a Turk or an Indian than in your creed; but the christian's is a reasonable and rational hope—he trusts in no less a power than in Him who made the worlds above; who counts the number of the stars and calls them by their right names; who counts the hairs on our heads, and who takes notice of the fall of a sparrow as much as he

does of the crash of an empire. Thus trusting, he is supported through the troubles of life. When he breaks an arm, he is thankful it was not his leg; if he breaks a leg, he thanks God it was not his neck: this keeps him in perfect peace. But you have no peace or comfort in this life, and no hope in death. Besides, the christian has the advantage of you both ways; he has a support here, which you are ignorant of; he has a hope beyond the grave, which you laugh at. If your creed is true, he has nothing to lose; but if his creed is true, you lose your own soul."

He looked earnestly in my face for a few moments. "Why, Grant," said he, "thee* had better throw away thy hammer and turn preacher: thee would make a good Methodist parson."

Cheap Times.

"High-dreaming bards have told
"Of times when worth was crown'd and faith was kept,
"Ere Friendship grew a snare or Love wax'd cold—
"Those pure and happy times—the golden days of old."

DECEMBER 2, 1843.

Of late much has been read, said and sung about cheap printing and its moral tendency; but, before we

* In his youth he lived among the *Friends:* his father belonged to the Society.

analyze the subject, (as Dr. Chilton says, when he is hunting in an empty stomach in search of ratsbane,) we must first make a preface, as Dickens made his "Notes." I have hardly ever seen anything so *ridiculous* as a book without a preface, except when we saw Dickens in the theatre, surrounded by lasses of sixteen and matrons of sixty—their gray locks shorn close to the skull, and their hoary scalps covered with a black matting of maidens' hair—with needle-book and bodkin in one hand, and a pair of scissors in the other: all squeezing round to cut off a pinch of his gray English hair.

So much for princesses in a country where all are sovereigns. But this is a digression, and you may look for more of them; as I write for nothing and find myself, I am not bound to stick to one point. However, we will return to the cheap books. Everything is cheap in this country: we have flour at $3 per barrel in Michigan; potatoes at 75 cents per barrel at Buffalo; beef at 3 cents and pork at 2½ cents per pound at Cincinnati; we have cheap tobacco in Richmond, sweet potatoes in Carolina, cheap onions in Wethersfield, and cheap board in Albany. You may buy an oath in the Subterranean Court, or at some of the polls, for a dollar, and get shaved in Wall-street for two per cent. a month. Indeed, everything is cheap in this country, democracy only excepted; and what with time and money spent at ward meetings, club meetings, Park and Tammany meetings, handbills and advertising, polls,

elections, &c.; and then when seated in office, they become defaulters in the Custom-house, the Banking-house, the Post-office, the War-office, and in every office and place of trust—I verily believe it costs more to keep us in order than it takes to pay Queen Victoria, with her lords of the Stall and her ladies of the Chamber, her horses, hounds, &c.; and were it not for *temperance societies* and *cheap books*, I think we would soon be a ruined nation.

Cheap books have sprung up as a strong auxiliary to temperance societies. I have thought from the beginning, and I think so still, that I can see the hand of Providence in this mighty revolution in literature, as a powerful engine in aid of the temperance cause. I have been told by day-laborers and mechanics, that when they first took the Pledge their greatest difficulty was *how to kill time at night:* they had been in the habit, after supper, of adjourning to some tavern, to read the newspaper, drink two pints of beer, smoke two Spanish segars, and sometimes staying till 12 o'clock at night. Thus they spent $1 31 per week, (for some of them put the Sabbath evenings in their catalogues,) making $68 12½ per annum,—more than it cost me to keep my wife when I was first married forty-six years ago. But wives in those days, to be sure, were true *yoke-fellows:* they drew equal. Now, scores of them are worse than good for nothing; they are like an old fifty-six chained to a man's leg—dragging him back while he is pulling ahead—jingling a piano,

instead of making his shirts—shopping in Broadway, in place of mending his stockings—leaving cards in Bond-street, Ann-street, Park-place and Swamp-place, when they ought to be in the kitchen to see how the cook got the apple inside of the dumpling.

But I have forgotten the cheap books again. Well, to return to our mechanics. Now, when they come home at night, having finished supper, they find on the mantel-piece a newspaper for a cent, and a history of the stout barons in England, who compelled King John to sign the *Magna Charta*, for twenty-five cents, (this book cost thirty shillings sterling in London.) Indeed, they can buy as many books for ten shillings and sixpence, only *one week's beer score*, as will keep them reading for a twelvemonth; besides, the beer was poison to the body, while the books are food for the mind. Formerly, they rose in the morning with a sore head and a sick heart, their ideas all "confusion worse confounded;" now they rise with the *lark*,* having a clear head and a quiet conscience. They enter on the labors of the day like the sun going forth in his strength; and while their hands are employed in the hewing of wood and drawing of water, their thoughts are fighting over again the battles of Wellington, which they read the night previous in Alison's History of Europe, thus beguiling the hours of labor and making time seem short. Besides, many young men who formerly

*An European bird, an early songster.

spent their nights in that church of thed evil and road to hell—the theatre—now stay at home and read cheap books.

N. B. I must add now, by way of postscript, friend Park, (and you must print every line of this rhapsody, else don't print any,) that it has been said that some of your books are rather of a black concern. It may be so, for I have not read the "Mysteries of Paris," and can't tell: and, if it is, you are no worse than your neighbors; but as two blacks won't make a white, I advise you to mend your manners—you are not too old to learn. But, is it not enough to make the devil blush to hear men blame the Messrs. Harpers and yourself for only printing the *theory*, while they themselves send or carry their sons and daughters to Paris, where they may learn the same things in practice? And is it not strange to see these guardians of the public weal carry their sons, daughters and wives to the play-house, where they may see groups of French and Italian *nymphs*, dancing in frocks of the same longitude that they wore when only ten years old? There are some lordly democrats who send their daughters to Baltimore to finish their education in a nunnery: and a pretty sort of a finish they make of it; better they had sent them to the female academy at Hackensack, where they might learn some common sense among the Dutch lasses—an article they can never acquire in a nunnery.

The Horse and his Rider.

"Up hill, indulge him—down the deep descent,
"Spare—and don't urge him when his strength is spent;
"Impel him briskly o'er the level earth,
"But in his stable don't forget his worth."

Many who keep horses are not aware that they are thinking animals, and have feelings, passions and affections very much like human beings, although they cannot talk. People who do not appreciate the character of the horse, are apt to treat him without love or mercy, and without any appeal to his natural intelligence. "The horse knoweth his owner," and much more: he knows when he is used as a horse should be; and in respect to treatment, the Turk and Arab have much the advantage of many christians I could name. The Pagans make friends of their horses; they love each other, and on the sandy desert or the wild plain they lie down side by side, and each is equally ready to resist the approach of an enemy.

A horse may be taught like a child by those who have won his affections; but the method of teaching is by showing distinctly what you wish him to do, not by beating him because he does not understand and perform at the outset all you desire. Horses, like men, have very different intellectual capacities and tempers; but all may be mastered by kindness, while the best, the most high-spirited and the most generous will be ruined by harsh treatment.

At the circus you have ocular demonstration that the horse understands the language of man, and man may learn more virtues than one if he will observe the habits of his horse. "Ask the beast, he will teach thee!"

To illustrate the position that a horse, by kindness, may become as docile and as fond of his master as a dog, I will tell something of my horse Billy. I was out with him before a light wagon; on a part of the way a fence was being made with lime, and the road was encumbered with large stones, lime, lime barrels, carts, ox-chains, &c. which rendered it almost impassable, even by daylight. I was detained beyond my expectations, and by the time I arrived at this dangerous spot, on my return, it was so dark I could not distinguish the head of my horse. I thought of getting out to lead him; but this was impossible, as the frost was coming out of the ground, and had I left the wagon I should have sunk to the knees in mire. When we came to this spot Billy stopped of his own accord. "Now, Billy," said I, "I can't see, and can't walk; you must try and not upset me." So saying, I slacked the reins, and gave him his own way. It was a ticklish job, but he managed it nobly; he stopped now and then and made a survey, as carefully as did the men who ran the boundary line two years ago; he turned, and tacked, and wore ship like an old seaman among breakers, and brought me out as safe as a steamer beyond the overslaugh. "Well done, Billy," said I. "You shall have a good

bed and four quarts of oats as soon as we get home." While I kept talking, he walked at a slow pace, as if listening. "Now, Billy," said I, "ye may *gang yer ain gait.*" He clapped his feet to the ground—he is a racker—and in ten minutes we were at home. As I was taking off his harness, I kept patting and praising him occasionally, and then made a comfortable bed and gave him his oats, for which he seemed more grateful than some of those *twa legged* gentry who scour the Third Avenue, for they neither thank God nor man.

Billy is a white Canadian pony. I have fed him for ten years past with my own hands, and generally caress and talk to him while feeding, so that now he seems to understand every word I say as well as if he had been born in Scotland.

I knew a gentleman who bought a number of cavalry horses at public sale shortly after the battle of Waterloo; he turned them loose in a park near London. After being in the park a few weeks, there came up a thunder-storm; at the time the horses were busily engaged eating the grass; with the first flash of lightning the horses raised their heads, pricked up their ears, and stood in the act of listening; in a moment the sound of the thunder came rolling from afar, when every horse galloped, each faster than his neighbor, to the centre of the field, where they fell into line as regularly as if backed by the most experienced life-guards. In a few minutes, finding it a false alarm, they quietly returned to their grass.

Where is the man, having a soul, that can abuse such an animal?

I knew a gentleman who occasionally got intoxicated, whose horse knew when his master was drunk as well as he did himself, by his vacillating motions when mounted. Upon such occasions the horse would regulate his movements so as to prevent his master from falling, if possible. One moonlight evening he staggered out of Cato's, or some of the hell-holes near the Third Avenue, and was helped on the saddle; but he fell off before he had gone a mile, and his foot hung in the stirrup. His horse stopped and stood still. Here was a theme for a picture—a comment upon the text: "Ask the beast, he will teach thee." There stood the compassionate horse, the big tear rolling in his eye, looking with sorrow upon his drunken master, and revolving in his mind how best he should help him. At length he griped the brim of his hat with his teeth, but this gave way, and again the drunkard's head smote the ground. He then seized hold of the collar of his coat, and thus held him up till he was able to extricate his foot from the stirrup. His master having now become somewhat sobered by the loss of blood and his fright, was able to mount again and keep his saddle, and arrived home safe. Soon after this the man joined the Temperance Society, and is now a useful and happy man. It is now more than ten years since this occurred, but the horse is still kept and treated like one of the family, and will be till he dies.

I have seen a horse at an exhibition, which, upon a watch being held before him, and he asked what time it was—happening to be four o'clock—struck the floor four times with his foot.

A friend of mine in Brooklyn has a horse which, when asked by his master to salute the company, will place himself against the wall, and standing upon his hind feet, nod with his head to the company.

A friend of mine had a valuable horse stolen from his stable, for which a large reward was offered and diligent search made, but to no purpose. Having changed masters several times, he was at length rode by a gentleman whose business led him through the place from which the horse had been stolen, and when he came opposite his old master's house he marched directly up and put his head over the half-door, and commenced neighing. His rider kicked, spurred, coaxed and whipped, but to no purpose; to move him was impossible. A crowd gathered around him, and among these was his old master. They recognized each other immediately, the master by naming his horse, and the horse by laying his head on his master's shoulder. The rider gave a fair account of his purchase, and so did the next and the next, until it came to the thief, who was committed for trial.

Some years ago a favorite old hunter belonging to a gentleman in Somersetshire, England, being locked in the stable, and hearing the sound of a French horn and the cry of the hounds, became very restive.

The hostler going into the stable thought the spirited animal wanted some sport, and instantly saddled him, and placing a large monkey upon the saddle, turned him loose. The horse following the sound soon joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard. But the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

A gentleman who owned a great many horses was in the habit of turning them loose in a field to graze, in the summer. Among them was a horse stone blind. One of the horses attached himself to this blind horse, and whenever the blind one strayed from his companions, this good-tempered creature followed him, and by laying his head on his neck, and other signs which they perfectly understood, would lead him back to his companions. And what is still more remarkable, this horse was so gentle and peaceable that he incurred the character of being a coward when only himself was concerned; but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend he would fly with such fury that not a horse in the field could stand before him. I thought the conduct of this horse might put man to the blush.

One of the horses belonging to the Oxford dragoons having got loose in the stable, marched up a crooked staircase into the hay-loft. When his rider came into the stable he was thunder-struck on missing his horse, and flew like a madman to inform an

officer of his loss; but he had scarcely got twenty yards when the animal put his head through the pitching-hole and neighed aloud. The astonishment of the soldier and his neighbors was beyond description. Every stratagem that could be devised was made use of to lead or force him down, but in vain; he saw the danger and was obstinate. He kept trotting and snorting round the large hay-loft for nearly two hours, until at last he stepped upon a trap-door, made of thin boards, which let him down upon the floor, about eight feet, without the slightest injury.

A few years since, the servant of Mr. Walker led his horses to the corner of New and Broad-streets to drink, and was always followed by a fine Scotch terrier dog, which had fondly attached himself to one of the horses, and always slept under the manger, by the fore-feet of his favorite. On going to drink one morning, the terrier was attacked by a powerful mastiff, (the prototype of Bonaparte, the great bull-dog of murderers,) and was in a fair way of being torn in pieces. The favorite horse seeing the unequal contest, slipped his halter, galloped to the spot, and with his hind feet gave the tyrant a blow so well directed and powerful as to send him, head over heels, across the street and down the steps of a cellar. Having performed this act of justice, he returned to the well, finished his drinking, and then escorted his canine friend to his soft bed under the manger.

Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention of a horse which lived in his time, belonging to a Mr. Banks, of whom it is related that he would restore a glove to its owner after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear. When shown a piece of money, and asked how many pence it contained—suppose it to be a shilling—he would strike the ground twelve times with his foot. This renowned horse is alluded to by Shakspeare in "Love's Labor's Lost," Act 1, Scene 3.

The following sublime description of the horse is from the book of Job, chapter 30, v. 19. God, speaking to Job, says: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible; he paweth the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men, he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver resteth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet; he saith among the trumpets, ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

This eloquent description of the horse was written about 5,000 years ago; yet no language could better portray his nature, though it were written on the day after the battle of Waterloo, where the British horse contributed so much to gain that splen

did victory over Bonaparte and his Invincibles.

I might fill a volume with such anecdotes; but as I intend to continue the subject, I will conclude with a few hints on their treatment, which I have learned from experience.

When a horse *shays*, don't beat him—that only makes him worse next time; check him to a walk, and give him time to see the object, and he will take little or no notice of it.

If a horse stumbles, don't strike him for it—that will add the fault of springing forward; for the next time he stumbles he will expect the lash to follow, and will naturally spring forward to be out of its way. The remedy is in keeping a good look-out; and when you come to a rough or stony part of the road, tighten the reins and enliven the horse by talking to him; but never strike him after an accident.

As you would save the strength and wind of your horse, drive slow up a hill; and as you would save your own and your horse's limbs, drive slow down a hill. Do not feed with grain, especially corn, when your horse is warm or much fatigued; if you do you may founder and ruin him.

Never wash your horse with cold water when he is hot, or let him drink freely; but if the water is quite warm it will not hurt him.

The Genesee Girl and her little Red Book.

A STORY, NOT FOUNDED ON, BUT ALL FACT.

"Good she was, and fair in youth,
"And her mind was seen to soar,
"And her heart was wed to truth."

One tremendously cold morning in the month of February, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, or so—a month or a year, more or less, makes no difference, as the story is certain, and the interpretation thereof true—we left Hoboken, fifteen of us, stowed close and well-packed, in a large stage with wheels, besides a very neat coach which held only four; I was very politely asked to step into this coach, and, so foolish was I and ignorant, that I thought this same fine close carriage would carry me all the way, through thick and through thin, whither I was bound, even to the State House in Albany. In two short hours my eyes were opened; we stopped at Hackensack, at a tavern, grocery, grog-shop and post-office, all under one concern; (by-the-bye, those mail-bags are a great grievance, stopping every few miles on the road in a cold night.) Here we were to change horses. Our grog-selling postmaster began to bluster and swear. He had neither carriage covered nor uncovered, in which to forward so many passengers. He said the *Jockey Club* in New-York took all the money, and gave him all the trouble. "In short," said he, "except you remain here till 4 P. M.

you must go on with such conveyance as I can furnish." Here one of our passengers, a great black-whiskered fellow, told the landlord to his face, "He would rather stay in h— till 4 o'clock than stop in such an abominable rum-hole." As we applied to our Hoboken driver, he said his orders were to *drop* us at Hackensack, and bring back the carriages; and, sure enough, he turned about, and back he went. Looking at our commodious carriages on their return, a passenger remarked, "These are kept as *decoy-ducks;*" I thought, in our case, they had decoyed geese, for no person with brains ought to expect any good thing to come out of Jersey. Here we were detained nearly an hour; I stepped into the bar-room—a large place; in the centre stood an old-fashioned ten-plate stove, surrounded by fifteen or twenty large, lazy-looking fellows; on the stove (which was very hot) stood a number of pots, pitchers, mugs and jars of beer, brandy, ale and cider; some, running over with the heat, made a hissing noise, and the fumes which rose to the ceiling and intermixed with clouds of pipe and segar-smoke, rebounded again on the heads of the smokers, nearly shutting out the light of day, and bringing to mind the midnight revels of Macbeth's witches dancing around the infernal fire, and Satan standing on the edge of the cauldron, stirring the ingredients of their incantations. Oh, how I wished for the powers, pencil and canvass of Hogarth! I would have daubed those fellows into lasting shame.

We were now sent forward in the following order, viz. two in an open chair, or sulkey, four in a light wagon, and eight in a common Jersey farming wagon, all the machines being without covers. It now commenced raining; and, by the time we got to the next stage we looked like moving pillars of salt, our hats, cloaks and coats being covered to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch with ice transparent. At the town of —— we changed the mail, dried our clothes, and got something to warm us. As we went north the sleighing got better, and we were placed in a covered box with runners; but, alas! it was like the man's lantern without a candle—the cover was of white-wood boards, placed a quarter of an inch apart, without *paint*, *leather*, or *canvass* ot protect it from the weather! You will here observe, that seventy-five cents' worth of canvass, twenty-five cents' worth of paint, and half an hour of time, would have made this machine both air and water-tight; but in Jersey, time, cents, and every comfort, seemed all swallowed up with the rum-jugs and the ten-plate stoves. We travelled all night, the rain and snow descending through the roof; our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another. When we stopped at the village of —— for breakfast, we looked like mountains of ice moving down the gulf-stream. I thought the machine used at the Dry Dock would have been an excellent appendage here, to have lifted us bodily into the breakfast-room, and this is what the horse-flesh fraternity in New-York

advertised as their *safe, cheap, comfortable* and *expeditious* winter establishment for Albany! On the road I saw delicate women hewing wood and drawing water; children in the snow, without shoes or stockings; while the lazy, drunken husband and father was spending his time and money by the *ten-plate stove.* I thought the very brute creation of Jersey were groaning in pain under the wickedness of the men; horses and cows stood trembling by the board-fence, their bones sticking through their hide-bound skins, without the slightest covering to protect them from the piercing winds. Cedar poles and brush were there in abundance; but the men were chained to the *ten-plate stoves* when they ought to have been raising a place of shelter for their dumb beasts.

Among our passengers was a young woman, who, from her appearance, I thought must be about seventeen. Having finished her education in New-York, she was returning to her friends in the West, and was under the protection of a young man, who, from his polite, yet cool attentions, I thought must be nearer related to her than *cousin.* Had she been a witness at the Hall, the papers would have said that she was a very *interesting young lady;* but, as I do not quite understand the phrase in this connection, it is as well to say at once, that she was a handsome young woman. Most of this day's journey there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio—a man of sound principles, and who, by his observations,

must have seen much of men and their manners. On her left sat a young man about twenty-two, in the vigor of life and health, whiskered to the mouth and eyes, (observe, this was not her protector.) Our farmer, in answer to a question by a passenger, when speaking of the inhabitants of the new settlements, observed that wherever there was a church and a stated minister, the people, for five or six miles around, were more orderly, circumspect, and sober, than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This remark drew forth the tongue, the learning and the eloquence of our young hero of the whiskers. He had been to college, and was studying law in New-York; he spoke long and loud about priestcraft and witchcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the Bible of Mahomet was better than the Acts of the Apostles. He said the stories about hell and the devil were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death, at the worst, was only a *leap in the dark;* but, ah! this leap in the dark! we little thought we were so near the precipice, and that, in a few minutes, our courage would be put to the test. It had rained for the last twelve hours; the sleighing got bad, and the driver swore he would take to the river. We thought he was in jest; but, finding him turn in that direction, the passengers, one and all, remonstrated, but to no effect. At every stopping-place, while the horses drank water he drank rum. He was now at that point of high pressure that he declared he feared neither death nor the devil.

This scene took place between Newburgh and Catskill. We knew the ice was strong enough to bear a hundred sleighs, but the rain was running from the frozen hills on each side of the river, and the ice was now covered to the depth of at least two feet with water; the wind was fresh, and the waves rolled as if no ice was under. Our apprehensions arose from the danger of getting into air-holes, which could not be seen, as all appeared but one sheet of water. At this juncture snow began to fall in broad flakes, so thick and so fast that the driver could scarcely see the heads of his leaders; and, to add to our fears, the banks were so steep that we could not effect a landing for nearly a mile ahead. I looked at our farmer; I thought he must, in his travels, have encountered many dangers by field and by flood; his eye was uneasy, startled, and twinkling with something like fear. I asked him what he thought; he thought it was very unsafe, and very imprudent. I looked at the young woman; she was pale, thoughtful and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small willow basket, the lids opening to the handle. While I was watching the effects of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket a *little red book*, about two and a half inches long, two broad, and one thick; she opened the book, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read about a minute. As she shut and replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face toward the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. Now, reader, if you ever

stood at Werckmeister's window, corner of Broadway and Liberty-street, you may have seen a painting of a beautiful Italian nun at her devotions. Well, if you have seen this, you may figure to yourself the countenance of this young woman in that trying moment. As she opened her fine black eyes, the hue of fear, which for a moment had blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadow of a showery cloud on the side of a green hill, on an April morning. I knew not the book, nor what words she had read; but I was sure it must have been something that she took for inspiration, and that was enough for the present case. I thought how cruel would it have been in one of those hoary-headed philanthropists of the temple of reason to undeceive this young woman at this critical moment, *could such a thing have been possible.* During the remainder of our perilous ride she sat composed, but spoke not. I looked at the whiskered young man: he trembled in every limb; ten minutes before he looked stout enough and fierce enough to have made the passage of Lodi, on the right hand of Bonaparte; but now he sat in dismay. This *leap in the dark* took him by surprise; he was like one without hope, while she placed her tender foot firmly on the Rock of Ages; with her hand she took a grasp upon the skies, then bid the waves roll, nor feared their idle whirl. At this moment I saw before me what I thought was Hope, and No Hope, personified—Hope, in the person of this young female, who could not so much as set her

foot upon the ground for very delicacy, yet she neither screamed nor wrung her hands: she neither called for smelling-bottle nor hartshorn, but sat strong in the faith of her *little red book;* and No Hope, in the person of this young man, who, from strength of body and vigor of mind might have passed for one of the very lords of the creation; but now he sat unstrung and feeble as a child. They had taken from him his *red book*, and given him a *blank book* in its place; he had no hope. At this juncture a passenger crept out of the sleigh and sat by the driver. What unanswerable argument he made use of I know not, but I suspect it was in the shape of a *safety-fund note*, for in five minutes the driver and his horses returned to the earth from whence they had lately sprung.

We stopped at the village of Catskill to dine. While they were placing the victuals on the table I asked Miss Campbell if she would be so good as to let me look at the little red book she carried in the basket; its title was, "*Daily Food for Christians*," being a portion of Scripture, and a hymn for every day in the year. I asked what portion seemed to please her so much while we were sleighing in the water? She said it was the text for the day—the words, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," &c.—the hymn, "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take," &c. As I returned the book, said I, "Miss, there be many who say this book is all delusion."

"And what if it is? It is, at least, a *cheap*, a *comfortable*, and a very *innocent* delusion!" says she. "They may call it what they please, but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life."

We arrived at Albany the next day. Miss Campbell, her protector and I, stopped that night at the same hotel. I then learned that she was the adopted daughter of the Hon. William Campbell, Surveyor-General to the State, a man of great wealth. She was married in April, 1835, to Dr. Grant, of Utica, N. Y.; a few weeks thereafter they sailed from Boston for Constantinople, as missionaries to the Nestorians in Persia; and there she died, I think, about two years ago.

Yellow Fever, from 1735 to 1822.

"I have seen
"In my night's course through the beleaguer'd city
"Things whose remembrance doth not pass away
"As vapors from the mountains."

26th July.—The alarm of fever was heard through the city like the rumbling of distant thunder.

14th August.—At 5 o'clock this morning it commenced raining, not in large drops, like a thunder shower; but, as it were in floating sheets of transparent water. At 7 I stood in the shop of a blacksmith; the rain poured down the chimney in such

quantities as completely extinguished his fire in the short period that the bellows stood still while he was forging a horse-nail. He was obliged to quit work. In Maiden-lane, from Gold to Pearl-streets, the water was three feet deep. All the cellars from William-street to the East-river were filled with water. About 10 the rain ceased, but the sun showed not his face for several days—the air was hot, close and moist, as if you had been walking in a *Scotch-mist*, or stewed in a vapor-bath.

15th.—Fourteen cases were this day reported to have died of the fever.

25th.—This day the report of fever was from every quarter, like a besieged city set on fire with shells and red-hot shot.

26th.—Every vehicle, from the humble dung-cart to the gilded carriage, was now in requisition, removing families, furniture and goods; the old man of eighty with the stripling of one year, the lame, the halt and the blind, all crowding the boats, the lanes and out-lets from the city; fear quickened their pace, and the destroying angel at their heels. Hundreds of them died in the towns and villages around; but not one instance occurred of any inhabitant of Albany, Bergen or Brooklyn ever being seized by this, as it was called, *infectious* disease. About this time many instances like the following came under my notice: a respectable shoemaker, living at the corner of Pine and Front-streets, removed with his wife and younger children. His son, about twenty-

one, a confidential townsman and an old colored woman requested permission to stay, as they said they were not afraid of the fever. In a few days all three were taken sick. The journeyman was my townsman—I was intimate in the families. I procured a doctor and nurse, and gave what attention I could. On the 5th day the son died; early next morning I found the house locked up and the key gone; I made an entry through a lower window; the nurse had fled, and took some of the small moveables by way of compensation. The black woman had rolled from her bed in the agonies of death, and was lying on the floor; being unable to lift her, I put a pillow under her head, covered her body with a sheet, and entered the next room where my friend lay, his eyes closing fast in the sleep of death: in two hours the woman died; I procured a hearse, and watched by my friend till 8 P. M., when he also died. At the same time a young man of my acquaintance lay at No. — Liberty street, in the same situation; I nursed him—he recovered. Corner of Dover and Water-streets lay three brothers; I procured a doctor, a nurse I could not find. When the doctor entered and saw one laid on a mattress on the floor, one on a cot in the same room, and one on a bed in another room, he seemed struck with fear; he asked if there was any fire in the house? I procured some, he lit a segar and smoked most profusely—he proposed bleeding; I took the basin, but for some minutes his hand trembled so that he could not strike the vein.

When finished I went with him to the door; said he, You run a great risk,—said I, There is no retreating. This was Monday the 17th September,—he called next day, Wednesday and Thursday he did not appear. I called at his house on Friday, about 10 o'clock, A. M. and was informed that his corpse was now on the road to Potter's-field. Next morning, the 22d September, the elder brother died, aged 22; the younger ones recovered. The Doctor's name was B——s, and kept his office in Cherry-street.—Returning at 11 o'clock P. M. from visiting my patients, the night was dark, a thick wetting mist was falling, the lamps twinkled just enough to show darkness visible. Descending the hill from the corner of Dover-street in Pearl, I met two hearses with the dead, one was issuing out of Peck-slip the other coming out from Ferry-street. They turned up Pearl towards Chatham-street, on their way to Potter's-field. Each hearse had a driver and an assistant, with a lantern between their feet sitting in front. Being heavily laden they drove slowly up the hill, the wheels and springs creaked and groaned under the weight of dead mortality. The drivers sat dumb as mutes, the pale light of their lanterns flickered across their stupid, unmeaning countenances; which looked as white as did the face of Samuel just peering out of the grave, when called by the witch of Endor from the mansions of the dead. I thought what a fine subject this for such a pencil as West's, to make a second edition of Death on the *Pale Horse.*

Sabbath, 15th September.—All the churches down town, known by the name of *Orthodox* and *Reformed*, being shut up, the poor who could not fly were very glad to pick what little crumbs of Gospel comfort they could find in the good old church of the *Trinity*, which was open every Sabbath. As the bell was tolling for afternoon service, Mr. T—— and his wife, and myself and wife, (we had all been married within the year,) were walking among the tombs; as we turned the east corner Mrs. T——, who was a lively girl, turned her husband round and exclaimed, (in a sort of playful manner,) "T——, if I die of the fever you must bury me there," (pointing to the spot.) Next day she was reported, and on Friday, the 21st, he buried her there! and where you may see her grave-stone until this day. I was told the other day, that it is in contemplation to run Pine-street through the church-yard to Greenwich-street; if so, the grave, the story and the stone will be lost in eternal oblivion, except some good-natured printer gives it a place. Very many fell a sacrifice to the fever for want of proper attendance about this time, especially among those who were left in charge of their masters' houses. Relations and sometimes acquaintances would attend one another, but many died unknown and unlamented. At the corner of —— street and Broadway, a respectable family removed, leaving a man-servant in charge of the house; after some days it was noticed he did not appear in the street as usual; it was supposed that

he had shut up the house and fled; in a day or two after, a person who had charge of a house whose windows looked into the yard of said house, observed the man sitting in a sort of arbor or summer-house; he supposed the man had returned, took no more notice till next day, when seeing him still sitting for hours in the same position, he gave the alarm, the door was forced, and the man found dead, *partly undressed.* In this and subsequent fevers, cats, and in some cases dogs, were thoughtlessly left shut up to die a cruel death; the streets also were swarming with famishing animals, whose piteous howlings added much to the distress of the few inhabitants who were unable to leave the city. In these times that tried the souls as well as the bodies of men, I saw parents fly from their sick children, and children from their parents, husbands from their wives, but never, except in one solitary instance, did I see a woman desert her husband in distress. She, tobe sure, was married to a great lump of a fellow old enough to be her father, rather a sloven, and apparently a proper subject for the yellow fever. As soon as he was fairly reported, she snatched up her youngest child, got on board a potato sloop at Peck-slip, and never stopped till she got out at Stonington light-house, or somewhere down east; for in a few days thereafter I received a letter from her, wishing to be informed if her husband was dead. From the tenor of her letter I expect she was wofully disappointed when she received my answer, (for he

lived to lay her head very quietly in the grave about three years after.) She was a real Yankee, but I did not think she was a daughter of the *Puritans.* I rather supposed she must have sprung from them *lang*-sided, corn-fed wenches and whale-killing sailors who peopled all that country round Cape Cod,—[a full account of which you will find in Knickerbocker's History of that period.]

June 18th, 1832, the signs of the times induced me to search up my manuscripts. A morning paper exhorts his readers to arm themselves against fear,—fear in many is constitutional, they cannot help it. But I think if the printers and doctors continue their alarms and nostrums one week longer, we will have amongst us the worst of all diseases, viz. the *reign of terror.* It is just now as it was in August, 1798,—one came out recommending beef and bread, another bread and milk for diet, some were flooded with the vinegar of *four thieves*, while multitudes were stuffed with anti-bilious, anti-yellow-fever pills; many I thought, very many, tortured their frames with medicine, preventives, preparatives and terror, till they were so reduced as to fall an easy prey to the first attack. Fear is *infectious*, and those who are already afflicted with this worst of epidemics, will do well for themselves and neighbors to leave the city immediately; and if the disease does appear among us, I would advise (from former experience) all who have the means, to leave the city at once. With regard to eat-

ing, drinking and exercise, I have found that the same moderation which kept my head cool and feet warm, was the cheapest and surest *preventive*. I cannot see, for my part, a cause sufficient for so great a fear. Let him who can, prepare for flight, and for those whom imperious duty may prevent, let them only believe in a *particular Providence*—Death's shafts may fly thick, but their aim is directed by *Omnipotence*. When the man drew the bow at a venture, the unerring eye of Him who alike views the fall of a sparrow and the crash of an empire, directed the shaft, it entered between the joints of the harness, the proud mortal sunk down in his chariot. At best there is but a step between us and death, the bursting of a boiler, a slate from the roof, or a crumb of the food that we swallow, can do death's business as quickly as the Cholera.

Of all the nostrums in use at this time, the *Vinegar of Four Thieves* was the most sovereign; a story was tied to its tail which insured its character as a most powerful *specific*. In 1555, or some other year either before or after, a dreadful plague raged in Marseilles, in France. The people fled, the city was visited by no one except four thieves, who daily entered, robbed the houses and carried their plunder to the mountains. The astonished citizens, who had hid themselves in the dens and caves of the earth for fear of the plague, saw them daily pass and repass with their ill-gotten gear, and wondered most pro-

foundly why the plague did not seize them. In process of time, however, one of these thieves was taken by some of the *man-traps* of those days; they were just going to break him on the wheel, when he said if they would spare his life he would teach them to make the vinegar of four thieves, by means of which they had escaped the plague when robbing the city. His request was granted: and lo! in New-York we had it in such profusion that it reached to the mouth and nose of most of the men in the city, though many of them were above five feet ten inches high; and so powerful was its effects on some of the venders, that whereas formerly they were obliged to plod their way through the lanes and streets of the city on their legs, they were now enabled to sit in a carriage and be drawn along by four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth. Where they got so much of this thievish vinegar I never could find out; but I strongly suspect it was made from crab apples by some of them Hackensack farmers in the Jerseys. Be this as it may, you could hardly meet a man in the street but had a bottle at his nose, till their nose-points and upper lips were tanned as brown as the sole of a new-made boot. As for the few women who were left, they contented themselves by stuffing their brains with Scotch snuff, which had quite as good an effect in preventing the yellow fever.

At this time there was a famous Mediciner in the city, by the name of Dr. ——. I well remember on my first landing, about four years previous, of im-

bibing a wonderful antipathy against him and all patent medicines, their makers and their sellers throughout the world. The incident was this: I stepped from the good ship Providence, (in which I had crossed the Atlantic,) on shore at Governeur's wharf, about 7 A. M., came sauntering up the middle of Wall-street—there were few carts then to obstruct the way—arriving at the old Federal Hall, where now stands the Custom House, I observed a placard about a yard square and headed with letters as large as my hand—*Scotch Ointment for the Itch.* I was confounded; I rubbed my eyes and read it again:—said I, It's an abominable lie; for I never heard of such an ointment in Scotland, nor did I ever see any use for it there. I stood and looked and reasoned more calmly on the matter. Said I to myself, Well, this man must make a living by selling this stuff to somebody; but it is impossible he could live by rubbing the hides of what few Scotchmen are here, for I have not met one to-day as I know of. I therefore concluded that here must be collected, whether homespun or imported, a group of dirty fellows, all scratching and itching for something, otherwise he could not live amongst them. So when the yellow fever commenced, and he amongst the first came out with his specifics, his preventives, his pills and his purgatives, saidI, he shall never get a cent of my money, die or live. I had not forgot the box of ointment I saw on the wall, but perhaps this prejudice was the means of saving my life;

for I verily believe, had I swallowed one half of the stuffs then recommended, I would not have lived half my days. To conclude, this man died and was buried: one of his countrymen (they were Englishmen) composed an epitaph, (which was never published,) part of it ran thus:

"He cured a million of Scotchmen in his day:
"Death itched for him and scratched the man away."

At this time the Post-office was removed, and kept during the fever in the house of Dr. James Tillery, corner of Broadway and Wall-street. The Doctor (a better never crossed the doors of Edinburgh College) gave it as his opinion that there was no danger to be apprehended by persons out of town coming or sending for their letters any time from nine A. M. to sun-down. As almost every man at this time was his own letter-carrier, Broadway was pretty well frequented in the above hours by persons going to or returning from the Post-office. On Sabbath too, the Episcopal ministers, who had removed to Greenwich and Bloomingdale, came down as the bell tolled, on horse-back or in a chair, tied the horse to one of the trees, said their prayers and read their sermons, and so went home again—thus they kept their churches opened all the fever of 1798. Dr. Pilmore, too, stood like a son of thunder, and preached every Sabbath day in the church in Ann-street. The Methodists too, in John-street—these sober-sided old fellows, who almost preach for nothing and find themselves, stood, as it were, between the living and

the dead. Their church-doors were seldom closed. In the quietness of the day and stillness of the night their notes of prayer and songs of praise could be heard for many blocks around. In this there was something soothing to the poor mortals who were standing round the open graves, waiting till death came behind and pushed them in. But the reformed and orthodox churches were all shut up. I wondered at the time, if the letters of the merchant, or the prayer-book of the Episcopal, was of more consequence to them than preaching to the dry bones and dying mortals was to the orthodox and reformed ministers.

Now, you may observe, I am not laying down any fundamental or fixed principle in this matter. I am telling you what I thought at the time. It brought to my mind, and I could not help drawing a comparison with a story I read, I think it was in Harrison's Museum, printed at No. 3 Peck-slip. It happened about twenty years before Bonaparte entered Italy; and showed to the world that the Pope in Rome had no more power in heaven and in earth, nor in the waters under the earth, than the most weak and sickly of Adam's sons; inasmuch as all the *Bulls* he could muster could not so much as stop the progress of a single French pistol-ball. I say it was at this time when the Bishops in France were believed to be something more than men—that the Bishop of Paris, after being well fed, and well watered, (with wine,) took an English nobleman out to show him all his

kingdom, and the glory thereof: he had fine gardens and fine green-houses, fine fountains, and fine baths, Brussels carpets and beautiful parlors, a beautiful library and elegant pictures; but one thing needful was wanting which is a very essential article in comfortable house-keeping, viz. he had no beautiful wife—this the canons (these powerful engines of the church) forbid. Having seen all these pretty articles, ah! exclaims the nobleman, what a pity: death will come and rob you of them all. Ah! replied the Bishop, there's the rub; most willingly would I forego my seat in *Paradise*, provided I could retain my place in *Paris*. Now, for the life of me, I could not help thinking that some of the shepherds of the flock at that time in New-York were exactly on this point of the same opinion with the Bishop of Paris.

Aunt Schuyler's Grave.

"Thou with familiar things art gently laid."

It was about the twentieth of the hot month of July, when people who are at ease, eating, sitting or sleeping in their spacious palaces in State-street, and whose lofty rooms are cooled by the fresh breeze from the Atlantic with each returning tide; when those who have ice to cool their water, fruit

to cool their blood, and fans to cool their faces, and who leave all the sober realities of life which they enjoy in those mansions of health on the banks of our rivers, will dive into those hot-beds of perspiration, the after-cabins of line-boats on the Grand Canal, in search of bliss. It was at this season, having finished the business which called me west, I thought it would be more profitable and more comfortable to adopt a retrograde rather than a forward movement; for, in the forward march, you are first in danger of suffocation in the cabin; or, secondly, of having your head struck from your shoulders by one of those low-minded bridges which everywhere intersect the canal.

Before setting my face to the east, however, I took a stand between the living mass on the canal-boats and the dead mass of trunks, bandboxes and other domestic lumber moving from the railroad-cars. One hoary-headed veteran had under his command no less than twenty-two persons, consisting of wives, servants and children of the first and second crop; the young ones crying, the old ones screaming, the servants swearing and the large drops of sweat rolling over the rubicund nose and cheeks of the veteran, made you think of a shower of red currants on a mountain of snow. I calculate the expense of this same caravan could not be less that thirty dollars per day; to be sure at the Springs they expect to hear music and dancing; but I thought this was paying too dear for their whistle.

I lingered in the streets, and entered some of the houses in Schenectady. I inquired of the ancient men of the city some particulars of that dreadful winter's night, when the place was wrapped in one funeral flame by a horde of savage Indians, led on by a band of French assassins yet more savage. When the Frenchman's sword pierced through the infant at the breast and entered the heart of its mother. When the knife of the Indian, in yet more tender mercy, tore the hoary scalp from the man of fourscore. The scenes of that night are too harrowing for my pen; but most justly has the avenger of blood appeased their manes, by giving the nation who sent their blood-hounds to these peaceful shores blood to drink, because they were worthy of it only.

I stood on the banks of the Mohawk River, whose fertile plains were made more rich by the bones and blood of that faithful tribe, shed in defence of the white man's fireside; but he has given up the ghost, and where is he?

I met three squaws returning from the city; their dress was neat and clean; one of them wore a finer blanket and had more ornaments on her feet and neck than her companions. Her countenance was comely, though tinged with melancholy. I offered them a pittance, which they received with a courtesy. I felt as an intruder on their soil. I looked on the moving crowds in cars and carriages flying along with horse and steam, all catching folly as it flies, and grasping at pleasure as it slipped through their

fingers. I thought it was better to go to the place of mourning than the house of mirth, as the former is the end of all things, and the living will lay it to the heart; so I left the shouts of mirth, crackling like thorns under the pot, and bent my steps to the grave of Aunt Schuyler. This house of silence lies on the banks of the Hudson, between Albany and Troy, in view of the Isle of Swans, so beautifully described by Mrs. Grant in her History of an American Lady, lately republished. Here rests the mortal part of those who belonged to that worthy family, perhaps beginning with him whose mouldering clay first mingled with American soil; and here lie unstrung the sturdy arms which first stemmed the stream and coursed the rapids of the broad-spreading Mohawk in search of Indian traffic. While I stood by the grave (for reverence kept back my foot,) I thought how cold now was the warm heart of her who once spread pleasure all around; who poured balm on the wounds of the fallen Samaritan, from the highest officer of his majesty down to the hardy suckling of the ill-fated Indian squaw.

The graveyard is surrounded by a neat fence and shaded by ancient trees; near by stands the manor or family mansion, built in the good old-fashioned style of Dutch comfort. It was in this abode of unbounded hospitality that Aunt Schuyler lived, moved and had her being. It was nearly destroyed by fire in the summer of 1759. Madam was sitting under a clump of cherry trees in front of the house, uncon-

scious of the fire which was already making rapid progress in the garret. General Bradstreet, commanding a British regiment then lying in the vicinity, was riding up to the house, and first observed the smoke; he was afraid to alarm her, but when he told her she heard it with the utmost composure. Keeping her seat, she ordered every thing in the most composed manner, as if she had nothing to lose. It is rebuilt on the same plan, and part of the old wall incorporated in the building. It is now occupied by a lineal descendant, a widow, a fine-looking, corpulent Dutch matron, of three-score years; and, from Mrs. Grant's description of Madam, and during an hour's social conversation with this lady in Aunt Schuyler's room, I almost fancied I saw before me the spirit and the person of her who sat there nearly a century ago, when directing the studies and smiling on the playful sports of Mrs. Grant, the widow of General Hamilton, and other distinguished relics of the days o' lang syne. I here saw a full-length portrait of Mr. Philip Schuyler,* dressed as he appeared before Queen Anne in 1709, and painted by her request. The queen offered to make him a knight; he declined the honor by saying he had brothers in America not so rich as himself, and he did not wish to bear a higher title than they.

* For a very interesting history of this worthy gentleman, see Paulding's *Dutchman's Fireside*, and Mrs. Grant's history aforesaid.

The son and grandson of the present occupant very politely conducted me round the premises, pointing out the spots and localities referred to in Mrs. Grant's *American Lady*. I here enjoyed a feast of reason and a flow of soul not every day to be met with. We talked of Troy; a gentleman in company knew it when it contained three houses. We talked of Albany as it looked in 1707, when, as soon as the sun had sunk behind the Catskill Mountains, you might have seen the whole population in the streets. These primitive beings were seated in porches, grouped together according to similarity of years or inclinations; at one door young matrons, at another the elders of the people, at a third the youths and maidens gayly chatting or singing together, while the children played around the trees, or waited by the cows for the chief ingredient of their frugal support, which they generally ate sitting on the steps in the open air. Then there were no banks nor exchange-offices; no Eagle-Hotel nor lottery-office; no opera nor playhouse; no Italian rope nor stage-dancers; no men singers nor women singers; no live elephants and monkeys, which pick the pockets of simple men and silly women of their hard earnings, no, no, they were then unknown; even the lawyer and doctor were obliged to hoe corn for a living, and the spade of the grave-digger was laid by to rust.

Now I was induced to visit this venerated spot by a combination of recollections and reminiscences of days gone by. It was in the years when the yellow

fever annually swept our streets, and most of the inhabitants fled for refuge to the country. For reasons which satisfied myself, I always remained, and as I never got the fever, my neighbors used to think I never would. Therefore, when they shut up their houses. before going away they left their keys with me, to be ready in case of fire, or to air them occasionally, &c. Among them were the keys of several churches, the city library, &c. As I lived in what was termed the infected district during the fever of 1822, and as the board of health undertook to board in or to board out the fever with a few hundred of Albany boards, I of course was boarded in and boarded out also, and having nothing else to do, I spent my time among the sick, and among the books in the City Library. Then I used to roam through fields and floods of fancy, entirely forgetting the signs of the times.

In one of these airy flights I laid my hand on the *American Lady*, printed by my late esteemed friend, Mr. Samuel Campbell, in 1809. (Mr. Campbell died a few years ago, perhaps the oldest book-publisher in America.) I had never heard of this book, and I read it with both pleasure and profit. In my late visit to Scotland I paid my respects to the worthy authoress of this book, the honorable Mrs. Grant, of Lagan, who, I understand, yet lives, enjoying health in body and mind, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. Conversing about the book, she assured me it was no romance, but a plain matter-of-fact

statement of events, to many of which she was an eye-witness. I was much pleased a few weeks ago to see this book republished. I would recommend to every man, woman and child, having a drop of New-York State blood in their veins, to get this book, together with Paulding's *Dutchman's Fireside*, (which completes the history of the worthies referred to,) and if they can read without the blood dancing through their veins, their hearts must be as cold as the marble of Siberia.

Graham's Bread Again.

"Some men would wiser be
"Than Him who form'd them; would eschew the good
"God gives to all so richly to enjoy."

Fifteen more Lectures, to commence on Monday evening, forty-five on Sunday evenings of last year, a letter to a late worthy Mayor of ours, as long as your arm, besides sundry essays to certain cholera doctors who had the impudence to say it was better for a man to swallow six ounces of wheat kernels, than to cram down a whole back-load of husks and cut straw, which are only fit for swine to eat—why, the thing is monstrous;—sixty-five lectures on bread!—it's worse than the burying of 11,500 "paving stones," which took place in Broadway about twenty years ago; and it's worse than the fourteen

Tomes (every one of which was as large as the Dutch Church Bible) wrote by Father Ambrose in the thirteenth century, on the patience of Job. Now all this appears to me to be absurd nonsense—a wind of words—a loss of time. I will put it in three words, and prove it by experience (better than a thousand baseless theories) to be true—that is—*Never eat enough.* About forty years ago, having read the account of the mutiny on board of the ship Bounty, Captain Bligh, when he and a number of his crew were set adrift in the middle of the ocean, with only a few bags of bread and a few gallons of water; how they lived many days on two or three ounces of biscuit and a few drops of water, measured to them every twenty-four hours in a nutshell; how they at length made land, and were able to walk, &c.; thinks I to myself, we surely eat and drink more than is necessary to support our feeble frames. Next day at dinner I laid on my plate the usual number of slices of roast beef and bread; having demolished about one half, I arose, went quietly about my business, returned to the table fifteen minutes thereafter, tried to eat, but could not, my taste and appetite was gone—that afternoon I felt more light, easy, comfortable, and more fit for business than I had done for many days previous, nor did I feel any wish to partake of my tea sooner than my usual hour; next day I repeated the experiment with the same comfortable success, and so I have continued until this day, going from my store, eating my

victuals, and back.—I am never absent over twenty-five minutes; four ounces of meat, boiled or roasted, as many of the finest of wheat bread, with half a pint of coffee left from the morning, serves for my usual dinner—thus have I lived for thirty years without having to pay a doctor or apothecary one dollar for patching my own carcass. It is not by using the good things which a kind Providence has laid so bountifully to our hands, but by abusing them, that men convert these into curses to themselves; after cramming, for the space of twenty years, commencing at eight in the morning and closing at midnight, with smoked beef, Bologna sausages, turtle soup, and fried oysters, in such quantities that they can hardly rise from their seat; by these means they destroy the powers of digestion, and then they complain of dyspepsia, and growl at their hard lot, after they have poisoned their frame by the abuse of the very means which God gave them for its support; now these men are past all remedy—they may eat bran or husks, or what they please, but they will never again have a proper relish for the good things of this life; but young men of twenty-two may avoid this rock. With regard to young and old women, in all my practice I never found a case of dyspepsia among them; it is only among those blustering, purse-proud, long-whiskered lords of the creation, who lower themselves beneath the beasts that perish. I say again, that young men may avoid this rock; the experiment is easily tried. You have no idea on how

few ounces of good substantial food a man may go through the labors of a day. I am on my feet from five or six o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock in the evening, without sitting thirty minutes in all that time, yet I don't eat above twenty-four ounces of food in the twenty-four hours—but, then, it is substantial food, which supports the body without overloading the stomach.

It is a fact well worth considering, that none of the colleges of physicians, from the days that Noah's ark was afloat, down to the present time, have been able to tell what quantity of food is necessary to support human nature. With regard to Mr. Graham, I have never seen him, to my knowledge, but I think he must be a small mortal; for I have ever found that the little dogs barked longest and loudest in the barn-yards—neither have I tasted his bread, though I have seen it on tables where I have dined. It looked to me very much like bran and brickbats pounded and compounded together, with perhaps a few ounces of conceit intermixed, to make people believe it would do them good whether they swallowed it or not. I always thought superfine wheat flour was preferable. Why, really, I do think it the very height of impudence (I had almost said) to suppose that we, who have lived to see very near the middle of the nineteenth century, have so little common sense that we are now to be lectured into the belief that chaff is better than wheat. You remember it is mentioned in the *old Book*, as an in-

stance of God's kindness to the children of Israel, that he fed them with the *finest* of the *wheat*. Now I am perfectly convinced, in my own mind, that Canaan never produced better wheat, nor the land of Goshen better flour, than what comes down the canal from Buffalo and Rochester. And are we now to be told, at our time of life, and in this age of discovery, that the children of the Yankees have not as good a right to eat of this fine wheat, as had the children of the *long-bearded* fraternity a thousand years ago? Besides, you don't read of any one feeding on *husks*, except it might be profligates and swine. Now, surely you don't call our cold, calculating stock-jobbers profligates; nor would you compare any of our imported patriots to swine—notwithstanding their rolling in the gutter at election times, as though they were whole hogs. Now, in all this matter, I have no ill-will against brother Graham. I believe he is a man of fine feelings, of fine speech, and of fine *taste:* but I have been thinking to what better account he might turn his powerful eloquence. We'll suppose, for instance, that he and William Thompson, of Brooklyn, were to cast in their lots and go forth together, declaring a most powerful crusade against all bachelors and rats' nests, and prosecuting this object with zeal and perseverance, there is no telling the amount of good that might accrue from their joint labors over this wide-spread but thinly-populated country—and in their absence let the good folks in New-York take charge of their own stomachs—

without any more lecturing—let one and all of them eat of the best that is set before them; but remember, *never eat enough.*

P. S. With regard to the *drinkable* part of society, Mr. G. is informed that he need not be uneasy on their accounts—that he need not distract his thoughts, which might mar his studies, an' so curtail the sphere of usefulness in his future labors of love, as there is little doubt that as soon as the river opens to Albany, there will be a deputation from some of the auxiliaries belonging to the Female Temperance Society in the city of Schenectady, which will take care of this department of our State in his absence.

Anecdote of Mrs. Baron Mure.

"Alas! that learning so profound,
"And wit so exquisite, should meet a fate so base,
"So galling to the pride of vanity."

This lady resided in Edinburgh in 1774. In the acceptation of those days, she was accounted a *great blue-stocking*—maintaining, for instance, a constant correspondence with David Hume. On hearing of the death of that philosopher, she felicitated herself upon possessing so many of his epistolary compositions, as she expected that her letters of course

would make a most respectable appearance when his correspondence or biography came to be published. Quoth she to some friends who were by her at the time, "I have most carefully preserved the letters of my illustrious friend—putting them all away in a drawer by themselves." She proposed going immediately to produce them for the gratification of her friends; but on opening the drawer, however, she recollected that some time previous, on its becoming too full, she had tied up the letters with tape and conveyed them to a general receptacle for loose papers in an upper chamber. It was some time before the exact location of the papers could be ascertained; but they were not to be found. Here the following dialogue ensued between her and her servant-maid:—

"What has become, Jenny," said Mrs. Mure, "of the bundle tied up in a red tape, that I put into that corner?—you must surely remember it: where do you think it is?"

"Yon, ma'am?" cried Jenny, as if a sudden burst of light had come in upon her—"vas't yon?"

"Ay, it was yon, as you call it," responded the blue-stocking—"where is yon?"

"Lord bless me, ma'am!" cried Jenny, "I've been singin'* hens wi' them this ha'f year!"

Such was the fate of one large branch of the correspondence of this pride-puffed philosopher. As for Mrs. Blue-Stocking, she never ceased to lament the

* Singin' hens [Scottish]—that is, singing fowls after the feathers are plucked off, over a blaze of paper.

catastrophe while life and reason remained. She was a freethinker like himself, and showed very little concern about his death; but was mightily mortified that she could not shine in print as one of his correspondents.

Men and Manners in England.

"But where to find that happiest spot below,
"Who shall direct, when all pretend to know?"

On the evening of the twenty-second of November, eleven years ago, I was at a party of respectables in London, consisting of some twenty or thirty gentlemen and ladies, and the principal subjects of conversation were Mrs. Trollope and her book—I then learned for the first time, by the way, that such a woman really existed, and that she was actually residing within a mile of the house at which I was. You may well suppose that I was astonished, for until that moment I had always supposed the author of the book to be one of the Quarterly Reviewers in disguise. I took a walk the next day to have a look at the old woman, but she was not at home, and I did not call again. But to return from this digression. As you have read her handiwork, you may easily imagine what sort of questions would be put, and I will tell you how I answered them. I observed, in the first place, that when Fiedlers and mountebanks spend forty days in travel-

ling through a country so extensive as America, about fifteen of which, by the way, were spent in sleep, and then sit down to give an account of what they saw and did not see, they ought not to be branded as impostors because their information proves to be incorrect; the public, if they think at all, ought not to expect correct information from such sources, respecting the character and manners of a people; and if they do, they richly deserve to be imposed on. But they are not imposed on; they buy these books as they do any other work of fiction, with their eyes wide open, some to be amused, and some for the mere sake of knowing how great a lie a traveller can tell; and of course the writers are quite consistent in exerting themselves with all their might to satisfy their readers.

"Perhaps," said I, "there is no country upon earth where ladies are so highly respected as they are in America. I speak from forty years' experience—not that of forty days; and if the writer of Mrs. Trollope's book had really been a lady of taste, and delicacy, and feeling, she would have rejoiced to find at least one country under the sun where woman holds the exact place in society to which she is entitled, and for which she was designed by her Creator—namely, the place of man's helpmate and companion, not his slave. This consideration made me think the writer of the Trollope-book could be no lady—perhaps, I might say, no woman; the fact of her travelling with Fanny Wright ought to expel her from the company of women.

"It is really provoking to hear European writers

comparing themselves with themselves, exalting themselves by themselves, and impeaching the Americans for want of refinement. It is like Cobbett teaching honor, or the devil preaching truth. The standard of refinement is, or ought to be, established by the place which woman holds in society, and the usage she receives from the falsely called 'lords of creation;' and your writers have the confidence to make comparisons between Europe and America in this respect. I know," said I, "that God has made many of your women angels of beauty—the present company, for instance; and among your actresses are some of the handsomest creatures in the world; but the man-savage of the eastern hemisphere treats them as inferior beings. In Africa, women are his beasts of burden; in Asia, the soulless instruments of his brutal pleasures, and articles of merchandise; and in proportion as they excel in beauty, the more shameful is their treatment; sold by one tyrant to another, with as little concern as would be felt in trafficing for an ass or a young camel. In Europe their degradation is still deeper, for there they receive just education enough to know their rights and the place they ought to fill and to enjoy, and are thus made to feel more acutely the abject state in which they are plunged by the tyranny of man. Many of them, young, lovely, sensitive creatures, are shut up in monasteries, and this, too, by those who gave them birth; or married, without consulting their own inclinations, to some old, worn-out, rich or titled debauchee—the kindly im-

pulses of their nature thwarted, and all the useful purposes for which they were created lost to the world and to themselves. Compared with this, the burning of a Hindoo widow is a tender mercy.

"In our own day we have seen in France, that country of chivalry, gallantry, and refinement, young, learned, high-born and accomplished females led out by ruffians, whose hands yet smoked with blood—we have seen them tied in groups, after the manner of the savages in our western wilds—we have seen their heads roll in the basket of the guillotine till the arms of the executioner grew faint. In England, women are still seen exposed for sale in open market, with halters round their necks. Were such brutalities attempted in America on women, every rifle from Main to the Rocky Mountains would be raised in her defence, and yet your book-makers have the very great modesty to talk to Americans about refinement.

"There is another source of misery to the ladies in Europe, (not known in America,) and which sours all the sweet charities of their lives: viz. their family distinctions, their bloods and their titles. Thousands of them are here sacrificed, like Jephtha's daughter; hence the forced marriages, the unhappy marriages, the runaway marriages, the elopements, and finally, the crim. con. trials—words, the very meaning of which is unknown to the ladies of America.

A gentleman remarked, "If you hold such sentiments in your book, I fear it will meet a small sale amongst us." Said I, "Sir, there is not a spot in the

world where liberty of speech and opinion (barrin treason) is more tolerated than in London; my boo contains just such a chapter, for the benefit of Fiedler Trollope, and Co. Besides, I observed in a windov yesterday, a pamphlet in vindication of America against the aspirations of Trollope, by an ENGLISHMAN and that pamphlet went into a second edition in si weeks."

Obituary.

"Let it grow
"Greener with years, and blossom through their flight."

It has ever been the custom for man, whether in a civil or uncivilized state, to pay a decent respect to departed worth. The principle is honorable to human nature, and useful in society, inasmuch as it stimulates to the practice of whatsoever things are pure, honest, lovely, and of good report.

It is not meant as a burlesque on this praiseworthy practice, that I now give you an obituary notice of a departed mansion; but it is to keep up the remembrance. Know then, that on the 10th September, 1835, the Friends' Meeting-house in Liberty-street vanished from out of the city. To say that it died a natural death would not be the fact, for the building was strong enough to have withstood the

blasts of centuries; but of late it has been the prevailing disease to pluck up, pull down, and erase whatever is ancient in structure or honorable from age in this our swelling city. In 1794 stood a German church in Broadway; it was then used for a storehouse; on its site now stands Grace church. Public stores cover the spot where lately towered the weather-beaten steeple of the French Protestant church in Pine-street. In Cedar, between Nassau and William-streets, where stood the Presbyterian church, are now stores of cotton and bags of wool. The Lutheran, known by the name of Labagh's church, in Nassau, near Maiden-lane, is occupied by Dummer and his tea-pots of china. Already has commerce fixed her Argus-eyes on the Middle Dutch and Scotch Presbyterian churches in Cedar-street; and ere long (where the eloquent Dr. Mason used to pour forth the thoughts that breathe and words that burn) nothing will be heard there but the song of the windlass and the black foot of the negro trampling over that consecrated spot; thanks for the hope of another and a better world, where turning and overturning is unknown.

But to return to the meeting-house, where Joseph Delaplaine, Anna Brathwait, and many, very many worthy brothers and sisters of that sect worshipped God in the small still voice of his word, and where Flora lately held her courts, smiling at Solomon and all his artificial glory.

As my earliest and most pleasing recollections

are connected with that house and neighborhood, I will give you a few anecdotes of some characters and circumstances that have transpired within the last forty-one years of my residence in that street; but I cannot forego the pleasure of first calling to remembrance the name of that upright merchant and finished gentleman, the late Mr. Isaac Wright, who first advertised packets to sail at a stated hour; and how well he redeemed his pledge the public know and feel by profitable experience. I now hold in my hand Lang & Turner's New-York Gazette of January 5th, 1818, in which the editor remarks, "This day will witness the commencement of the line of American packets between New-York and Liverpool. The James Munro will take her departure this morning at 10 o'clock. What a striking evidence it furnishes of the growing commerce of our city, of the activity of her merchants, and the skill and intrepidity of her seamen. It is to be hoped that this arrangement will be completely successful, as it promises to be of great public utility. It will be a sort of chain connecting the new and the old world," &c.

From the sailing of this packet we may date the day from whence the commerce of New-York began to increase seven-fold; and as long as the waters of the lakes, the Hudson, and the ocean continue to amalgamate, the names of Fulton, Livingston, Clinton, and Isaac Wright will be held in remembrance by a grateful posterity. But in our day, gratitude is

a rare virtue indeed. By the way, for the pleasure and profit of these packets (for now they run to almost every port in Europe and on our own continent) we are indebted to Quaker punctuality; and as you all acknowledge the fitness and beauty of the thing, why not go and do likewise. Is it not an insult to common sense to invite a man to attend the funeral of his brother at five, when he knows his services are not wanted till seven? If time is worth twenty-five cents per hour, why keep fifty men waiting two hours, at a loss of fifty cents each, just because you want nerve to carry forward your own arrangements. Look at the domestic economy of the Friends, their system and regularity in all things—it is thus they are able to give towards the support of the poor of other denominations, while they themselves ask help from none.

In 1794 there stood a small building in front of the house now removed; it was occupied as a school for the society, and by it stood a weeping-willow, which shaded the school and dropt its tears on the pavement opposite. If my memory serves, in 1802 or 3 the schoolhouse was taken down, and the present building set up; the house was used as a place of worship, and the ground as a place of burial, till after the yellow-fever of 1822. Since then the meetings were only held on particular occasions, and, if I mistake not, there was only one interment since. In October, 1826, I purchased the premises; the following December the ground all around and under

the meeting-house was trenched to the depth of seven feet; the bones carefully collected, packed in neat boxes, and deposited in a cemetery out of town. In removing the bones we discovered some interesting relics; among them was a leg and thigh bone, each of which measured two inches more than the longest leg or thigh bones which we could select from a great number; the man must have been a giant. Another leg and thigh bone had been diseased in the knee-pan, the joint of the knee had grown solid, the leg crooked out behind in the form of a two-feet iron square; the bones were large. In a coffin which was carefully opened, the bones lay in regular order; to the skull was attached a large lock of flowing hair, neatly folded up, and bound together with a tortoise-shell comb. I washed the hair from the clods of the valley, which appeared as fresh and beautiful as on the day when death laid low the head; with pious care I then softly placed the bones and hair in a coffin, there it will rest till earth and sea give up the dead that are in them. The comb when cleaned looked as fair as new, and it hung by our desk for years, but lately disappeared. This house and its uses will probably be spoken of as long as New-York endures—here was held the last Orthodox yearly meeting, according to the primitive pinciples of brotherly love, before the devil had thrown among them fire-brands, arrows and death.

It is a coincidence worth noticing, that I made the nails which were used in the erection of this building;

from this, and many other pleasing recollections, the stone and dust about it are precious in my eyes. So, by way of 'salvo' to my feelings, I have purchased all the timbers, including the roof, with which I intend (if spared) to make me a building in the Cove, wherein to dwell, if so Providence orders, till they place me in my own coffin. While I sit under the six pillars that supported the gallery, which I intend to place in front of the dwelling, I can live (in imagination) my life over again, and commune with the spirits of the venerated dead. As most of the old buildings in the neighborhood are now levelling to the dust, perhaps when I have leisure I will give you a few reminiscences of them and some of their inhabitants.

Anecdote of George Thompson the Abolitionist.

"And hopest thou hence unscath'd to go,
"No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, No!"

In January, 1834, I was sojourning in Dalkeith, my native village, in Scotland. A few days previous to my arrival, this man, who had been turning the question upside down, was there also. He had asserted among other things equally true, in a public

lecture, that a colored person was never permitted to sit down at the same communion-table with the whites. I denied the charge by saying that I had seen whites and blacks sit at the same table in the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian churches, and added, that if he came there to lecture while I was in the place, and made such an assertion, I would contradict him in public. In a few days he advertised another lecture. He was then in Edinburgh; a gentleman, a resident in Dalkeith, invited him with a few of his Edinburgh friends, together with a number of clergymen and gentlemen from the neighboring parishes, to a dinner at his house, on the day that the lecture was to be held at night. I also was invited, and went. I think twenty-five sat round the table. I asked Mr. T. if he had made the above assertion. He said he had, because he was so informed. I told him he had been misinformed in this, as well as in many other very important points concerning slavery in America, &c. &c. He said he certainly would not again make the assertion, as he was now satisfied it was incorrect.

From 3 P. M. till 7 (time of lecture) the subject of slavery was the burden of our song. I had to defend myself against the fires of twenty frigates, whose upper works were well stored with subtile learning and the logic of the schools. I told them that their great zeal in the cause was no evidence of their being right; that Paul was as full of zeal as any of them, when he was hauling men and women

to the flames of martrydom. I told them that slavery was first introduced into these States under the British government; that when the United States had gained their independence they found themselves saddled with this curse, which had been entailed by the Defenders of the Faith, the Most Sacred Majesties and the Most Christian Majesties of Europe; that the people in America most gladly would get clear of them if they knew how; but for my own part I could not see in what manner it can be accomplished, except they do as the philanthropic kings (white slave-drivers) in Europe do; that is, go to war, and sell them from one petty tyrant to another, to be shot at for twenty-five pounds per head, as the Defenders of the Faith and lords spiritual and temporal of London did with the Hessian soldiers in America, in the war of the Revolution.

But said I, gentlemen, why waste your energies and expend all your philanthropy on slaves at a distance; why not reserve a portion to pour on the heads and hearts of your own white slaves in Britain? the black slaves in America do less work, are better fed, better clothed, have better lodgings, and better beds than the white slaves in the mines of Cornwall, or the millions of slaves about Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, &c. To be sure, said I, you don't sell your white male slaves in the street, but you allow (it's the law of the land) any drunken vagabond to put a rope round the waist or neck of his white slave of a wife, and sell her in Smithfield

market, right under the windows of the Defender of the Faith, and the lords spiritual—(Bishops—pull the beam from your own eyes,—perhaps not one of you has had your foot from off the island in which you were born. Any lazy, unprincipled wanderer, wishing to make a gain of you, comes with a frightful story and a budget of lies; you receive and believe him. Said I, gentlemen, the first principle in nature is self-interest; is it a credible thing with you that a planter would pay five hundred dollars for a good servant, and abuse him in the manner represented. Which of you, having paid one hundred guineas for a hunter, a racer, a coach, or a good farming horse, will begin to torment and abuse him? But said I, gentlemen, you know, and I know, that your favorite horses are better fed, and live in more comfortable dwellings than the servants and cotters on your lands. Many of your laborers are employed on branches of your manufactories that in a few years will poison both soul and body; some I have seen with red eyes and green hair; the eyes affected by the fires to which they were exposed, and the hair turned green by the brass works. Children of three years enter some of the manufactories, where they drag out a miserable existence of fifty, when the grave-digger finishes the concern. Many, very many of these miserable beings never enter a school, and rarely see a church; they grow up without morals, without religion, without shame, and bring forth slaves like themselves, to tread in the same path of

misery. In Manchester, Birmingham, &c. a great proportion of the laboring class and mechanics lodge in cellars, damp and dark, operating as hot-beds of infection; so that the poor in these places are seldom without a plague, created by their filth and poverty. Now, said I, gentlemen, you know that these are facts, and many more might be added. Begin at home, take care of your white slaves, and we will take care of our blacks without your help.

I gave him my address, but I never saw him in America.

On the Use of Tobacco.

BEING INCOHERENT, ABSTRACT AND UNCONNECTED IDEAS, FLOATING IN THE BRAIN, WHILE THE SMOKE IS CURLING FROM THE PIPE.

"This Indian weed, now wither'd quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay, (grass,)
Thus think, and smoke tobacco:

"And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco."

Now, what do you think of this, you *Anti-Narcotic and Broken-Pipe Association?* The above two stanzas are only part of a very long and very orthodox poem, extracted from Ralph Erskine's gospel sonnets,

entitled, "*Tobacco Spiritualized*," and published in Edinburgh, about the middle of the last century, with a number of recommendations. Now, this same worthy divine used to compose his best sermons with a long pipe in his mouth, his person propped upright in an arm-chair, his left leg resting on a bunch of Scotch heather, with his face turned upwards, watching the wreaths of smoke ascend on high. It was then that the young ideas shot up from the heart to the head. He would take his stand on a hill-side, with the sky for a canopy, and preach two hours on a stretch to an audience of more than five thousand, without a *note* to mar his eloquence, nor a written sermon within a mile of him. But now we have a set of simple men, the sons of silly women—readers, not preachers of the Gospel—who fulminate their bulls or paper proclamations against this powerful weed. It is well these self-conceited mortals neither possess the spirit nor the power of pope Pius the Seventh; otherwise our own and the heads of our pipes might be flying in the air, like the light shell of a Wethersfield onion. Have these men ever read of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose servant mistook the fumes of the pipe for the smoke of a volcano issuing from the throat of his master? Have they never read of Sir Isaac Newton, who mistook the fore finger on the right hand of his mistress for the stopper of his pipe, as he blew the smoke at the moon, where his head had gone before? It is highly probable, had it not been for the ascending smoke, and for the con-

templations that therefrom ensued, we never would have heard of the Newtonian system, nor of the whole arcana of lunar observations. I think it is a fact beyond all controversy, that the good, the wise and the great, in all ages have been profound smokers. Columbus, Hudson and Americus were all welcomed to these shores by the ancient men of the tribes, bearing the calumet of peace. But observe: the long-pipes hold no communion with the whole fraternity of beardless cigar-smokers, whether they be male or female. It was on one of those mild, calm, clear moonlight nights, even as late as the eighth of December, I was sitting on my stoop, enjoying the cheap and sober luxury of the pipe; the river lay like a field of glass before me; the full-orbed moon dancing in the gentle ripple of the ebbing tide; the lights in the many upper and lower chambers in Ravenswood, where, three years ago, there stood only one solitary mansion; the laugh and the sound of mirth from the village of Yorkville, which, ten years ago, was one hard, uncompromised rock of stone; the blaze from a thousand lamps on the Third Avenue, stretching even beyond the heights of Harlæm, where but lately trod the heavy foot of the shaggy bear, the light moccasin of the Indian and the warlike tramp of the Hessian soldier. Apropos: in repairing my old farm-house at the Cove, we found a cannon-ball which had been lodged between the clapboards and the lath and plaster. My next neighbor, now four-score and *twa*, informs me that he lived in the same house he now

occupies, on the day of the battle of Flatbush; that a party of the retreating American army crossed at Hurlgate ferry; that a company of the British troops followed them to the river, but did not cross; that the Americans fired several shots from York Island at the British; and, as the soldiers gathered round this house, (now mine,) it being kept as a tavern at that time, the Americans directed their fire at the house, which got pretty well peppered; that he had no doubt but that that was one of the balls, (I have no doubt either; said ball weighs about twelve pounds; I would not take a dollar a pound for it.) That night the British officers took up their head quarters in this same house. They did not think it worth while to follow up their victory, as, from the sample they had seen through the day, they thought they could conquer the Americans at their leisure. They accordingly invited two or three dozen of the farmers' daughters from Newtown, Hallett's-Cove and the Dutch Hills, some of whose fathers were tories, and went willingly; the others, thinking, as matters stood, that it was better to coax the devil than to fight him, went, of course. Be this as it may, they kept up a regular *war-dance* with the Dutch lasses till daylight in the morning. Not so did Washington. He never slept in the lap of Delilah when his country's interest was at stake; for, before the drowsy Britons (tired with war, wine and dancing) had rubbed their heavy eyelids, he was mustering his ragged army in the streets of Morristown.

But to return to the lights on Harlæm Heights, &c. The night was bland ; every thing spoke of life, peace and security. Thinks I to myself, how kind is the Giver of all good. He tempers the winds to the strength of the shorn lamb. How much this second summer mitigates the pressure. If the times are hard the season is softer than usual. Banks and safety-funds may evaporate in smoke ; but the bank of *Providence* will never suspend payment as long as wood grows and water runs. By-the-by, of the season. The signs of the times were all in favor of a mild winter. The scarcity of wild fruit, as acorns, &c. is a sign that seldom or never fails. He that hangs creation on his arm and feeds her at his board, when he sees a long winter at hand, provides an extra store of fruit in the woods, to supply the needs of the raven, the squirrel and the sparrow. Of how much more value, in his sight, is man than many sparrows ! Yet man, to whom he has given reason, power and faculties above the brutes that perish, is the only animal in all the creation of God that acts contrary to nature, reason, religion and common sense. Were men in the day of prosperity to look out for adversity, in the hey-day of summer to lay up for winter ; were there no drunkards nor foolish spend-thrift, our world would soon lose the slanderous nick-name of being miserable. Were one-tenth of the money that is spent in buying and tuning piano-fortes laid out in knitting-needles, and one-fourth part of the time that is lost in jingling the machine employed

in making stockings, I verily believe the *balance of trade* would be in our favor, and you would not see so much splendid misery walking up Broadway. I do not think you ever saw a piano in the habitation of the Friends, nor did you ever see any *splendid misery* there. When I first saw New-York there was only one hosiery-store in the city; it was kept by Mr. Winslow, at number nine Wall-street; it was a small concern, the profits of which were not sufficient to keep soul and body together; for the honest man was obliged to shave people with Castile-soap and rain-water to eke out a living. He was a barber by trade; not the sort of shavers with which Wall-street swarms at this day. Then, there was not a broker in Wall-street. Mr. Winslow was an Englishman by birth, always neat and clean in his clothes and person —obliging, too, and shaving his customers himself, with a clean apron, white cotton stockings, shining black shoes and silver buckles, black velvet small-clothes, white muslin vest, clean shirt, (not check, like those of the hateful dandies of our day,) his few scattering hairs carefully gathered behind and tied with a neat black riband, his head powdered, like snow. In short, though a barber, he was a gentleman of the old school; not like the old, withered, would-be dandies of our day, with a black-hair wig on their head, and a large bunch of whiskers on each side of their mouth, as *white* as the hind quarters of a Russian bear in the month of December. Nothing to me appears more hateful; it looks like a flock of old sheep dressed in lambs' wool.

Mr. Winslow's shop was in an old frame-building, next house to the corner of Wall and Broad-streets, on the Broadway side, in Wall-street. The first house round the corner, in Broad-street, was an old Dutch frame-building, the gable-end fronting the street, with five or six steps to climb up to the stoop, having a broad board on each side of the door, forming a comfortable seat for eight persons. Here John Babb kept an iron cage manufactory, wherein to confine tame birds in a free country. It was from this stoop that general Hamilton addressed the sovereign people, assembled in front of the old City-hall, in 1795, to consider on, dispose of, and discuss the merits of the famous British treaty, whose fate was then pending before Congress. His powerful arguments and eloquent language inflamed their plebeian souls; they cut short his speech, forced him from the stoop, and dragged him through the gutter. Said I to myself, and this is all the thanks you have got for fighting along side of Washington for the liberty of conscience and the freedom of speech. It was then proposed and carried by acclamation, to burn the treaty, So the hod-men and cartmen, the fish-men and clam-men, the ash-men and water-men, adjourned to the Bowling-green and set fire to the treaty, while the Irishmen beat the "*White Boys' March*," and the Frenchmen sang "*Dansons la Carmagnole*." A large buttonwood-tree stood at the corner of Broad and Wall-streets at that time. Not having seen a meeting of the sovereign people in a free country, I was

curious to mark how matters were managed. Accordingly I got some one to help me up among the branches, where I could see and be out of harm's way.

But to return to the buttonwood-tree. I verily believe it had stood there since the days of Governour Von Twiller. On the opposite corner, where Burtsell keeps his blank-books, there stood the only watch-house then in New-York. Next to the watch-house, in Broad-street, was the residence of the worthy and venerable Doctor Anthon. Lower down dwelt Conrad W. Ham, who, for crackers, cakes olycooken, was second to none, (excepting Nicholas Bogart.) On the opposite side was the house of Alderman John Nitchie. These three were the last of the Mohicans, and with them may be said to have perished the last of the Dutch dynasty in Broad-street. Under this tree, on a warm afternoon or evening, I often listened to the jokes, tales and mirth of these ancient neighbors, as they smoked their pipes and spoke of other times. But this tree is dead, plucked up by the roots, destroyed by the ruthless hand of improvement. It might have stood; there was room enough and to spare on the pavement; but they dug a pit under its roots, wherein to stow Yankee rum and Jamaica spirits. I passed just as they had turned up its roots to the sun; it was in the month of May; the tree was in full leaf; there it lay, with its beautiful branches wallowing in the gutter. I thought it was adding insult to murder to have a tree cut down at this

season of the year; so I wished a curse on every rum-cask and barrel that might supplant its place, hoping the hoops might burst and the rum scald the hearts of the worms instead of the livers of men.

But to return to the system of stocking-knitting. I verily believe that if all the women in town and in the country were to commence knitting, before seven months the balance of trade would be in our favor. At present it is sadly the reverse: bills on London fifteen per cent. above par. Now, I think the *suspension* of stocking-knitting lies deep at the root of this evil. In the good old days when Washington was president, his lady was not too proud to knit stockings for her general. Then we had only one hosiery-store; now we have upwards of two thousand stocking-shops. Then the mother and girls knit stockings for all the family; now it is computed that two millions of dollars are sent to Europe every year to clothe the feet and ancle-bones of the New-Yorkers alone. This one article is sufficient of itself to kick both the beam and the balance of trade in our faces. Then our flour went to Europe by the hundred thousand barrels per annum; now we beg from the hungry Hessian a bushel of wheat or a chaldron of rye. You know that whether they are right or wrong, my head and my pen are always ready to defend the weaker sex. I speak not to their blame; it is that greatest of all tyrants, *Fashion*, that has driven industry from the door. I wish them to look back on the days of unsophisticated employ-

ment; for they are never happy (those dear sisters) except their feet, their hands, or their tongues are in motion. Neither would we see so many gray-headed spinsters wearing foreign hair; for those cold, calculating bachelors, who reckon every thing by dollars and cents, would find it more profitable to take to themselves wives who could mend their stockings, patch their coats and put the apple in the heart of a dumpling, than to live in a state of single unhappiness.

In those days of which I speak, we had few lawyers, for the people lived in peace with one another; we had few deaths by consumption, for the women wore white worsted stockings in winter, instead of French silk; no foreign cooks nor French confectioners, as the eatables and drinkables at feasts, marriages and New-years' rejoicings were manufactured at home.

Reminiscences of Trinity Church.

"The story of thy better deeds engrav'd
"On Fame's unmouldering pillar."

The members of the first Protestant Episcopal Church first held stated religious services in this city in a chapel erected in the fort, which stood near the present Battery. In this place, under the Dutch administration, the service of the church of Holland

had been performed. On the surrender of the colony to the British in 1664, the service of the church of England was of course introduced. The congregation, however, increasing, Trinity Church was founded in 1696, in the reign of William and Mary. The rector, the Rev. William Vesey, afterwards and for many years the commissary of the Bishop of London, first performed divine service in this church, on the sixth of February, 1697. It was originally a small square edifice, and was enlarged in the east end in 1735, and again on the north and south sides in 1737. Its length was then, including the tower and chancel, one hundred and forty-six feet; its width seventy-two feet, and the steeple one hundred and eighty feet high. This steeple was struck by lightning in the summer of 1762; but little damage was done.

On the twenty-first of September, 1776, in the memorable fire which laid waste so great a portion of the city, this venerable and majestic edifice was destroyed. It lay in ruins during the remainder of the revolutionary war, and was replaced by the structure just demolished. This edifice was consecrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, in 1791.

Trinity Church is the parish church of the parish of that name, which contains also St. Paul's, erected in 1766, and St. John's, erected in 1807. St. George's Church was also formerly a chapel. Trinity Parish is under the pastoral charge of a rector and three assistant ministers.

Notwithstanding the antiquity of this parish, the present rector is only the eighth that has held that office.

Among the communion-plate belonging to this parish, are several articles presented by William and Mary, and Queen Anne; and others with the initials G. R., but from which of the first three Georges I have not learned—probably some from each. There are also a few articles from private donors, and among these, two plates presented by a lady on Christmas-day, 1718.

But old Trinity is gone! With her and with the hand-writings on her walls my earliest and fondest associations are blended; but she will rise more glorious than before, an emblem of the resurrection of thousands who worshipped there, and whose bones lie mouldering in her clay. From the best information I am able to obtain, upwards of four hundred thousand have been deposited in the Trinity church burying-ground since its first erection in 1697.

The following touching lines, cut from the New-York American, will make an excellent finish to my story.

TRINITY CHURCH.

Farewell! farewell! they're falling fast,
Pillar, and arch, and architrave;
Yon aged pile, to me the last
Sole record of the by-gone past,
Is speeding to its grave:
And thoughts from memory's fountain flow,
(As one by one, like wedded hearts,
Each rude and mouldering stone departs,)

Of boyhood's happiness and wo,—
  Its sunshine, and its shade:
And though each ray of early gladness
Comes mingled with the hues of sadness,
  I would not bid them fade;
They come, as come the stars at night,—
Like fountains gushing into light—
And close around my heart they twine,
Like ivy round the mountain-pine!
Yes, they are gone—the sunlight smiles
All day upon its foot-worn aisles,
Those foot-worn aisles! where oft have trod
The humble worshippers of God,
In times long past, when Freedom first
From all the land in glory burst!
The heroic few! from him whose sword
  Was wielded in his country's cause,
To him who battled with his word,
  The bold expounder of her laws!
And they are gone—gone like the lone
  Forgotten echoes of their tread;
And from their niches now are gone
  The sculptured records of the dead!
As now I gaze, my heart is stirr'd
  With music of another sphere!
A low, sweet chime, which once was heard,
Comes like the note of some wild bird
  Upon my listening ear;—
Recalling many a happy hour,
Reviving many a wither'd flower,
Whose bloom and beauty long have laid
Within my sad heart's silent shade:
Life's morning flowers! that bud and blow,
  And wither, ere the sun hath kiss'd
The dew drops from their breasts of snow,
  Or dried the landscape's veil of mist!

Yes! when that sweetly-mingled chime
Stole on my ear in boyhood's time,
My glad heart drank the thrilling joy,
Undreaming of its future pains;—
As spell-bound as the Theban boy
List'ning to Memnon's fabled strains!
Farewell, old fane! and though unsung
By bards thy many glories fell,
Though babbling fame hath never rung
Thy praises on his echoing bell—
Who that hath seen, can e'er forget
Thy gray old spire?—who that hath knelt
Within thy sacred aisles, nor felt
Religion's self grow sweet yet?
Yes! though the decking hand of Time
Glory to Greece's fanes hath given,
That, from her old heroic clime
Point proudly to their native heaven;
Though Rome hath many a ruin'd pile
To speak the glory of her land,
And fair, by Egypt's sacred Nile,
Her mould'ring monuments may stand,—
The joy that swells the gazer's heart,
The pride that sparkles in his eye,
When pondering on these piles, where Art
In crumbling majesty doth lie,
Ne'er blended with them keener joy,
Than mine, when but a thoughtless boy
I gazed with awe-struck, wond'ring eye,
On thy old spire, my Trinity!
And thou shalt live like words of truth,—
Like golden monuments of youth—
As on the lake's unrippled breast
The mirror'd mountain lies at rest,
So thou shalt lie, till life depart,
Mirror'd for ages upon my heart

The Grave in the Orchard.

"The dust we tread on, once lived."—*Hervey.*

It was about five o'clock on a gray, calm, sober-looking afternoon, in the month of November last that I had been searching the hill and the vale, the woods and the meadows, and gathering up the roots and the seeds of some of our beautiful native plants, whose flowers had long since wasted their sweets on the desert air. Returning about gloaming, my way led through an orchard of venerable apple and pear trees, which, from their mouldering branches and trunks crumbling into dust, I thought might date their age from the day that the first red man turned his back on the east and commenced his march westward. In all probability they were planted by *George Jansen de Rapelje*. This Mr. Rapelje was a French Protestant. He settled with his family in our neighborhood as early as 1625. His is said to be the first white family that settled on Long Island, and his wife's daughter the first white child born there. Be this as it may, from this man sprang the whole generation of men, women and children known in the New-York Directory till this day by the names of Rapalje, Rapaljo, Rapelye and Rapelje. Shame on those who first altered the spelling! Their ancestor was a worthy old gentleman: his sons should have stuck to the letters of his name; but the *de* is now

even blotted out from the memory of Longworth. But to return to the orchard. I lingered about this spot without knowing why. Choice fruits were bending to my grasp; they tempted me not. The stillness of death was there. The fall of a leaf and the noise of my own breathing alone sounded in my ear. The feeble flutter of the birds, as one by one they sank to rest; the long dead and decaying grass bending its head to the earth from whence it so lately sprung; the dead and the dying leaves besprinkling the herbs, themselves twice dead and plucked up by the roots—all these made the place look like the very land of forgetfulness itself.

Plodding my way through this valley of the shadow of death, I came to a spot where the grass grew more green, and the stramonium, the hemlock and other noxious weeds grew taller and more rank than their fellows. While treading them down, I observed a number of rough unpolished stones standing about six feet, from west to east, as if they had been placed one at the head and the other at the foot of a grave. On further search, I found I was standing on the bones of those who planted the trees whose branches overshadowed my head. There were no hillocks, for time and the pelting storm had levelled the graves with the fallow ground. The stones, too, had sunk by their own gravity, many of them half, and some of them deeper, in their native soil; they were rough as when they came from the bed of the blasted rock. Names and dates there were none.

Letters and words in the Dutch language had been put on with white paint, but the rain descended and the winds blew on their face for a hundred years, till it left not a wreck behind.

We have a living oracle among our neighbors—an old man, the days of whose pilgrimage have numbered four score years and ten. To him I applied for a record of the dead. He remembered the spot as being a place of burial when he was only seven years of age; and many a gloomy winter evening, when the hoar-frost and tempest were rustling among the branches, has he approached the place with fear and trembling; for, said he, in those days witches, ghosts and apparitions had not ceased from out of the land. He then with the garrulity of old age, ever fond of recounting the scenes of youth, commenced a catalogue of French, Indian and negro murders; which, in respect to the feelings of the good old man, I heard to an end with seeming patience; though I must confess it wasted the hours of three sittings. I will give you nearly in his own words the last of his ghost stories, as the spot where the persons were murdered is near that where I am now writing.

"The schools in those days," said the old man, "were few and far between. The burying-ground lay in my route to the school I attended. One day, in the winter of 1738, when I was nine years old, I was traversing this road, which was then in a bad condition. It was quite dark when I came to the

place of graves. I saw, or fancied I saw, sitting on a new-made grave, the father, mother and three children of a neighboring family, which had been murdered by their black servant a few weeks before, and all buried in that same grave. The master and mistress had been kind to their servants, as the Dutch every where are to this day. The wife of the murderer was cook and servant of all work in the family, and, prompted by the devil, she had told her husband, that if he would only kill the whole family, then the farm and every thing on the place would be his own. Long and sorely was he beset before she brought him to the point. He at last accomplished the atrocious deed while his victims were asleep. As he entered the kitchen, his wife asked—'Are they all dead?' 'All dead but Harry. I can't kill Harry,' replied the negro. Now Harry was the youngest child, a fine boy, about five years old. He had wound himself round the affections of black Sam, and they used to go nutting, crabbing and fishing together. Often while Sam was working in the fields, Harry would bring him his dinner and his mug of cider. 'I can't kill Harry,' said he. 'Fool! Fool!' exclaimed his wife. 'Then better had you killed none of them; for now Harry will tell all, and you will be hanged.'

"At this suggestion the guilty man gasped, and stood like one paralyzed. His teeth chattered, his knees smote each other, and scarcely could he sustain his shaking frame as he leaned on the bloody axe

which had been the instrument of his crime. Remorse for the execrable deed was already gnawing at his heart-strings; and his horror at the idea of being compelled to murder his favorite Harry, his little playmate and companion, the lightener of his toils, was more than his iron limbs could support.

"'Go up, you shivering coward, and finish the job you have begun,' said the female fiend; 'go up, or I will call the neighbors and have you hanged at once.'

"Thus threatened, the wretch completed his atrocities by sacrificing little Harry with the rest. He then walked forth into the fields with the mark of Cain on his forehead. It was now the break of day. A wagon was heard rattling over the road—a rare occurrence when neighbors lived seven miles apart. It stopped opposite the house. Black Sam was not far distant, staggering along, and looking on the ground like a man who had lost his wits.

"'Hullo! darkie, what are you looking at?' was the salutation of the driver.

"Sam lifted his clumsy feet from the ground as if he had been struck by a rifle-ball. His face gleamed like the face of a demon, and the white of his eyes expanded till it seemed like the white circle on the soldier's target. And well might the poor wretch start and shudder, for the terrors of a guilty conscience had driven him from his bed, and he was haggard alike with remorse and with want of sleep.

"The wagoner being informed that the family

had not risen, drove from the door and proceeded to Hallett's Cove, a distance of about a mile. All the way he could not forbear pondering upon the cause of Black Sam's singular demeanor and horrible looks. When he arrived at the store he sat down, but his thoughts still turned to this subject, and absorbed his attention and chained his tongue. A noise startled him—the door opened—and in walked the wife of Black Sam, the tigress who had first excited him to the sanguinary deed. Her first exclamation was—'Oh dear! they have killed master and missus and the three children with an axe, and Sam and I have alone escaped.'

"The wagoner rose, and with the impulsiveness of a strong and sudden conviction, replied, 'Yes, you black wretch, and you and your husband are the murderers.'

"In three minutes the guilty creature, taken by surprise, confessed the crime. That same wagoner carried her and Sam in his cart to Hempstead jail; and before the remains of the slaughtered family were consigned to the *grave in the orchard*, the miserable pair had met the penalty of their crime. The man was hung and the woman burned to death."

Now this is no fiction, but a simple tale of truth. Often when the moon is climbing our eastern hills, and the shadows of night are closing around, do I ramble to this solitary spot and hold converse with the spirits of the venerated dead. And why not? Why may it not be that there are ministering angels

sent forth to shed a gracious influence around the children of men? I have no fear of the visits of such disembodied agents. I have almost wished that one of the long-departed, whose bones are mouldering beneath my feet, would lift for me the veil and grant me a glimpse of the mysteries behind it.

But we have Moses and the prophets, and let us be thankful for what we have. Yet a little while, and the things unknown shall be revealed to us, and we shall be as wise as those who have gone before.

The Lowell Offering.

"Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
"And genius and beauty in harmony blend:
"The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
"And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire."

A few months since I accidentally picked up the May and June numbers of this modest little one-sheet periodical. They were the first I had seen or heard of them—and having "finished them at one sitting," (as the alderman says,) I lit my pipe and walked out among the cherry-trees, to ruminate upon what I had read, as my thoughts are always quickest when the smoke is curling from my pipe and no one near me; and while I sat ruminating, my thoughts ran ahead with the following abstract, incoherent, unconnected ideas: If one of those fac-

tory girls were to pass now, I would give her that pot, filled with the lilies of the valley, for a vignette to their book! The lily of the valley was selected by its Maker as the emblem of beauty and modesty—when He said, (passing the sun-flower, carnation, and dahlia,) Behold the lily of the valley! Solomon in all his glory, and the queen of Sheba by his side, with her crown, tinsel, bombast and gingle, was not arrayed like one of these lilies! So is this book. Sixteen stories for May and fourteen for June! all finished—and told in the beautiful, modest, and truth-speaking language of nature! No French or Latin disguising words which the writer himself is ashamed of—nothing but amusing, entertaining and instructive essays on matters and things, told with all the simplicity of truth. Nothing short of this could be expected from the factory girls of Lowell; for it's a sound maxim of physiology, that the *face* is the index of the *mind*. I have seen these girls in the mills and in their walks, and I have seen hundreds of the most fashionable women, in full dress, at assemblies and parties in Britain, but I never saw so many pretty faces on the same number of women as I have seen at a gathering of the factory girls in Lowell. Therefore, one may expect that the effusions of their minds will be equally beautiful.

I wondered what a Turk (who says the women have no souls) would think, were he to read this book. For my own part, I verily believe that there is more sound sense in this Lowell Offering than you

will find in the whole book of the Alkoran, or in all the ukases of the Bashaws with three tails! I wonder what those Turks who infest the Astor-house, with beards as long as a Russian bear, would say. They, too, say the women have no souls, and think themselves the very lords of creation; but take any of those chaps and shut them up in a room, with pen, ink and paper, and let them have nothing to eat or drink till they produce an essay equal to the poorest of those in the Offering, and I really believe they would die with hunger before they accomplished their task. And I wonder what Madam Trollope and Parson Fiedler would say.

I remember standing near one of the factories some years ago, and seeing the girls walk from the gate at dinner-hour, two and two, like a procession, with their handsome, happy faces, and clean, neat dresses, neatly put on; and I wished that Madam Trollope and her Fiedler were there—each having a score or two of the pin and factory girls from London, Manchester and Birmingham at their backs—just by way of contrast. Whatever they might say, I am sure they would think that New England had not degenerated.

Every Yankee ought to be proud of this book, and subscribe for it.

Tales of the Prison—Sugar-house—Liberty-street:

OR, ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Here many pine in want, and dungeon's gloom;
"Shut from the common air, and common use
"Of their own limbs."—THOMSON.

When ages shall have mingled with those which have gone before the flood, the spot on which stood this prison will be sought for with more than antiquarian interest. It was founded in 1689, and occupied as a sugar-refining manufactory till 1776, when Lord Howe converted it into a place of confinement for the American prisoners. At the conclusion of the war for Independence, the business of sugar refining was resumed, and continued till 1839 or '40, when it was levelled to the ground to make way for a block of buildings wherein to stow Yankee rum and New Orleans molasses. Pity it ever was demolished. With reasonable care it might have stood a thousand years, a monument to all generations of the pains, penalties, sufferings and deaths their fathers met in procuring the blessings they now inherit. It stood on the southeast corner and adjoining the graveyard around the Middle Dutch Church, said church being now bounded by Liberty, Nassau and Cedar-streets. But, as it is said, this church is soon to become a post-office. The levelling spirit of the day is rooting up and destroying every landmark and vestige of antiquity about the city, and it is probable that in the year two thousand and twenty-one there will not

be found a man in New-York who can point out the site whereon stood a prison whose history is so feelingly connected with our revolutionary traditions.

On the 18th of June, 1794, I came to reside in Liberty-street, where, between Nassau-street and Broadway I dwelt forty years. As the events recorded in this history had but recently transpired, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the men who had been actors in the scenes. Some of the anecdotes I heard from the lips of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, Gen. Morgan Lewis, Col. Richard Varick, the venerable John Pintard, and other revolutionary worthies, then in the prime of life, but now all numbered with the dead.

Till within a few years past, there stood in Liberty-street a dark stone building, grown gray and rusty with age, with small, deep windows, exhibiting a dungeon-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes of former days, when the revolution poured its desolating waves over the fairest portion of our country. It was five stories high; and each story was divided into two dreary apartments, with ceilings so low, and the light from the windows so dim, that a stranger would readily take the place for a jail. On the stones in the walls, and on many of the bricks under the office-windows, were still to be seen initials and ancient dates, as if done with a penknife or nail; this was the work of many of the American prisoners, who adopted this, among other means, to while away their weeks and years of long monotonous con-

finement. There is a strong jail-like door opening on Liberty-street, and another on the southeast, descending into a dismal cellar, scarcely allowing the mid-day sun to peep through its window-gratings. When I first saw this building—some fifty years ago—there was a walk, nearly broad enough for a cart to travel round it; but, of late years, a wing has been added to the northwest end, which shuts up this walk, where, for many long days and nights, two British or Hessian soldiers walked their weary rounds, guarding the American prisoners. For thirty years after I settled in Liberty-street this house was often visited by one and another of those war-worn veterans—men of whom the present political worldlings are not worthy. I often heard them repeat the story of their sufferings and sorrows, but always with grateful acknowledgments to Him who guides the destinies of men as well as of nations.

One morning, when returning from the old Fly-market at the foot of Maiden-lane, I noticed two of those old soldiers in the Sugarhouse-yard; they had only three legs between them—one having a wooden leg. I stopped a moment to listen to their conversation, and as they were slowly moving from the yard, said I to them—

"Gentlemen, do either of you remember this building?"

"Aye, indeed; I shall never forget it," replied he of the one leg. "For twelve months that dark hole," pointing to the cellar, "was my only home. And at

that door I saw the corpse of my brother thrown into the dead-cart among a heap of others who had died in the night previous of the jail-fever. While the fever was raging, we were let out in companies of twenty, for half-an-hour at a time, to breathe the fresh air; and inside we were so crowded that we divided our number into squads of six each. Number one stood ten minutes as close to the window as they could crowd to catch the cool air, and then stepped back, when number two took their places; and so on. Seats we had none; and our beds were but straw on the floor, with vermin intermixed. And there," continued he, pointing with his cane to a brick in the wall, "is my kill-time work—'A. V. S. 1777,' viz. Abraham Van Sickler—which I scratched with an old nail. When peace came, some learned the fate of their fathers and brothers from such initials."

My house being near by, I asked them to step in and take a bite. In answer to my inquiry as to how he lost his leg, he related the following circumstance:

"In 1777," said he, "I was quartered at Belleville, N. J. with a part of the army under Col. Cortlandt. Gen. Howe had possession of New-York at the same time, and we every moment expected an attack from Henry Clinton. Delay made us less vigilant, and we were surprised, defeated, and many slain and made prisoners. We marched from Newark, crossing the Passaick and Hackensack rivers in boats. The road through the swamp was a 'corduroy,' that is, pine trees laid side by side."

[In September, 1795, I travelled this road, and found it in the same condition.]

"We were confined," he continued, "in this Sugar-house, with hundreds who had entered before us. At that time the Brick Meeting-house, the North Dutch Church, the Protestant Church in Pine-street, were used as jails for the prisoners; while the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar-street, now a house of merchandise, "was occupied as an hospital for the Hessian soldiers, and the Middle Dutch Church for a riding-school for their cavalry. I well remember it was on a Sabbath morning—as if in contempt of Him whose house they were desecrating—that they first commenced their riding operations in said church. On that same day a vessel from England arrived, laden with powder, ball, and other munitions of war. She dropped anchor in the East River, opposite the foot of Maiden-lane. The weather was warm, and a thunder-storm came on in the afternoon. The ship was struck by a thunder-bolt from heaven. Not a vestige of the crew, stores, or equipment was ever seen after that. The good whigs and Americans, all over the country, said that the God of battle had pointed that thunder-bolt.

"We were crowded to excess," continued the old veteran; "our provisions bad, scanty and unwholesome, and the fever raged like a pestilence. For many weeks the dead-cart visited us every morning, into which from eight to twelve corpses were thrown, piled up like sticks of wood, with the same clothes

they had worn for months, and in which they had died, and often before the body was cold. Thus, every day expecting death, I made up my mind to escape, or die in the attempt. The yard was surrounded by a close board-fence nine feet high. I informed my friend here of my intention, and he readily agreed to follow my plan. The day previous, we placed an old barrel, which stood in the yard, against the fence, as if by accident. Seeing the barrel was not removed the next day, we resolved to make the attempt that afternoon. The fence we intended to scale was on the side of the yard nearest to the East River; and our intentions were, if we succeeded in getting over, to make for the river, seize the first boat we could find, and push for Long Island.

"Two sentries walked around the building day and night, always meeting and passing each other at the ends of the prison. They were only about one minute out of sight, and during this minute we mounted the barrel and cleared the fence. I dropped upon a stone and broke my leg, so that I lay still at the bottom of the fence outside. We were missed immediately, and pursued. They stopped a moment to examine my leg, and this saved my friend; for by the time they reached the water's edge at the foot of Maiden-lane, he was stepping on shore at Brooklyn, and thus got clear. I was carried into my old quarters, and rather thrown than laid on the floor, under a shower of curses.

"Twenty-four hours elapsed ere I saw the Doctor.

My leg by this time had become so much swollen that it could not be set. Mortification immediately commenced, and amputation soon followed. Thus, being disabled from serving either friend or foe, I was liberated, through the influence of a distant relative, a royalist. And now I live as I can, on my pension, and with the help of my friends."

In 1812, Judge Schuyler, of Belleville, showed me a musket ball which then lay imbedded in one of his inside window-shutters, which was lodged there on that fatal night, thirty-five years previous.

Among the many who visited this prison forty years ago, I one day observed a tall, thin, but respectable-looking gentleman, on whose head was a cocked-hat—an article not entirely discarded in those days—and a few dozen snow-white hairs gathered behind and tied with a black ribband. On his arm hung—not a badge, or a cane, nor a dagger; but a handsome young lady, who I learned from him was his daughter, whom he had brought two hundred miles to view the place of her father's sufferings. He walked erect, and had about him something of a military air. Being strangers, I asked them in; and before we parted I heard

THE HISTORY OF THE PRISONER.

"When the Americans," he began, "had possession of Fort Washington, on the North River—it being the only post they held at that time on York Island—I belonged to a company of light infantry

stationed there on duty. The American army having retreated from New-York, Sir William Howe determined to reduce that garrison to the subjection of the British, if possible. Our detachment at that time was short of provisions, and as General Washington was at Fort Lee, it was a difficult matter to supply ourselves from the distance without the hazard of interception from the enemy. There lived on the turnpike, within a mile of our post, a Mr. J. B. This man kept a store well supplied with provisions and groceries, and contrived to keep himself neutral, selling to both parties; but he was strongly suspected of favoring the British, by giving them information, &c. Some of our officers resolved to satisfy themselves; and if they found their suspicions just, they thought it would be no harm to make a prize of his stores, especially as the troops were much in need of them. From prisoners, and clothes stripped from the slain, we had always a supply of British uniforms for officers and privates. Accordingly three of our officers put on the red coats and walked to friend B.'s, where they soon found that the color of their uniforms was a passport to his best affections and to his best wines. As the glass went round, his loyal ideas began to shoot forth in royal toasts and sentiments. Our officers being now sure of their man, I was one of a party who went with wagons and every thing necessary to ease him of his stores.

"On the following evening, that matters might pass quietly, we put on the British uniforms. Ar-

riving at the house, we informed Mr. B. that the army were in want of all his store, but we had no time to make an inventory, being afraid we might be intercepted by the Americans; but he must make out his bill from memory, carry it to the Commissary at New-York, and get his pay. The landlord looked rather serious at this wholesale mode of doing business, but, as the wagons were loading up, he found remonstrance would be in vain. In less than an hour his whole stock of eatables and drinkables was on the road to Fort Washington. By the direction we took, he suspected the trick, and alarmed the outposts of the British army. In fifteen minutes we heard the sound of their horses' hoofs thundering along behind us; but they were too late, and we got in safe. He got his revenge, however; for in three days thereafter our fortress was stormed by General Kniphausen on the north, General Matthews and Lord Cornwallis on the east, and Lords Percy and Sterling on the south. So fierce and successful was the attack, that twenty-seven hundred of us were taken prisoners, and numbers of them, with myself, marched to New-York, and lodged in the Crown-street [now Liberty-street] Sugar-house.

"It is impossible," he continued, "to describe the horrors of that prison. It was like a healthy man being tied to a putrid carcass. I made several attempts to escape, but always failed, and at last began to yield to despair. I caught the jail-fever, and was nigh unto death. At this time I became acquainted

with a young man among the prisoners, the wretchedness of whose lot tended by comparison to alleviate my own. He was brave, intelligent and kind. Many a long and weary night he sat by the side of my bed of straw, consoling my sorrows and beguiling the dreary hours with his interesting history. He was the only child of his wealthy and doting parents, and had received a liberal education; but despite of their cries and tears he ran to the help of his country against the mighty. He had never heard from his parents since the day he left their roof. They lay near to his heart, but there was *one* whose image was graven there as with the point of a diamond. He, too, had the fever in his turn; and I then, as much as in me lay, paid back to him my debt of gratitude. 'My friend,' he would say to me, 'if you survive this deadly hole, promise me you will go to the town of H——. Tell my parents, and *Eliza*, I perished here a captive, breathing the most fervent prayers for their happiness.' I tried to cheer him by hope, feeble as it was. 'Tell me not,' he would add, 'of the hopes of reunion; there is only one world where the ties of affection will never break; and there, through the merits of Him who was taken from prison into judgment, for our sins, I hope to meet them.'

"This crisis over, he began to revive, and in a few days was able to walk, by leaning on my arm. We were standing by one of the narrow windows, inhaling the fresh air, on a certain day, when we espied

a young woman trying to gain admittance. After parleying for some time, and placing something in the hand of the sentinel, she was permitted to enter this dreary abode. She was like an angel among the dead. After gazing eagerly around for a moment, she flew to the arms of her recognized lover, pale and altered as he was. It was Eliza. The scene was affecting in the extreme. And while they wept, clasped in each others arms, the prisoners within, and even the iron-hearted Hessian at the door, caught the infection. She told him she received his letter, and informed his parents of its contents; but not knowing how to return an answer with safety, she had travelled through perils by land and water to see her Henry.

"This same Hessian sentinel had served us our rations for months past, and from long intimacy with the prisoners was almost considered a friend. Eliza, who made her home with a relative in the city, was daily admitted, by the management of this kind-hearted man; and the small nourishing *notions* she brought in her pockets, together with the light of her countenance, which caused his to brighten whenever she appeared, wrought a cure as if by miracle. His parents arrived, but were not admitted inside. In a few days thereafter, however, by the help of an ounce or two of gold and the good feelings of our Hessian friend, a plan was concerted for meeting them. His turn of duty was from twelve till two o'clock that night. The signal, which was to lock and unlock a

certain door twice, being given, Henry and myself slipped out, and crept on our hands and knees along the back wall of the Middle Dutch Church, meeting the parents and Eliza by the Scotch Church in Cedar-street. As quick as thought, we were on board a boat, with two men and four oars, on the North River. Henry pulled for love, I for life, and the men for a purse; so that in thirty minutes after leaving the Sugar-house we stood on Jersey shore.

"In less than a month Eliza was rewarded for all her trials with the heart and hand of Henry. They now live not far from Elizabethtown, comfortable and happy, with a flock of olive-plants around their table. I spent a day and night at their house last week, recounting our past sorrows and present joys."

Thus the old man concluded; simply adding that he himself now enjoyed a full share of earthly blessings, with a grateful heart to the Giver of all good.

Now, friend Mackay, should you think these sketches will amuse your readers, they are at your service. I have more of them, which I may give you at a more convenient season.

It is well to snatch from oblivion a spot so interesting in revolutionary tradition as was the Sugar-house prison in Liberty-street. Within fifty feet to the eastward of the Middle Dutch Church, is the spot on which stood this bastile, into which many entered, but from whence few returned. The bell which now calls you to church is the same by which those prisoners took their note of time. Many, very

many, counted twelve as they lay on their bed of straw. It was the knell of their departing hour. Before the bell again tolled for one they had gone to happier climes.

P. S. Since writing the above the religious services in this church have come to a final close, and it has been fitted up for a Post-office. From the thickness of the walls, and the durable nature of the stone with which they are built, under the fostering care of the government the building may yet stand many centuries, as a landmark, wherein the English cavalry kept a riding-school, and within fifty feet of which once stood the Sugar-house prison of revolutionary memory.

Letter of the Barons and People of Scotland to the Pope, 1320.

"If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
"Yet peaceful are the vales and pure the skies,
"And freedom fires the soul and sparkles in the eyes."

In January, 1834, I was shown the interior of the Register Office, Edinburgh; among many very ancient and important national state papers, I saw there the original of a remonstrance from the nobles, earls, barons, &c. of the Scottish community to the Pope, dated 6th April, 1320. It contained the signature of each person whose name is in the instru-

ment, with his seal appended to each signature with a piece of riband; it is written in Latin, in a clear, plain hand, on a sheet of parchment, and is now 514 years old. It appears that King Edward of England, finding it impossible to conquer Scotland by the sword, applied to the Pope, (this same Edward must have been just such another poor milk-and-water-soul as the late King of Spain, whom, the papers inform us, spent all his time in doing nothing but sewing petticoats,) who issued his bull, commanding all the people in Scotland to submit to the authority of Edward, under pain of excommunication, and that he would raise on them the French, the Germans, the Danes, Swedes, English and Irish, and sweep them from the face of the earth, and send them all to ——— by the wholesale. The Scotchmen, in no way alarmed, coolly replied in substance, that as long as there were *three hundred* men in Scotland who could wave a sword over their head, they would neither submit to Edward, to the pope, nor to the devil. It's a trait in the national character of the Scots, that even in the darkest times of popery the priests could never lead them so far by the nose as they did their more pliable neighbors, the French, Germans, English, Irish, &c. in their last twenty-eight years' struggle with the Stewarts to keep out Episcopacy. (You will observe that Episcopacy in England and America are entirely different articles—no lords spiritual here.) They gained for their children a portion of religious liberty no where else to be found, except in *America*.

Through the politeness of one of the gentlemen in the office, I had it translated by one of the best *Latin scholars* in Edinburgh. Its age and authenticity, with the simplicity of its style, make it altogether a historical curiosity.

A free translation of a copy of the Letter of the Barons, Earls, Freemen, and of the Scottish Community, to the Pope, 6th April, 1320.

"In the name of the Most Holy Father, Christ and Lord, we, the undersigned, (do hereby declare ourselves to be,) by God's providence, the humble servants and children of lord John the high priest, and minister of sacred things at Rome, and of the Universal Church.

(Here follow the names of the Barons, Earls, Freemen, and many of the community of the kingdom of Scotland.)

"Not only, oh most holy Father, do we know the filial respect with which devotees kiss the feet of Saints, but we also gather, both from the deeds and books of the ancients, that our nation, to wit, that of Scotland, has been illustrious for many great exploits. (Our nation) coming into Scythia Major, passed the pillars of Hercules, and coming through Spain, resided for many years among very savage nations, and who were in subjection to no man. Then, after a lapse of twelve hundred years, they came (like the Israelites in their passage) and dwelt in those habitations now possessed by the exiled

Britons and Picts, who are nevertheless nearly destroyed by the fierce engagements which they have had with the Norwegians, Dacians and English, by which they have acquired many victories and toils, and have showed that their children were free from all slavery from their forefathers. Thus far does history bear on us. In this kingdom they had one hundred and thirty kings of their own, of the royal blood, and no foreigner taking possession. But He, by whom nobles reign and others shine with great effulgence, even the King of kings, our Lord Jesus Christ, appointed by his most holy faith, after his passion and resurrection, that they should dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, as if they had been the first inhabitants. Nor did he wish that they should be confirmed in their faith by any one but by their first Apostle, although second, or even third in rank, to wit, our most gracious Andrew the German, whom He always wished to preside over them as their patron, instead of St. Peter. But your forefathers and most holy predecessors, thinking anxiously that that kingdom (of Germany, to wit) belonged by special right to St. Peter, sanctioned the same by many favors and innumerable privileges. Wherefore our nation had thus far led a quiet and peaceable life under their protection; till that great prince, Edward king of the English, and father of him who is hostilely (and yet under the appearance of a friend and an ally) infesting our (peaceful) bulwark, kingdom and people, conscious of neither

guile nor mischief, and unaccustomed to wars and insults, (at least at that time.) Edward (whom we have mentioned above) committed damages, carnage and wrongs, plunder and incendiarism, has incarcerated the prelates, burned the religious monasteries, spoiling them as he laid them in ruins; and having committed other enormous grievances, and among the rest, has among the common people spared neither age nor sex, religion nor rank. No pen is capable of writing, nor is the understanding capable of comprehending, neither can experience teach (to the full amount) the innumerable evils in which he delights: but yet we are delivered by our most valiant prince, king and lord, Robert, who, after he was cured and healed of his wounds, has, like another Maccabaus or Joshua, freed his people from the hands of his enemies, and has suffered labors, toils and troubles, and dangers, even bordering to death. He also has a benign disposition, and is obedient to the laws and customs, which we will sustain even to death. The succession of the law, and the debt which we were all due, made us assent and agree that he should be our chief and king, as being the person through whom safety accrues to the people, and who is the defender of our liberty, alike by his kindness and by dint of force, and to whom we wish to adhere in every thing, and desist from undertakings with the English king and subjects, who, forsooth, wish that we and our kingdom be subject to them, and that we should in-

stantly dethrone our king, as the subversor alike of their and our rights, and that we should choose another who is capable of our defence: but we declare that, as long as a hundred Scotsmen can be any where found to stand together, the English will never be our masters; for we do not fight for riches, glory nor honor, but only for that liberty which no man loses except it be accompanied by his life. Hence it is, oh reverend Father and Lord! that we entreat your holiness, with all manner of supplication, instance and bending of hearts and knees, and that we have thus far recited the vicissitudes of our nation, whose sojourning among the nations of the earth have neither been a grievance upon grievance, nor an honor. Jews and Greeks, Scotch or English, who look with a father's eye at the troubles and trials brought upon us and the Church of God by the English, will see that the English king ought to be sufficed with what he possesses, and will look back to the time when England was wont to be pleased with seven kings to warn and rebuke those who required it. But there now remains nothing for us Scotsmen, living as we do in exiled Scotland, beyond which there is no habitation, there is nothing but for Edward to depart in peace, seeing that we desire it; for it concerns him with respect to you, to grant, and it is our desire effectually to procure, the peace of the state, whatever way we can. O holy Father! we beg you to grant this—you who lookest at the cruelty of pagans, with the existing

faults of christians, and the servitude of christians, not lessening the memory of your holiness, though your empire is bounded by the Indies. If any thing be wanting, (to show your holiness the true character of the English,) behold the ignominy and reproach under which the church labors in these, your times; this should, therefore, act as an incentive to arouse some christian chiefs, who make no pretext and assign no reason (such as that they are at war with their neighbors) why they should not frame themselves into a body for the protection of the Holy Land; but the real cause of this pretence is, that they think it requires less exertion to carry on war with their less powerful neighbors. But if the English king leave us in peace, we also will go and die in the Holy Land, if such be the will of our lord and sovereign. But the English king knows enough not to be ignorant, that we hereby show and declare to the Vicar of Christ, and to the whole christian world, that if your holiness do not deal justly between them and us, confusion will inevitably take place—the destruction of our bodies—the exit of our souls—and the other inconvenient consequences which will follow, and which we believe they have imputed to us, and which we have done to them. From what we are and will be, as well from the obedience with which we, as your children, keep our tenets, as from the good feeling which exists between us and you, our head and judge, we trust our cause will be looked after, thinking and hoping firmly that you

will deal rightly with us, and will reduce our enemies to nothing, and will preserve the safety of your holiness, who hast been this good while the head of this holy church. This was dated at the monastery of Aberbrothoc, in Scotland, 6th April, 1320, and in the 15th year of our kingdom, under our king above mentioned."

Margaret and the Minister, and Lady Jane.

TWO SCOTCH STORIES, NOT FOUNDED ON, BUT ALL FACT.

"The dinner comes, and down they sit;—
"Were e'er such hungry folk?
"There's little talking, and no wit;
"It is no time to joke."

I spent a month in London in 1833. During this period I was engaged every night, Sundays excepted, to some club, society, *conversazione*, or dinner party. Among the latter, from the peer to the peasant. On one occasion I dined at Lord B——'s. There were twelve at the table, and six servants in splendid uniform to wait upon them. I put on my best black, and went in a carriage to this important affair. I had got a few glimpses at high life previous to this, so that I felt some confidence in myself. The mistress of the feast sat at the head of the table, and on her right sat a young lady, a Miss C——, at the right of whom I was seated, while the eldest daughter of

the family, a fine young lady of seventeen, sat at my right hand. So I sat between the *twa*. When I looked at the servants, with their powdered heads and clothes of scarlet—at the vessels of gold and silver, jars of China and platters of glass—at the lords and ladies, the sirs and counts—at the room, the seats, sofas, ottomans and footstools which far outshone what I had read of Eastern luxury and splendor, and whose gas-lamps and chandeliers sent forth a blaze more brilliant than their winter sun—I thought this was rather going ahead of anything of the sort I had ever seen, and was afraid I might make some blunder; however, I was resolved to maintain my confidence and make myself perfectly at home, like my worthy countryman, Sir Andrew Wyie, at a ball given by the Duchess of Dashingwell, in the next square to the one in which I was then partaking of London hospitality. I soon found that Miss C—— was a social, intelligent mortal, and felt myself at home at once.

"Miss," said I, "I have been at some fine parties in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool, but this is carrying the joke a little beyond anything I have before seen; I am afraid I may go wrong, as I am somewhat like the old woman in Scotland, who went to dine with the minister; so, if I blunder, you must help me along."

To this she readily consented. "But what of the old lady in Scotland?" said she.

"I have heard my father," I replied, "relate the story some fifty years ago. It happened in the parish where he lives."

She was much surprised to hear that he, my father, then lived, in his ninety-first year.

"On a certain market day," I continued, "Margaret, the wife of a neighboring farmer—in addition to her load of hens, geese, &c.—brought a small basket of eggs as a present to the minister. Having sold off her load of sundries, she wends her way to the parsonage. After inquiring how he, the wife, and *aw* the *bairns* did, she says—

"'I *hae* brought ye *twa* or three fresh eggs for the *gude* wife, to help in making her *youl bannocks*.' (Christmas cakes.)

"The eggs were kindly received, and it being dinner hour, she was invited to stop and take her *kail*, (soup.)

"'Nay, nay,' says Margaret, 'I *dinna ken hu* to behave at great folks' tables.'

"'Oh, never mind,' said the minister. 'Just do as ye see me do.'

"Margaret was finally persuaded, and sat down at the table. It so happened that the minister was old and well stricken with age, and had, with all, received a stroke of the palsy, so that, in conveying the spoon from the dish to his lips, the arm being unsteady, the soup was apt to spill; therefore, to prevent damage befalling his clothes, it was his custom to fasten one end of the table-cloth to the top of his waistcoat, just under his chin. Margaret, who sat at the opposite corner of the table, watching his motions, pinned the other end of the table-cloth to a strong humspun

shawl, under her chin. She was attentive to every move. The minister deposited a quantity of mustard on the edge of his plate, and Margaret, not observing this *fugal* exactly, carried the spoon to her mouth. The mustard soon began to operate on the olfactory nerve. She had never seen mustard before, and did not know what it meant. She thought she was bewitched. To expectorate on the carpet *wad* be a sin. She was almost crazy with pain. Just at this moment the girl coming in with clean plates, opened the door near where Margaret sat. Margaret at once sprang for the door, upset the girl, plates and all, and swept the table of all its contents, the crash of which added speed to her flight. Making two steps at once in descending the stairs, the minister, being fast at the other end of the table-cloth, was compelled to follow as fast as his tottering limbs could move. He held to the banisters until the pins gave way, when away flew Margaret, who never again darkened the minister's door."

Miss B—— startled the company with a loud laugh at the conclusion of the story. Having explained the cause of her mirth, I was asked to repeat the story for the good of the whole, and the laugh which followed its repetition, I dare say, did them more good than their sumptuous dinner.

Most of the gentlemen were conversing about a contested election on foot at that time. As the ladies near me, however, paid no attention to that subject, and I having no interest in the matter, we

had our own conversation among ourselves. Miss C— remarked, that since she had read Sir Walter she was alive to every thing Scotch; and asked if I would not give her another Scotch story. I then told her the story of

LADY JANE.

The earl of Wigton, whose name figures in the Scottish annals during the reign of Charles II., had three daughters, named Lady Frances, Lady Grizel, and Lady Jane; the latter being the youngest by several years, and by many degrees the most beautiful. All the three usually resided with their mother, at the family-seat in Sterlingshire; but the two eldest were occasionally permitted to attend their father in Edinburgh, in order that they might have a chance of obtaining lovers at the court held there by the Duke of Lauderdale; while Lady Jane was kept constantly at home, and debarred from the society of the capital, lest her superior beauty might interfere with and foil the attractions of her sisters, who, according to the notions of that age, had a sort of right of primogeniture in matrimony, as well as in what was called heirship. It may easily be imagined that Lady Jane spent no very pleasant life, shut up, as it were, in a splendid palace, to be sure, but having no company except her old cross mother and the servants, the palace being in a remote part of the country. Besides, she was so very beautiful her parents were afraid that any gentleman should see her, and so take

the *shine* off her two eldest sisters, who were rather homely-looking articles, and older by eight or ten years. Jane was now in her seventeenth year.

At the period when our history opens, Lady Jane's charms, although never seen in Edinburgh, had begun to make some noise there. A young gentleman, one day passing the garden, espied what he termed an angel picking strawberries. After gazing till he saw her retreat under the guns of her father's castle, he inquired among the cottagers, and learned it was Jane, the youngest daughter of Lord Wigton. He rode on and reported the matter in the capital. The young gallants about the court were taken by surprise. Lord Wigton and his two daughters made quite a swell in Edinburgh at this time; but no one ever heard of Lord Wigton having a third daughter. These reports induced Lord Wigton to confine her ladyship even more strictly than heretofore, lest perchance some gallant might make a pilgrimage to his country-seat, in order to steal a glimpse of his beautiful daughter; he even sent an express to his wife, directing her to have Jane confined to the precincts of the house and garden, and also to be attended by a trusty female servant. The consequence was, that the young lady complained most piteously to her mother of the tedium and listlessness of her life, and wished with all her heart that she was as ugly, as old, and happy as her sisters.

Lord Wigton was not insensible to the cruelty of his policy, however well he might be convinced of its

necessity. He loved this beautiful daughter more than either of the others, and it was only in obedience to what he conceived to be the commands of duty that he subjected her to this restraint; his lordship therefore felt anxious to alleviate, in some measure, the disagreement of her solitary confinement, and knowing her to be fond of music, he sent her by a messenger a theorbo, with which he thought she would be able to amuse herself in a way very much to her mind; not considering that, as she could not play upon the instrument, it would be little better to her than an unmeaning toy. By the return of the messenger she sent a very affectionate letter to her father, thanking him for the instrument, but reminding him of the oversight, and begged him to send some person who could teach her to play upon it.

The gentry of Scotland at that period were in the habit of engaging private teachers in their families. They were generally young men of tolerable education, who had visited the continent. A few days after the receipt of his daughter's letter, it so happened that he was applied to by one of those useful personages, wishing employment. He was a tall, handsome youth, apparently about twenty-five years of age. After several questions, his lordship was satisfied that he was just the person he was in quest of; as, in addition to many other accomplishments, he was particularly well qualified to teach the theorbo, and had no objection to enter the service, with the proviso that he was to be spared the disgrace of

wearing the family livery. The next day saw Richard (his name was Richard Livingston) on the road to Wigton palace, bearing a letter from Lord Wigton to his daughter Jane, setting forth the qualities of the young man, and hoping she would now be better contented with her present residence.

It was Lady Jane's practice every day to take a walk, prescribed by her father, in the garden, on which occasions the countess conceived herself acting up to the letter of her husband's commands when she ordered Richard to attend his pupil. This arrangement was exceedingly agreeable to Lady Jane, as they sometimes took out the theorbo and added music to the other pleasures of the walk.

However, to make a long story short, it would have been a new problem in nature could these young people have escaped from falling in love. They were constantly together; no company frequented the house; the mother was old and infirm, and perfectly satisfied when she knew Lady Jane was within the limits prescribed by her father. Lady Jane was now in her eighteenth year, and probably never had seen, and certainly never conversed with any man having the education and polish of a gentleman. Although Richard had not yet told his tale of love, his genteel deportment, handsome person, and certain sorts of attention which love only can dictate, had won her heart before she knew it; her only fear now was that she might betray herself; and the more she admired, the more reserved she became towards him

As for Richard, it was no wonder that he should be deeply smitten with the charms of his mistress; for ever, as he stole a long furtive glance at her graceful form, he thought he had never seen, in Spain or Italy any such specimens of female loveliness; and the admiration with which she knew he beheld her, his musical accomplishments which had given her so much pleasure, all conspired to render him precious in her sight. The habit of contemplating her lover every day, and that in the dignified character of an instructor, gradually blinded her to his humble quality, and to the probable sentiments of her father and the world upon the subject of her passion; besides, she often thought that Richard was not what he seemed to be! She had heard of Lord Belhaven, who, in the period immediately preceding, had taken refuge from the fury of Cromwell in the service of the English nobleman whose daughter's heart he had won under the humble disguise of a gardener, and whom, on the recurrence of better times, he carried home to Scotland as his lady.

Things continued in this way during the greater part of the summer without the lovers coming to an eclaircissement, when the Earl of Home, a gay young nobleman, hearing of the beauty of Lady Jane, left Edinburgh and took the way to Lord Wigton's palace, resolving first to see, then to love, and finally to run away with the young lady. He skulked about for several days, and at last got a sight of the hidden beauty over the garden wall, as she was talking with

Richard. He thought he had never seen a lady so beautiful before, and, as a matter of course, resolved to make her his own. He watched next day, and meeting Richard on the outside of the premises, proposed by a bribe to secure his services in procuring him an interview with Lady Jane. Richard promptly rejected the offer, but upon a second thought saw fit to accept it. On the afternoon of the second day he was to meet Lord Home, and report progress. With this they parted—Richard to muse on this unexpected circumstance, which he saw would blast all his hopes unless he should resolve upon prompt measures; and the Earl to the humble village inn, where he had for the last few days acted the character of "*the daft lad frae Edinburgh, wha seemed to ha'e mair siller than sense.*"

What passed between Jane and Richard that afternoon and evening my informant does not say; early the next morning, however, Richard might have been seen jogging swiftly along the road to Edinburgh, mounted on a stout nag, with the fair Lady Jane comfortably seated on a pillion behind him. It was market day in Edinburgh, and the lanes and streets, on entering the city, were crowded with carts, &c. so that they were compelled to slacken their pace, and were thus exposed to the scrutinizing gaze of the inhabitants.

Both had endeavored to disguise every thing remarkable in their appearance, so far as dress and demeanor could be disguised; yet, as Lady Jane could

not conceal her extraordinary beauty, and Richard had not found it possible to part with a sly and dearly beloved mustache, it naturally followed that they were honored with a great deal of staring, and many an urchin upon the street threw up his arms as they passed along, exclaiming, "Oh! the black bearded man!" or "Oh the bonnie ladie!" The men all admired Lady Jane, the women Richard. The lovers had thus to run a sort of gauntlet of admiration till they reached the house of a friend, when the minister being sent for, in a few minutes Richard and Lady Jane were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

In Scotland, the promise of the man and woman before witnesses constitutes a lawful marriage.

When the ceremony was concluded, and the clergyman and witnesse ssatisfied and dismissed, the lovers left the house, with the design of walking in to the city. Lady Jane had heard much from her sisters in praise of Edinburgh, but had never seen that *gude toon* until that day. In conformity with a previous arrangement, Lady Jane walked first, like a lady of honor, and Richard followed close behind, with the dress and deportment of a servant; her ladyship was dressed in her finest suit, and adorned with her finest jewels, all which she had brought with her on purpose in a small bundle, which she bore on her lap as she rode behind Richard. Her step was light and her bearing gay. As she moved along the crowd in the streets gave way on both sides, and wherever she went she left behind her a wake, as it were, of admiration and confusion.

It so happened that on this day the Parliament of Scotland was going to adjourn, a day on which there was always a general turn out among the gentry, and a grand procession. Richard and his lady now directed their steps to the Parliament Square. Here all was bustle and magnificence; dukes and lords, ladies and gentlemen, all in the most splendid attire, threading their way among the motley crowd. Some smart, well-dressed gentlemen were arranging their cloaks and swords by the passage-way which had given entry to Richard and Jane, most of whom, at the sight of our heroine, stood still in admiration; one of them, however, with the trained assurance of a rake, observing her to be very beautiful, and a stranger, with only one attendant, accosted her in language which made her blush and tremble. Richard's brow reddened with anger as he commanded the offender to leave the lady alone.

"And who are you, my brave fellow?" said the youth, with bold assurance.

"Sirrah!" exclaimed Richard, forgetting his livery, "I am that lady's husband—her servant, I mean—;" and here he stopped short in confusion.

"Admirable!" exclaimed the intruder. "Ha, ha, ha! Here, sirs, is a lady's lackey who does not know whether he is his mistress's servant or husband. Let us give him up to the town guard."

So saying he attempted to push Richard aside and take hold of the lady; but he had not time to touch her garments with even a finger before her protector

had a rapier gleaming before his eyes, and threatening him with instant death if he laid a hand upon his mistress. At sight of the steel, the bold youth stepped back, drew his sword, and was preparing to fight when a crowd collected. His Majesty's representative was at this moment stepping out of the Parliament-House, who ordered the officer of his guard to bring the parties before him. This order obeyed, he inquired the reason of this disgraceful occurrence.

"Why, here is a fellow, my lord," answered the youth who had insulted the lady, "who says he is the husband of a lady whom he attends as a liveryman, and a lady too, the bonniest, I dare say, that has been seen in Scotland since the days of Queen Magdaline."

"And what matters it to you," said the officer, "in what relation this man stands to his lady? Let the parties come forward and tell their own story."

The lords in attendance were now gathering around, all eager to see the bonnie lady. Lord Wigton was in the number. When he saw his daughter in this unexpected place, he was so astounded that he came near to fainting and falling from his horse. It was some minutes before he could speak, and his first ejaculation was—

"O Jane! Jane! what's this *ye've been aboot?* and what's *brocht ye* here?"

"Oh Heaven *ha'e* a care o' us!" exclaimed another venerable peer at this juncture, who had just come up, "and what's *brocht* my *sonsie* son Richard Livingston to Edinburgh, when he should have been *fechten* the Dutch in Pennsylvania?"

And here suffer me to remark, that this same Richard Livingston (a progenitor of the respectable families who bear his name in this State) was the second son of Robert, Earl of Linlithgow. Of course, having nothing to depend on but his head and his sword, he had joined a regiment under orders for America; but hearing the fame of Jane's beauty, by bribing a servant who concealed him in the garden, got sight of her as she was watering her pots of Primrose and Polyanthus. He immediately left the army and assumed the disguise by which he insinuated himself into the good graces of her father.

The two lovers being thus recognized by both their parents, stood, with downcast eyes, perfectly silent, while all was buzz and confusion around them; for those concerned were not more surprised at the aspect of their affairs than were all the rest at the beauty of the far-famed but hitherto unseen Lady Jane Fleming. The Earl of Linlithgow, Richard's father, was the first to speak aloud; and this he did in a laconic though important query, which he couched in the simple words—

"Are you married, *bairns?*"

"Yes, dearest father," said his son, gathering courage and going up close to his saddle-bow, "and I beseech you to extricate us from this crowd, and I will tell you all when we are alone."

"A pretty man ye are, truly," said his father, "to be staying at home and getting married, when you should have been abroad winning honors and wealth,

as your gallant grand-uncle did with Gustavus, king of Sweden. However, since better *may na'* be, I *maun* try and console my Lord Wigton, who I *doot* not has the *warst* o' the bargain, *ye ne'er-do-weel!*"

He then went up to Lady Jane's father and shaking him by the hand, said—

"Though we have been made relatives against our will, yet I hope we may continue good friends. The young folks," he continued, "are not ill matched either. At any rate, my lord, let us put a good face on the matter before these gentle folks. I'll get horses for the two, and they'll join the procession; and the *de'il ha'e* me if Lady Jane *dis na outshine the hale o' them.*"

"My Lord Linlithgow," responded the graver and more implacable Earl Wigton, "it may suit you to take this matter blithely, but let me tell you it's a much more serious affair for me. What think ye am I to do with Kate and Grizzy now?"

"Hoot toot, my lord," said Linlithgow, with a smile, "their chances are as *gude* as ever, I assure you, and *sae* will everybody think who *kens* them."

The cavalcade soon reached the court-yard of Holyrood-House, where the duke and duchess invited the company to a ball, which they designed to give that evening in the hall of the palace. When the company dispersed, Lords Linlithgow and Wigton took their young friends under their own protection, and after a little explanation, both parties were reconciled.

The report of Lady Jane's singular marriage having

now spread abroad, the walk from the gate to the palace was lined with noblemen an hour before the time for assembling, all anxious to see Lady Jane. At length the object of all their anxiety and attention came tripping along, hand in hand with her father-in-law. A buzz of admiration was heard around; and when they entered the ball-room, the duke and duchess arose and gave them a welcome, hoping they would often adorn the circle at Holyrood-palace. In a short time the dancing commenced, and amid all the ladies who exhibited their charms and magnificent attire in that captivating exercise, none was, either in person or dress, half so brilliant as Lady Jane.

Let me add in conclusion, that this story is a historical fact, confirmed by tradition. It occurred within six miles of my birth-place. I have heard my grandfather, who died at the age of ninety-six, and my father, who died in his ninety-third year, each relate it as an undisputed fact.

The posterity of Jane and Richard occupy the same lands and palaces at the present day. It is a name revered and held in high estimation all over Scotland, and I might add, wherever the name is known. Witness the venerable Chancellor Livingston, who administered the oath of office to Washington, the first and best of Presidents, and who cheered the heart and strengthened the hands of Fulton by his counsel and money, till through their united exertions the first steamboat furrowed the waters of the Hudson. Cotemporary with him was Rev. Dr. Livingston, of New-

York, whose praise is in all the churches. It is a name (if my memory of the last fifty years serves me) that never was sullied by any of the political rascality which has kept our State in a *stew* ever since 1797. About that period Brokholst, Peter R. and a few more of the Livingstons, arrayed themselves under the Tammany flag; but finding they must associate with Burr, &c. &c. &c. they left their ranks while yet their garments were clean and their honor unstained. These men are the lineal descendants of Richard and Lany Jane, the heroes of our tale. Some of the family fled from Scotland at the time of the persecution; and from Holland they emigrated to this State, and settled on "Livingston's Manor."

Christmas and New Year's Day.

"Bid the morn of youth
"Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
"Of innocence, simplicity and truth."

This day, fifty years ago, I first saw the Christmas sun gild the steeple of old Trinity. On each return of the day, I have lived over again, in memory, the pleasures in which I that day participated. I am not going to write a funeral tale, because all whom I then knew, of my own age, are slumbering in the tomb—their spirits returned to Him who gave them. God is Love. Solomon says (and he was the wisest

king that ever lived, not even excepting King John, at Washington) that the merry man lives as long as the sad. This being the case, why should men brood continually upon the dark side of the cloud? for, as sure as wind and tide propel them, the white side will follow. The press, the pulpit and the bar resound with the bugbear of "*miserable world!*" They are a set of miserable fools that say so. We could not mend the world, even if we knew how. A thankful man is a happy man; and we have always reason to be thankful. When you break your arm, you are glad it was not your leg; when you break your leg, you are glad it was not your neck; and above all temporal blessings, a sober man—no matter how poor—ought to be thankful that he don't get drunk; for this unfits him for either giving or receiving pleasure. And beyond all, every mechanic ought to be thankful that his lot is cast in this plentiful country; for even though he may not have risen higher than a journeyman, if he has a wife who is a good manager, has a good temper, and is a good cook, (and I could pick out a thousand such articles among the lasses in New-York,) he may live as sumptuously every day as do the little princes in Germany who live on the sweat and blood of their white slaves. But this is a digression from my outset about Christmas, though not yet so far off the road; for Christmas would be a poor concern without a goose, or New Year without a turkey; for even in the hard times of '35, '36 and '37, when friend Andrew Jackson sprung a

nine on the Banks, Bonds and Currency, we could buy a turkey for fifty cents, and a goose for thirty-seven cents. But to return to Christmas, 1794.

The morning was calm, mild, and bland, as in the month of May. In my mind's eye, I yet see every scene as they were shifting on that pleasant day. My young friend asked me to accompany her to the Methodist Chapel in John-street. I loved to follow where she led. I could give you the hymn and the text, if necessary. I see the preacher as he stood in the pulpit, and fancy I hear his voice.

At the corner of Nassau-street and Maiden-lane, in a one-and-a-half story wooden shell, lived Alexander Cuthill. His business was to clothe the naked; but his chief hobby (for every man has his hobby) consisted in a large thermometer. Wishing to know the state of the weather, we stepped in. His mercury indicated fifty-nine. His window was open on the street along which the people were crowding to the Middle Dutch Church. The bell was tolling half past ten, and at this moment a large blue fly, a common harbinger of summer, came buzzing in at the window. I mention this to let you see that, although we had no steam-boats in those days, yet we had such Christmas days as we have not seen since.

But apropos of Mr. Cuthill: he was a man of notions, but his grand lever was the thermometer. By that he would have moved the world, provided he could have found a planet whereon to fix his

machine. He never left the city during the twelve seasons that the yellow fever prevailed; and in 1822, when I was shut up in the infected district, which comprised all that part of the city south of Liberty-street, from river to river, (for here the Board of Health put up a board fence eight feet high, by way of drawing a line between the living and the dead, and also set a watch by night and day to prevent any one from venturing on this place of skulls,) Mr. Cuthill forced an entry every day at 10 A. M. to see if I was dead or alive; and always, from the state of his thermometer, would give a good guess as to the number of new cases that might be reported that day. In winter he wore a pair of thick buckskin gloves to keep out the cold, and exactly the same gloves in summer to keep out the heat. He was neat and clean in his person and apparel, and dressed in a drab-colored single-breasted coat, white swan's down vest, black cassimere breeches, silver buckles on the knees, cotton stockings as white as snow, shoes shining with Martin's blacking, and buckles brushed as bright as gold. In short, he was the last of the cocked-hat fraternity in New-York. He had a wife, but no family; so she devoted her whole powers to the cooking of his food and keeping of his person neat and clean; and at 10 A. M. when she looked upon her *Sandy* as he stepped from the stoop as trim as a pigeon when she starts from her coop in a summer morning, there was not a prouder woman in all christendom. But they are gone, and

we will never look upon their like again. So we return to Christmas, 1794.

On that day the stores and work-shops were nearly all shut up, a few belonging to the Friends in Pearl-street excepted. Then men had time to worship God; now they have only time to worship Mammon—that golden calf in Wall-street. Then we had only two banks, and not one broker; now we have thirty banks and ten times ten score of brokers. Then the floors were scrubbed and sprinkled with white sand from Coney Island; now they are covered with cloth from Brussels and carpets from Turkey. Then the people were happy; now they live in splendid misery. Then when the ladies got the headache they dipped their raven locks in a pail of cool water, and were cured; now they pour out a bottle of Cologne water, to the cost of fifty cents, and yet the pain remains. Fifty years ago I never heard of a bottle of Cologne water being in the city; now I am told that two hundred thousand dollars are spent annually on this useless drug. Fifty years ago the daughters of able merchants and thriving mechanics would sing with the spinning-wheel, and weave on the loom, like the daughters of men when Rachel was a girl and Jacob stood by his mother's knee; now they sit humming French airs and jingling a piano until they get the vapors in their heads and the megrims in their bosoms. Then the lasses wore woollen stockings and double-soled shoes, and lived to be eighty; now they wear silk stockings and satin

shoes; and before they live half their days the doctor and grave-digger ride riot over their graves. Then if we took a notion to get married, we finished our day's work at 7 P. M. as usual, got supper at 8, put on our Sunday coat, and the lassie her summer hat, and at 9 we walked to Rev. Dr. John Rogers in Pine-street, or Rev. Bishop Provost in Vesey-street. The Bishop or the Doctor's man-servant and maid-servant were always dressed by eight P. M. and ready to officiate as bride's-maid and groom's-man, and from their long experience in such matters they could act their part up to nature. A Spanish dollar was the regular fee. We then walked home alone. Having caught the bird, we took her to the nest we had provided for her. Perhaps we began with three rush-bottomed chairs, at 25 cents each; it was one more than we wanted; and we had our room, though small, to ourselves; our hearts knew their own happiness, and no stranger intermeddled with our joys. Now the bachelor of thirty-five takes his bird of fifteen to the public table of Madame B———'s boarding-house, or the promiscuous group in Howard's Hotel, where she suffers from the stare of some impudent, brainless blockhead, or is put to the blush by the insolent titter of a set of black-whiskered, most consummate fools; and this is the refinement of the nineteenth century.

Now, my young friends, don't you think our old sober-sided mode of doing this business was more natural, more pleasant, and more economical than

the present bombast and jingle fashion? Why, I have known a parson get a check for $500 for buckling a couple together. Fifty years ago we got married at night, went to work at six in the morning with all the sober realities of life on our backs, and at eight found our breakfast made ready, for the first time, by the hands of her we loved best. In this there was a pleasure unspeakable and sublime. On Wednesday we changed our nether frock, soiled with brick-dust, coal-smoke, or the labor of the plane, and perhaps a rent in the sleeve or a button gone astray. On Saturday night we found the shirt clean and neatly folded, the rent mended, making them look *a'maist as gude as new.* This was the labor of love. A bachelor has this done for money, but the wash-woman embezzles his stockings, tears his collars, and throws his vest to the wind, because she is a hireling. The money spent by our young clerks and mechanics for board, washing, mending, tear, wear and cabbaging, political clubs and smoking Spanish cigars, is more than sufficient to support himself and an industrious wife. Fifty years ago Mrs. Washington knit stockings for her general; now there is not fifty ladies in the city who can play that part; and hundreds know not how the apple gets into the heart of the dumpling.

On New Year's day, as soon as service was over in the Middle Dutch Church, you might see the whole company of elders and deacons adjourn to the house of the worthy Dutch mayor, Richard Varick,

corner of Pine-street and Broadway: there they broke the first cookey and sipped the first glass of cherry-bounce for the season. From thence they went from house to house and broke their bread with merry hearts. Dinner being ended, John, with his wife and oldest children, would go to the house of James; the compliments of the season, the customary salute, the bounce, (cherry-brandy sweet and weak,) and the cookey, with the health of the family, being all discussed, they joined in company and went the rounds; they gathered as they rolled onward, and before the moon sunk behind the blue hills of the Jerseys, you might see twoscore of these happy mortals in one company. In all this the rules of decorum and sobriety were rarely infringed upon. To be sure, we had no temperance societies in those days, for every man kept a temperance society in his own house.

Young folks smile when their grandfathers tell of the happy days of *auld lang syne.* But certain it is that fifty years ago the people in New-York lived much happier than they do now. They had no artificial wants—only two banks—rarely gave a note——but one small play-house—no operas, no ottomans, few sofas or sideboards, and perhaps not six pianos in the city. Now more money is paid to servants in some of these five-story houses for rubbing, scrubbing, and polishing of brasses and furniture—for wiping, dusting, and breaking of glasses and China—than it took to support a decent family fifty years ago.

Reminiscence of the City Hotel.

"Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
"Forth calling all with which the earth is fraught;—
"Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool."

The City Hotel in Broadway was built in the summer and autumn of 1794, and is the first house in the city, and also in America, whose roof was covered with slates. Having set up the timbers for the roof, and nailed the rough planks whereon to lay the slates, they came to a *dead stand* for lack of nails to fasten on the slates. Every hardware store in the city was ransacked in vain, as prior to this no slates had been used on the continent; therefore no one imported any of the nails. There were nail-makers in New-York and Philadelphia enough, but they could only make shingle nails. There is a certain art in forming the head of the slate-nail, which only nail-makers from Europe are up to.

In this dilemma they applied to me, who at that time was hammering ten-penny nails at No. 55 Liberty-street, wishing to know, first, if I could make the nails. Being answered in the affirmative, they inquired, secondly, how much per thousand I asked for making, they finding coal and iron? I promised to give them an answer in the morning; this was at 4 P. M. From this time till next day at noon I debated in my own mind whether to charge one dollar for making a thousand, or ninety-four cents. I have

often laughed since at my own simplicity. Had I charged two dollars per thousand it would have been but a moderate compensation; ten hours is a lawful day's work, for which a laborer who never served an apprenticeship receives a dollar. I had served seven years in learning to make these nails, and by close attention could make 100 per hour; nearly two nails per minute. I have made 120 of these nails in one hour. But very few men belonging to the same craft could make as many: the nail is one and a half inches long, having a head as broad and as flat as a ten-cent piece. I knew, had I asked three dollars for making a thousand, they would have been compelled to give it, for they could not put the slates on the roof till I made the nails for them. One dollar and fifty cents, however, would have been but a fair compensation; but until I came to America I had never been seventeen miles from the house in which I was born; and as I had only been five months in this country, I was as ignorant of men and their manners as they who are born on the highest peak of the Rocky mountains.

Besides, my father was a genuine conscientious Scotch Presbyterian of the old school. He taught his children never to take advantage of their neighbor's necessity, and to love our neighbor as ourselves. I thought, when I came to reconsider, (as they say in Congress,) I had loved my neighbors of the *Hotel* better than myself, (thus steering on the wrong side of the Commandment,) inasmuch as I

did not charge them a sufficient compensation for my time and labor. I had not yet learned that every man had his price. I knew not then that the time was at hand when the bawling, pretending friends of the people would get into power—would loosen the purse-strings, and *shave* the country, even to the bone. Washington, Jay, Hamilton and others, all honest men, were at the head. Defaulters were unknown at that time; but presently there marched in a troop of the pure Democracy, with Aaron Burr at their head; and then commenced the tug at the purse-strings. Every office, from the treasury at Washington down to the revenue boat-office on the south point of Whitehall, New-York, sent forth defaulters; and so it continues to the present day. But this is digression.

I think it was twenty-five years after the Hotel was finished, that happening to pass that way, I observed the slaters stripping the roof, preparatory to raising the building another story. I climbed up stairs, got on the roof, and gathered a handful of my nails, which I put in a bottle, pouring wine and oil among them to keep them from rust; and they are now as fresh as the hand that made them fifty years ago.

Old Times; or Reminiscences of New-York.

"Babylon of old
"Not more the glory of the earth than she,
"A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now."

When I first saw New-York in 1794, there lived an old man on the south corner of Pine and Nassau-streets. His hair, beard and eyebrows were whitened by the frosts of one hundred winters; he sat on the stoop of an old Dutch house, and all that went by looked on and passed over on the other side. He seemed the one man in creation unknown and unknowing. With this man I loved to converse about the men and scenes of a by-gone century. He remembered the negro-plot, he saw the ferry-boats land their passengers from Paulushook, (now Jersey City,) at the ferry-house, corner of Broad and Garden, now Exchange-street; he assisted the fishermen to draw their seines on the beach where now stands Greenwich-street; he remembered the ground from Pine-street to Maiden-lane, and from Nassau-street to the East river one field of corn; he had seen a mill whose wheel was turned by the waters from a spring near the head of Coenties-slip. Mill-street took its name from this circumstance. (Since the fire of 1835, I believe *Mill-street* is struck out from the map of the city.) The first synagogue for the Jews in this city was erected in Mill-street; the reason assigned, because of its vicinity to the waters of this spring—water being much used on their days of puri-

fication. So deep was Water-street covered with water in his time, he told me he could point out the spot where a vessel was sunk, and now lies buried deep under ground. Roach and sun-fish were caught in the Collect-pond, now a part of Elm and Centre-streets, as late as 1793.

He remembered the ancient City Hall, (Stadt-Huys,) at the head of Coenties-slip; said it had often been used as a fort in Leister's civil wars, against the real fort at the battery. A ball there shot at it lodged in the side wall of the house belonging to Tunis Quick, at the head of Coenties-slip. This house was taken down in 1827; it stood on the south-west corner of Pearl-street and Coenties-slip. That ball was given to Doctor Mitchell as a relic.

There were markets at every slip on the East river. The one at the foot of Wall-street was called the *Meal-market*. There were no slips on the north side of the city. But few of the streets were paved; Broadway, and other streets, all had their gutter-ways in the middle.

He remembered seeing the blockhouses in a line of palisades quite across the island. They went in a line from the back of Chambers-street. They were built of logs, about one story high; and being unoccupied, the Indians used to take up their abode, and make and sell baskets there.

In 1772 Broadway extended no farther up than the Hospital, at that time the ground whereon it now stands was an apple orchard belonging to the Rut-

gers family. There was a rope-walk a little north of Courtland-street, running from Broadway to the North river; another ran parallel to it from opposite the present Bridewell prison.

The City Hall at the head of Broad-street, besides holding the Courts, was also a prison; in front of which he remembered seeing a *whipping-post, pillory* and *stocks.*

He remembered Lindley Murray, the grammarian. He lived near Peck-slip, and when on his way to and returning from the Fly-market, foot of Maiden-lane, he used to leap across Burling-slip (a distance of twenty-one feet) with a pair of fowls in his hands. To his efforts on these occasions was attributed his lameness in after-life.

He remembered ship-yards between Beekman and Burling-slips. The *Bear*, now Washington market, was the only one on the North river side, and took its name from the fact of the first meat ever sold in it having been Bear's flesh.

In my own time I remember the old Tea-water pump, which stood between Centre and the rear of the lots on Chatham-street; which was then, in 1794, considered the only water we could obtain fit for drawing tea. It was brought to our doors, and sold for a *penny-bill* per gallon. It has long been out of use, and was, I believe, filled up about eighteen years ago. I found the water brought by a pipe into a liquor store, in the house No. 126 Chatham-street. I drank of it to revive recollections.

In 1798, when they were digging in Broadway to lay the Manhattan pipes, by the south corner of Wall-street they dug up a large square post; from the guage of my eye, I think it contained about ten solid feet. It was in a good state of preservation, and as the yellow fever was raging at the time, and very few pedestrians in the street, it was laid on the pavement for the inspection of the Board of Health, their deputies and officers, hearsemen and grave-diggers, with a few solitary mortals who found it inconvenient to leave the city. Many came to look on it, but none could conjecture what might have been its use. At last a very old man, who said he was born in 1695 in New-York, came to view it. He remembered seeing one of the city gate-posts stand there, and said, this was the bottom of the post. He added, that a stockade ten or twelve feet high ran from the East river up Wall-street and down to the North river, to keep out the Indians.

A visit to Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.

"E'en age itself seems privileg'd in her
"With clear exemption from its own defects.
"With youthful smiles, she goes toward the grave
"Sprightly, and almost without decay."

Mrs. Grant was the daughter of Duncan M'Vicar, and was born in 1755. Her father came out to this country in 1757, under the patronage of Col. Archi-

bald Montgomery, afterward Earl of Eglinton, and was an officer in the 55th regiment of the line. In the following year Mrs. M'Vicar and her infant daughter also came to New-York, and in 1758 moved to Claverack, where they remained while Mr. M'Vicar was absent with the army; the family then went to Albany, and from thence to Oswego.

The description of this romantic journey, in boats, from Schenectady, is one of Mrs. Grant's most pleasing efforts. In 1808 she published, in London, her youthful reminiscenses, in the work entitled "*Memoirs of an American Lady.*" This attracted great attention in London, and rendered her extensively known in this country. It is the only work of the kind which gives us a faithful picture of the manners of the early settlers of the province of New-York. Indeed, but for this, there would be a complete chasm in our social history of those times. The state of society and manners in the province of New-York, and particularly in Albany—her anecdotes of the Schuylers, Van Rensselaers, Cuylers, and other distinguished families of that city—gave popularity and interest to the Memoirs.

In 1810 she removed from London to Edinburgh, where, for 30 years, her house was the resort of the best society of the place. The Americans who visited Scotland considered it quite a duty to pay their respects to Mrs. Grant; and she always received them with marked attention. She died in 1838, calm and happy, at the age of 85 years.

I was in Edinburgh in 1834. On the 5th of February, at 11 o'clock in the morning, I called to see this venerable lady. The bell was answered by a neat and tidy Scotch lassie.

"Is Mrs. Grant at home?" I inquired.

"She is," answered the lassie, "but never sees company till after two o'clock!"

As she was then in her eightieth year, I thought perhaps she was still in bed.

"Is she up?" I asked again.

"She is."

"Is she dressed?"

"She is."

You know, that among the ladies, being *dressed* means more than merely throwing a gown over the shoulders. I had travelled a long way through the Scotch mist, and was loth to lose this opportunity, which I knew would never return. I took out my card, saying—

"Please give this to your mistress, and say to her that I shall consider it a particular favor if she will GRANT me only three minutes' conversation."

The girl returned immediately, saying—

"Will you please to walk up stairs, sir?"

In the middle of an elegant parlor sat the old lady, her back to the fire; and before her a large desk, covered with books and writing materials.

"Be so good, sir," said she, "as to help yourself to a chair and sit down by me. I am not now so able to wait upon my friends as I was sixty years ago."

I was going to apologise for intruding upon her hours of seclusion, when she interrupted me, by—

"Stop, if you please, sir!"

Then raising my card, which was printed, "Grant Thorburn, New-York," and placing her finger upon the word "New-York," said:

"That is a passport to me, at any hour."

We sat and conversed for hours, which seemed but as minutes. She spoke of the time when Niagara was the only fort on the northern frontier—she referred to the times when the Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, Van Cortlands and Cuylers were her playmates at school. Gen. Hamilton's wife, (a Schuyler) who yet lives in the enjoyment of a vigorous old age, was among the number. When I told her I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with many of the descendents of these worthies, and that they were in no wise degenerated, her eyes glistened with pleasure.

Mrs. Grant's "American Lady" was republished about eight years ago, I think, by Dearborn. This book should be in the library of every member of the Empire State, and in the hands of every man, woman and child who have a drop of Dutch blood in their veins.

The King and his Scotch Cook.

"He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
"Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
"Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church."

The witty earl of Rochester being in company with king Charles II. his queen, chaplain, and some ministers of state, after they had been discoursing on business, the king suddenly exclaimed—"Let our thoughts be unbended from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of wine, *that cheereth*, as the Scripture saith, *God and man*." The queen hearing this, modestly said she thought there could be no such text in the Scriptures, and that the idea was but little else than blasphemy. The king replied that he was not prepared to turn to the chapter and verse, but was sure he had met with it in his Scripture reading. The chaplain was applied to, and he was of the same opinion as the queen. Rochester, suspecting the king to be right, and being no friend to the clergy,* slipped out of the room, to inquire among the servants for a Bible. [A pretty king, by the grace of God, and defender of the faith! and a pretty chaplain to a king that could not muster a Bible between them!] The servants named David, the

* The majority of them, at that day, were a disgrace to their profession. They are not much better now. In the Commercial Advertiser is an account of a curate, the Rev. H. M——, prosecuting his kept mistress for extorting money from him, after he had thrown her off and taken up with two or three others of those frail sisters.

Scotch cook, who they said *always carried a Bible about him.* David being called, recollected both the text and where to find it. Rochester told David to be in waiting, and returned to the king. This text was still the topic of conversation, and Rochester proposed to call in David, who, he said, he found was well acquainted with the Scriptures. David was called, and being asked the question, produced his Bible and read the text; it was from the parable of the trees in the wood going forth to appoint a king over them—Judges, 9th chapter and 13th verse—"*And the vine said unto them, should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?*" The king smiled, the queen asked pardon, and the chaplain *blushed.* Rochester then asked this Doctor of Divinity if he could interpret the text, now it was produced? The chaplain was mute. The earl therefore applied to David for the exposition. The cook immediately replied, "How much wine cheereth man"—looking Rochester in his eyes, who perhaps David had seen *fou* before—"your lordship knoweth; and that it cheereth God, I beg leave to say, that under the Old Testament dispensation there were meat-offerings and drink-offerings; the latter consisted of wine, which was typical of the blood of the Mediator, which, by a metaphor, was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation that he had appointed, whereby his justice was satisfied, his law fulfilled—his mercy reigned, his grace triumphed, all his perfections har-

monized, the sinner was saved, and God in Christ glorified."

The king looked astonished—the queen shed tears—the chaplain looked confounded—and Rochester applauded. After some very severe reflections upon the doctor, Rochester gravely moved that his majesty would be pleased to send the chaplain into the kitchen to turn cook, and that he would make this cook his chaplain.

Now, by way of conclusion to this historical *fact*, I will only remark that this same cook is a just specimen of what the great majority of the Scottish peasantry are at this present day. Few of them learn more at school than to read the Bible and write their own name. But the beautiful and sublime language in which the narrative is conveyed—the concise yet true descriptions of men and matter, &c.—make those whose Bible was their school-book, and who have made it their companion by the way, to be wiser than their teachers—to be honest inquirers after the truth, and to thirst after scientific knowledge, as the stricken deer pants for the cooling stream. Hence, in the heather hills among the shepherds, and in the lowlands among the ploughmen of Scotland, you will find thousands deeply read in almost every science and language. They dive into the bowels of every science in which they engage. They are the most profound engineers, the most scientific gardeners and botanists, the most learned physicians, surgeons and anatomists, profound scholars, learned, in-

dependent, and conscientious preachers of righteousness. Look how they stand at the present day. They are not priests for tithes, and bishops for promotion; for by them the Gospel is preached—almost exclusively—only to the poor. Now I challenge all the popes, cardinals and deists on earth to produce as many Bibles in any country in Europe as there are to be found in twenty miles square of Scotland; it is, therefore, a fair inference that the Bible only makes them differ from the ferocious Spaniard, the German serf, and the Russian boor.

The present policy of the crowned heads, popes, bishops and prelates of Europe, is to blot the name of republic from the earth. This government being destroyed, their end is accomplished. For this purpose, the church of Rome—always the right hand agent of tyrants—is engaged, and is now in the full tide of successful experiment. The majority formed our government, and the majority can destroy it. From present appearances this majority will soon be Romanists. Our political aspirants will join the pope, or the devil, provided he secures for them a score of votes. Our Judas Americans will help to drive the Bible from the Protestant schools; and as one good turn deserves another, the whole fraternity of jesuits, friars, cardinals, capuchins, confessors, curates, priests and pretenders, with the lazzaroni at their backs, will join to raise these Judases aforesaid to the highest offices in the church and state. Besides, the ignorant peasantry from Catholic countries are

landing on our shores at the rate of nearly one thousand per day, and, by means of perjury and political swindling, get naturalized in three months; then the votes of these poor ignorant emigrants tell as much at an election as the votes of the native born Americans; and unless the natives unite and bestir themselves they will soon be in the minority. Let every man, then, who wishes to perpetuate our institutions, support the native ticket. If every city, town and village could boast a James Harper at its head, we should soon have less of the *ten-days-citizen* making.

I suppose now some of my readers will smile, and say, Why, he talks like an American, while he was imported from Scotland himself. All true, but while Washington was President I became a citizen; besides, in the interim I have married two yankee girls, and that's being naturalized enough, I think, in all conscience. And, if I can help it, I don't wish to see this beautiful country—where I have eaten so many pumpkin pies—turned into a habitation for devils, where the priests, like the locusts of Egypt and Italy, eat up every green thing.

In Ireland, the soil and climate are good; the peasantry are ignorant, and live miserably. In Scotland the soil is poor, the climate indifferent; the peasantry are intelligent, and live comfortably. What maketh them to differ? In knowledge there lieth strength.

Rides on Long-Island.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily view'd,
"Please daily, and whose novelty survives
"Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years;
"Praise justly due to those that I describe."

Cross at Peck-slip, Grand-street, or any of the ferries to Williamsburg; turn your horse with his head to the northeast, go ahead, keeping the river on your left hand, and a smooth, quiet and beautiful road will open to your view, whereon you may ride to Astoria in forty minutes. On the way you will pass many thriving farms, gardens cultivated by Germans, men, women and children in the same costume in which they were imported fifty years ago. You cross the Corporation farms, within a few yards of the Asylum, where you may see six hundred orphans, from one to twelve years of age—all neat, clean, happy and orderly: this is the most interesting spectacle to be seen in America. You then go through Ravenswood, and a quarter-of-a-mile farther brings you to Thorburn's Garden. There every one who wears a clean shirt, and is not drunk, has free access; and there, among plants foreign and exotic, you may find your old friend Grant, who made bouquets for some of your grandmothers when they used to dance in the City Assembly-Room in the City Hotel, Broadway, forty-four years ago. There I have seen them spin round the chalk circles on the floor like beautiful birds of Paradise, whose gravity seemed too light to keep them on the earth; but now they are as old and

stiff as myself, and what's worse, some of the foolish among them wear flaxen wigs, like old sheep dressed in lambs' wool. But this is a digression, and we return to the road. Leaving the green-house, dahlias, and sensitive plants, continue your course northeast, which will bring you straight through the main street of Astoria; from thence lies before you a new, level, straight, and beautiful road to Flushing toll-gate; but don't enter Flushing, for this will cost you four or five shillings, which is absolutely more than some of their apple-trees are worth. Tack about just this side of the toll-gate, keep a southwest course—it's a fine road—and an hour's easy drive will bring you up at the Dutch Church in Newtown, then keep to the northwest, which will bring you on a good road to Williamsburgh.

These roads which I have described are now literally strewed with flowers from the cherry, peach, and apple-trees with which they are lined. How much more sociable, comfortable and reasonable is a drive on these roads, than going up the Third Avenue to Harlæm, where you encounter meat-carts, dirt-carts, brick-carts, and hog-carts, with wild horses driven by savage men, members of the Spartan band, and of the honorable fraternity of *high-binders* in the Bowery, running foul, locking wheels, upsetting and downsetting the whole family compact—besides dust, flies, musquitoes, sheep, goats, and oxen, with all the plagues of Egypt at their back. Here you may drive seven miles without even meeting a sober-sided old Dutch wagon.

An Apology for the Friends, or Tribute to Worth.

"Are domestic comforts dead?
"Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
"Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame
"Good sense, good health, good conscience and good fame?"

The following just eulogy on the Society of Friends I read from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:—"In days gone by," says he, "if I wished to point to a model where wealth seems to have been accumulated for the sole purpose of doing good, I would hold up to admiration the people called Quakers. They are wealthy, almost to a man; and where, throughout Christendom, in its various ramifications, is there a body of people who have done so much good, and with so much disinterestedness, not choosing their own connections as the sole recipients of their bounty, but extending it to every shade of religious creed. In the proper and legitimate uses of wealth, I present this people as a model worthy of general imitation. The late venerated Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, who had amassed a princely fortune in the iron trade, looked upon himself merely as the agent of the Almighty. His entire income, after deducting the moderate expenses of his family, was devoted to benevolence; and he thought his round of duty still incomplete, unless he devoted his time also. He deprived himself of slumber, to watch the bed of sickness and pain, and to administer consolation to the heart bruised with affliction. On one

occasion he wrote to a friend in London, requesting to know what object of charity remained, stating that he had not spent the whole of his income. His friend informed him of a number of persons confined in prison for small debts. He paid the whole, and swept the miserable mansion of its distressed tenants. Most of his donations were enclosed in a blank cover, bearing the modest signature of 'A Friend.' A lady once applied to him on behalf of an orphan, saying, 'When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' 'Nay, friend,' replied the good man, 'thou art wrong; we do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and to thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little sordid dust; but as the man in the parable was accountable for his one talent, so am I accountable to the great Lord of all.'"

A FRIENDLY HINT.

An elderly gentleman, accustomed to indulge in frequent potations of brandy, entered the bar-room of an inn in the pleasant city of Hudson, where sat a grave Quaker warming his feet by the fire. The old toper, lifting a pair of green spectacles on his forehead, rubbing his infirm eyes, and calling for a hot brandy toddy, remarked to the Quaker, as he seated himself by the fire, that his eyes were getting weaker, and that even his spectacles didn't seem to do 'em any good. "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the

Quaker, "what I think; if thee was to wear thy spectacles over thy *mouth* for a few months thy eyes would get sound again."

Speaking of the Friends reminds me of a remark which fell from the lips of Judge M'Lain, of Pennsylvania, some twenty years ago. On his retiring from the bench he delivered a valedictory address, in which he remarked that, during sixty years he had stood at the bar and sat on the bench, only one case in which the parties belonged to the Society of Friends had come before him. It has been remarked of them, that they feed the poor of all religious sects, while they themselves neither ask, need, nor receive assistance from any.

For the past fifty years the world has been flooded with new systems of domestic and political economy, all professing to improve and ameliorate the condition of society. Witness Fanny Wright and Robert Owen. Why do not these reformers make short work of it, and just hold up to the gaping throng, as worthy of their imitation, and of all their acceptation, the beautiful system of punctuality, simplicity and domestic economy as practised by the *Society of Friends?* Theirs is not now an experiment; it has been in practical operation for centuries, and it now works as well as it did in the days of Barkley and George Fox. The works of God, in all places of his dominions, are governed by the laws of punctuality. We cannot deviate from this law without drawing down a penalty on our heads. The

children of the Friends, from the breast to their burial, are nurtured in the rules of punctuality. As it grows with their growth, it requires no extra effort to lead them in the right path. For instance, if a child is trained to retire at 8 A. M. it soon becomes a habit. It is owing to this principle of punctuality in the domestic circle that every member of the family must be home, and retire at a stated hour—that they are not exposed to the temptations of the theatre, the brawls of the tavern, or the damnation of the gambling-table. The instances are very rare, indeed, of a young man belonging to the Society of Friends being caught in a street brawl.

I remember, when I came first to New-York in 1794, that the only watch-house then in the city was kept in the basement of the house on the south corner of Broad and Wall-streets. As I lived in the neighborhood for many years, and as I had never seen a watch-house in Scotland, I used to go of an evening, now and then, after I quitted work, to view human nature in all its wild and frantic tricks when left to its own guidance. The captain of the watch was a sober-sided old Dutchman, and as he understood Scotch, he and I got warm friends. Conversing about the characters which were nightly brought in by his scouts, he remarked that during eighteen years he had been captain of the watch he never saw a man, either old or young, belonging to the Society of Friends ,brought into the watch-house, except only in one solitary instance; and, on investigation, it

turned out that he was seized on by mistake, and was discharged immediately.

And these are the mild, peaceful and unassuming mortals whom the pilgrim fathers saw fit to persecute even unto death. Having themselves fled from persecution in England, and thus having learned the art, they thought they would try their hand on their peace-loving neighbors the Quakers. I wonder not at their burning the ugly old women for witches; for, if fame speaks true, the Yankees are mighty fond of the young and the *bonnie ones*, and may be they resolved in town meeting that no other should flourish on their soil; and I verily believe this must be the fundamental reason why there are so many *bonnie lasses* about the Lowell factories at the present day.

Romance in Real Life.

No. 1.

"'Tis time that you should take a wife,
"As real partner in your life."

"Married, on Tuesday," (not last,) "by Rev. Wm. Ask, Thos. Mowitt and Charlotte Conroy, both of this city."

The above marriage was consummated in this city on last Tuesday week—some years ago; and thereby

hangs a tale of the marvellous. Mr. Mowitt was a respectable shoemaker, who kept several men employed, and among the rest was John Pelsing, who had ingratiated himself so much in his favor by his faithfulness, industry and sobriety, that he took him in partnership about three years since, and had no cause to regret his kindness. From that time Mr. Mowitt and Mr. Pelsing were constant friends and companions, and boarded in the same house, until about twelve months ago, when one day they were subpœnaed on a Coroner's jury, about to be held over the body of a man that had been taken out of the river at the foot of Maiden-lane. The deceased had all the appearance of having been a regular dock loafer, and it was the opinion of all present that he had fallen into the slip while in a state of intoxication; but the verdict which was presently given was merely "Found drowned."

The jury being dismissed, Mr. Mowitt turned round to look for his friend and fellow juror, who had been at his side till that moment; but he was gone, and he thought he saw him running at full speed up Maiden-lane. This struck him as being curious, and also reminded him of another curious fact—at least curious as connected with his sudden flight—namely, that when Mr. Pelsing had first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started and turned deadly pale. Mr. M. then proceeded to his boarding-house, and thence to the store to look for his partner, but he had not been to either, nor did he return; and nothing could be

heard of or from him. Mr. M. gave up all further inquiries, thinking there must have been some mysterious connection between Mr. Pelsing and the man that was found drowned; and that in consequence thereof Mr. Pelsing had, in all probability, made away with himself.

So matters rested till a certain day last summer, when a lady called on Mr. Mowitt at his store, and asked for Mr. Pelsing. She was told the particulars of his story.

"And has he not been here since?" she inquired.

"Not since," was the reply.

"I know he has!" returned the lady.

"He has not, I assure you—at least not to my knowledge," replied Mr. Mowitt.

"But I am positive!" said the lady.

"What proof have you of it?" inquired Mr. M.

"The best in the world!" returned the lady; "for I am here, and Mr. Pelsing and myself are one and the same person!"

And, strange as it may seem, such was the fact.

The question then was, whether Mr. Pelsing was a gentleman or a lady; and it turned out that she was a lady, and that her name was Charlotte Conroy; and furthermore, that she was the widow of the man who was found drowned. She then stated that her husband was a shoemaker in Philadelphia; that she had been two years married; that her husband, whose name was Conroy, took to drinking and treated her badly; having no children she used to spend her leisure

hours sitting by and stitching shoes for her husband intending, as soon as she could finish a shoe, to leave the drunken man and work her way through the world alone. Having equiped herself in men's clothes, she left her lord and master and soon arrived in New-York. Her success as journeyman, foreman and partner, we have seen above. As soon as the Coroner's inquest was finished, she started for Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband—who had become a wandering loafer—had, a week before, set out for New-York, where, instead of finding an injured wife, he found a watery grave.

The finale of this romantic affair was, that Mr. Mowitt requested Mrs. C. to make his house her home; and finding that he loved Mrs. Conroy even better than Mr. Pelsing, he proposed a *partnership for life*, which treaty was ratified by their becoming man and wife in a few days thereafter.

This is perhaps the first instance on record wherein a wife performed the office of a Coroner's juryman on the body of her own husband. The lady, by the way, is very goodl-ooking, and still on the safe side of thirty.

Romance in Real Life.

No. 2.

"From Susquehaunah's utmost springs,
"Where savage tribes pursue their game,
"His blanket tied with yellow strings,
"A shepherd of the forest came."—FRENEAU.

Having spent an hour in company with the heroine of this story on the day of her arrival in New-York, and being privy to some of the facts, I think they are worth preserving.

On a certain fine Sabbath evening we were witnesses of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakespeare's Othello as too unnatural for probability. It can hardly be credited that such a fair, beautiful and accomplished woman as Desdemona is represented to have been, could have deliberately wedded such a blackamoor as Othello; but if we ever entertained any incredulity upon the subject, it has all been dissipated by the occurrence of which we are about to speak.

About two years ago, an Indian of the Chippewa nation—formerly said to have been a man of some rank among his tribe, but now a missionary of the Methodist Church among his red brethren—was sent to England to obtain pecuniary aid for the Indian mission cause in Upper Canada. What was his native cognomen—whether it was "Red Lightning," "Storm King," or "Walk-in-the-Water,"—we know not; but in plain English he is known as Peter Jones.

An Indian is a rare spectacle in England. Poets and romancers have alike invested the primitive sons of the American forest with noble and exalted characteristics, which are seldom discernible to the duller perceptions of plain matter-of-fact people, and which English eyes could alone discover in the hero of the present story. But no matter. Mr. Peter Jones was not only a missionary from the wilderness, and, we doubt not, a pious and useful man among his own people, but he was a *bona fide* Indian, and of course was made a lion of in London. He was feasted by the rich and the great; carriages and servants in livery awaited his pleasure and bright eyes sparkled when he was named; he was looked upon as a great chief —a prince—an Indian King; and many young ladies who had never passed beyond the sound of Bow-bells, dreamed of the charms of solitude amid the great wilds—"the antres vast and desolate wilds"—of the roaring of the mighty cataracts and the bounding of buffaloes over the illimitable prairies—of noble chieftains leading armies of plumed and lofty warriors, dusky as the proud forms of giants in twilight —of forays and stag-hunts, and bows and arrows, and the wild notes of the piercing war-hoop in those halcyon days when, unsophisticated by contact with the pale face,

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

and all that sort of thing, as Matthews would most unpoetically have wound off such a flourishing sentence.

"In crowds the ladies to his levees ran—
"All wished to gaze upon the tawny man;
"Happy were those who saw his stately stride—
"Thrice happy those who tripp'd it at his side."

Among others who may have thought of kings' barbaric pearls and gold, was the charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth, near London, of wealth and respectability; but she thought not of wedding an Indian, even though he were a great chief, or half a king—not she! But Peter Jones saw, or thought he saw—for Indian Cupids are not blind—that the lady had a susceptible heart. Availing himself, therefore, of a ride with this fair creature, he said something to her which she then *chose* not to understand, but told it to her mother. He also sought other opportunities of saying similar things, which the damsel could not comprehend—*before him*—but she continued to repeat them to her mother. Peter sought an interview with the mother, but it was refused; he repeated the request, but was still refused, although in a less positive manner. Finally an interview was granted him with the mother, the result of which was, that before Jones embarked on his return to his native woods, it was agreed that they might breathe their thoughts to each other across the water on paper. Thus was another point gained. But—to make a long story short—a meeting was agreed upon to take place in this city with a view of marriage. The idea is very unpleasant with us of such ill-sorted mixtures of colors; but prejudices against red and dusky skins are not so strong in Europe as they are here; they do not believe in England that

"Those brown tribes who snuff the desert air,
"Are cousin-german to the wolf and bear."

The proud Britons, moreover, when conquered by Julius Cæsar, were red men. What harm in their becoming so again? But we must hasten our story.

On a fine August morning, a beautiful young lady with fairy form, "grace in her step and heaven in her eye," stepped on shore at one of our docks, from the packet-ship United States, attended by two clerical friends of high respectability, who, by the way, were no friends of her romantic enterprise. She waited with impatience for the arrival of her princely lover till the end of the week; but he came not. Still she doubted not his faith; and as the result proved, she had no reason to doubt. On Sabbath morning Peter Jones arrived, and presented himself before his mistress. The meeting was affectionate, though becoming, and the day was passed by them together in the interchange of conversation, thoughts and emotions, which we leave to those better skilled in the romance of love than ourselves to imagine.

Though a Chippewa, Peter Jones was nevertheless a man of business, and had a just notion of the value and importance of time. He might have heard of the old adage, "There's many a slip," &c. or of another, "A bird in the hand," &c. but that matters not. He took part with much propriety in the religious exercises of the John-street Church where he happened to be present, which services were ended at nine o'clock by an impressive recitation of the Lord's

Prayer in the Chippewa dialect. Stepping into the house of a friend near by, we remarked a very unusual ingathering of clergymen and divers ladies and gentlemen. We asked a reverend friend if there was to be another religious meeting there.

"No," he replied, "it is a wedding."

"A wedding!" we exclaimed with surprise. "Pray, who are the parties?"

"Peter Jones, the Indian missionary," he replied, "and a sweet girl from England!"

It was then evident to our previously unsuspecting eyes that an unwonted degree of anxious and curious interest prevaded the countenances of the assembled group. In a short time chairs were placed in a suspicious position at the head of the drawing-room, their backs to the pier-table. A movement was next perceptible at the door, which instantly drew all eyes to the spot; and who should enter but the same tall Indian whom we had recently seen in the pulpit, bearing upon his arm the light, fragile and delicate form of the young lady before mentioned, her eyes dropping modestly upon the carpet and her face fair as a lily. Upon their entrance a distinguished clergyman rose up and addressed the parties upon the subject of marriage—its propriety, convenience and necessity to the welfare of society and human happiness. This brief and pertinent address being ended, the reverend gentleman stated the purpose for which the couple had presented themselves and demanded if any person or persons present could show cause why the proposed union

should not take place: if so, they were requested to make their objections then, or for ever after hold their peace. A solemn pause ensued; but nothing was heard save a few smothered sighs. There they stood, the objects of deep and universal interest—indeed, we may add of commiseration. Our emotions were tremulous and painful. A stronger contrast was never seen. She was dressed in white and adorned with the sweetest simplicity; her face as white as the dress and gloves she wore, rendering her ebon tresses —placed *à la Madonna* on her fair forehead—still darker. He in rather a common attire, a tall, dark, high-boned, muscular Indian; she a little, delicate European lady. He a hardy son of the forest; she accustomed to every luxury and indulgence—well educated, accomplished and well beloved at home—possessing a handsome income—leaving her comforts, the charms of civilized and cultivated society, and sacrificing them all for the cause she had espoused. The fair damsel was now about to make a self-immolation, and far away from country and kindred and all the endearments of a fond father's home, to resign herself into the arms of a man of the woods who could not appreciate the sacrifice. A sweeter bride we never saw: we almost grew wild. The remembrance of Othello, of Hyperion and the Satyr, and the bright-eyed Hindoo and the Funeral Pile, now flashed across our mind with renewed horror. She looked like a drooping flower beside a rugged hemlock! and we longed to interpose and rescue her. But it was none of our

business; she was in the situation by choice, and was among her friends.

The ceremony went on. She promised to "love, honor, and obey" the Chippewa; and all tremulous as she stood, we heard the Indian and herself pronounced "man and wife!" It was the first time we ever heard those words sound hateful to our ears. All, however, knelt down and united with the clergyman in a prayer for blessings upon her, that she might be sustained in her undertaking, and have health and strength to endure her destined hardships and privations. The room resounded with the deep-toned, heartfelt, and tearful response of "Amen." The audience then rose, and after attempting, with moistened eyes, to extend their congratulations to the happy pair, slowly and pensively retired. In a few days the sweet creature was on her way to the wilds of Upper Canada—the Indian's bride!

Such is the history of a case of manifest and palpable delusion. Peter Jones cannot say with Othello, that "she loved him for the *dangers* he had passed." The young lady was not blinded by the trappings of military costume, or the glare of martial glory; but she was a very pious girl, whose whole heart and soul had been devoted to the cause of heathen missions, and she thus threw herself into the cause, and resolved to love the Indian for the work in which he was engaged.

For our own part, we must say we wish he had never crossed the Niagara. But "the die is cast,"

and the late comely and accomplished Miss F——, of London, is now the wife of Peter Jones, of the Chippewas. But that she was deluded, and knew nothing of the life she was to encounter, there can be no doubt. As an evidence of this, she brought out furniture sufficient for an elegant household establishment. China vases for an Indian lodge! and Turkey carpets to spread on the morasses of the Canadian forest! Instead of a mansion we fear she found the wigwam; and the manufacture of brooms and baskets instead of embroidery.

In justice to the witnesses of the scene, however, it is proper to state that a few of her real friends in this city—those into whose immediate society she was cast—labored diligently to open her eyes to the real state of the case, and the life of hardship and trial which she was inevitably destined to lead. Poor girl! we wish she was by her father in Lambeth, single, and Peter Jones preaching to the Chippewas, with the prettiest squaw among them for his wife.

It may be satisfactory to the reader, however, to be informed, that Mrs. Jones is now living in a very comfortable framed house, within thirteen miles of Toronto, Upper Canada, with a family of three or four little ones about her, seemingly contented and happy, assisting her husband in his labors of love among their Indian neighbors.

Traditions of the War of American Independence.

Extract from the Journal of a British Officer.

THE DESERTER.

"The men who, on the battled plain and raging flood,
"Went forth to vindicate the right, their blood
"Pour'd forth like water, that they might maintain
"Of truth and honor'd purity the reign."

During the summer of 1780, when, in spite of the failure of Burgoyne's expedition, hopes were still entertained of a successful termination of the struggle, it was customary for certain galleys and other armed vessels to keep guard in the channel of the North River, as far from the out-works of New-York as Elizabethtown Point in one direction, and King's Bridge in another. It chanced upon a certain day, in the month of September, that two of these vessels lay at single anchor about four miles from the village of Bergen. They had been stationed there ever since the news of André's capture reached us; whether with the view of facilitating his chance of escape, or as a point of communication, I know not; but in either case they had achieved but little, when on the morning of the 25th of September an event occurred which relieved the crew for a moment from the tedium of a profitless watch. It was about nine o'clock of this morning that the look-out seaman called the attention of one of the officers to what was passing on shore. The officer immediately turned his glass in the specified direction and beheld

coming from Bergen a single horseman, who rode as if for life and death, and was directed toward the river. He was dressed in the well-known uniform of Lee's Legion—one of the best equipped and most efficient corps in the American service—and his valise being strapped at the croop of the saddle, and his sword hung by his side, it was evident that some cause more urgent than caprice drove him on. When first discovered, he was in the act of rounding a corner in the woods, so as to enter upon a broad and straight road which had been cut through their centre, and leading directly to the water's edge, or rather to the edge of a reedy swamp which at this particular point girded in the Hudson, and branching off to the right and left, followed up and down the tortuosities of the stream.

The horseman rode furiously on till he had left the corner of the wood about three hundred yards behind, when he suddenly pulled up. He then unbuckled his valise and strapped it across his shoulders, unslung his sword, drew out the weapon, and cast the scabbard and belt from him, and casting from time to time an anxious glance to the rear, seemed to brace himself, as it were, for some desperate hazard; nor did many minutes elapse ere the cause of his apparent anxiety became manifest. His preparations were as yet incomplete, when a party of dragoons, perhaps twelve or fourteen in number, made their appearance, rounding the same angle from which he had emerged. They were too far dis-

tant to permit the sound of their voices to be heard, but nothing could be more remarkable than the effect produced on all parties by so sudden a recognition.

The fugitive plunged his spurs into the flanks of his charger and set off again at the top of his speed. The troopers pressed their animals in renewed exertion; and the latter being, as it seemed, more fresh than the former, the distance between them was certainly not increased; on the contrary, they gained upon him so fast that when he reached the margin of the swamp not more than sixty or seventy yards divided them.

And now the seamen, who had watched the proceedings with feelings not unlike those which are experienced by the spectators of a coursing match, found themselves called upon to play a part in this strange drama. The fugitive threw himself from his saddle, rushed into the morass, and shouting aloud for help, made at once for the water's edge. Dressed as he was, moreover, he did not hesitate to plunge into the river and to strike out lustily toward the anchorage. In a word, he was a deserter; and as both policy and justice required, it became necessary to afford him every facility of escape. Accordingly both vessels opened a fire of grape upon the dragoons, and a boat was likewise pushed off which soon picked up the swimmer, and conveyed him safely on board of the nearest galley. Having given his name and assigned the common reason for such dishonorable conduct as his—that is, that he had been

ill treated by his officers, and was weary of so bad a service—he expressed a wish to be passed on to New-York; and he was immediately sent forward in a row-boat, under an escort, with a letter from the captain testifying to the manner of his arrival.

There were many circumstances which concurred at this time to give every individual instance of desertion more than its common interest in the eyes of the commander-in-chief. In the first place, his correspondence with Gen. Arnold had led him for some time to believe that much dissatisfaction prevailed in Washington's army. In the next place, the failure of Arnold's plot, and the arrest of André, rendered him peculiarly sensitive, and induced him to listen with credulous anxiety to every tale or rumor which might even seem to confirm hopes which had in reality no foundation. The fugitive was consequently conducted to head-quarters, where he was closely interrogated as to the disposition of the American troops, and above all, concerning the tempers of certain officers, of whose fidelity to the Republican cause our chiefs had learned to think lightly. The new comer was honored with a private interview, during which he underwent a long and rigid examination. Of this examination nothing was known, except that its result was highly favorable to the deserter. The general spoke of him publicly as an intelligent and prudent person, and made no secret of his wish to enlist talents so valuable into the service of his sovereign. For a while the stranger resisted

this proposition. He professed to be tired of war, and reminded Sir Henry, not unfairly, that from the moment he assumed the king's uniform he put a halter around his own neck. But the importunities of those in power at length prevailed, and he consented to accept the same rank in the royal army which he had borne in the army of the States. He was accordingly attached to a corps, of which Arnold took the command, composed exclusively of native Americans, most of whom were deserters; and being strongly recommended to Arnold, as well by his own personal demeanor as by the commander-in-chief, he became an orderly-sergeant in that officer's family.

Time passed on, and the melancholy news arrived that neither entreaties nor threats of retaliation, nor offers of exchange, had availed to save the life of André. He died a traitor's death. It was a hard case. Washington, to be sure, offered to exchange André for Arnold, but this they could not do. There was general lamentation throughout the ranks, mingled with an eager longing for revenge, in which no man appeared more *earnestly* to participate than Gen. Arnold. And partly with the view of indulging the humor, and partly to effect a diversion in favor of Lord Cornwallis, then actively engaged in the Carolinas, it was determined to send Arnold's legion, together with a few battalions of British regulars, on an expedition to Virginia. This resolution, which was come to at a late hour of the night,

was announced early next morning in general orders; and the order itself was obeyed with such remarkable promptness, that the men went on board without having time to make any preparations whatever, yet the transports lay at their moorings for many days; nor was it until late in October that the troops made good their landing, and opened a brief and profitless campaign on the shores of the Chesapeake. I often thought that the States had *more friends than foes* among certain officers.

Fortune so ordered that there was given to me—then a very young man—a company in Arnold's legion, and that the deserter John Champe was attached to it. I found him to be, as others had represented, a remarkably intelligent person. At first, indeed, he proved singularly grave and taciturn; nay, his manner appeared at times to indicate so much of moroseness and ill-humor, that I could not avoid harboring a suspicion that he already repented of the step he had taken. But having been warned of the reluctance which accompanied his enlistment, I took no notice of his humor; and as I treated him throughout as kindly as circumstances would allow, I flattered myself that I had at last succeeded in gaining his confidence. It is true that he never evinced a symptom of cheerfulness, and his dark and saturnine complexion seemed to mark him as a man naturally thoughtful, perhaps designing, yet he was a good soldier in his outward appearance at least, and I put full confidence in him. How far my expectations

had or had not been well founded an opportunity of determining was never afforded, inasmuch as, the second night after the disembarkation, Sergeant Champe disappeared. He was sought far and near. His arms and knapsack were found, but no one had seen him quit the lines; yet he was gone; and never again, during the remainder of the war, was so much as a trace of him discovered.

At last peace came; and I, having married into a respectable Republican family in Virginia, received permission to remain in the country after my regiment had quitted it, for the purpose of settling my affairs. I was journeying for this purpose through Loudon county, attended by a single servant, on horseback, when, toward the close of a summer's day I found myself unexpectedly brought to a stand-still by the occurrence of three roads leading as many different ways. As there was no board or sign-post erected for the guidance of travellers, I felt as a stranger so circumstanced is apt to feel, a good deal puzzled. I looked to the heavens, but did not succeed in ascertaining, by any sign afforded there, in which direction I ought to turn. After hesitating some time, I finally struck into one of the paths which appeared to be somewhat more inviting than the rest, and followed it for a while, if not without misgivings, at all events in good hope that I had done right. But the road began by degrees to twist and turn, carrying me deeply into the heart of a forest; and the night was coming on, with every ap-

pearance of a thunder-storm. I began to grow impatient and uneasy, and pressed my jaded beast into a trot. But we had made very little progress when darkness closed around us—darkness so dense that to discern objects at a yard's distance was impossible! What was now to be done? I called my servant to consult. We finally concluded to remain where we were; and having fastened our horses to a huge tree, we sat down with our backs against its trunk.

We had not yet finished our preparations for spending the night under this tree, when the rain began to descend in torrents; the thunder rolled through the woods like a thousand cannon firing in platoon, and the blaze of lightning was almost incessant. I turned round in endeavoring to find a better shelter, but had scarcely done so when I beheld, by a flash of lightning, an opening in the forest, at the extremity of which stood a house surrounded by a patch of cultivated ground. We untied our horses, and guided by the lightning began to advance with the utmost caution. We had not proceeded many yards ere our course was stopped by a deep ravine in front; and the roaring of the water indicated that it was traversed by a river of no inconsiderable force. I gave my horse to the servant and set out alone. Having reached the margin of the river, with the lightning for a lamp, I found it traversed by a rude bridge. I made toward it, and committing myself to the care of a kind Providence, crawled over

upon my hands and knees. I found myself in an open field, in which was a log-house with some rude out-buildings clustered about it. As the inmates were moving about in the house, my cries soon attracted their notice, and they hastened to render every assistance. The door was immediately opened, and a man hurried out with a torch in each hand, who requested me to lead in the direction where I had left the horses. My new acquaintance crossed the bridge, and in less than half an hour returned with man and horses, both wet and weary.

If the exertions of the stranger had been worthy of praise, his hospitality, now the danger was over, fully corresponded with them. He could not allow master or man to touch the horses, but insisted that we should enter the house, where a fire and changes of raiment awaited us. He himself led the jaded animals to a shed, rubbed them down, and provided them with forage. It would have been affectation of the worst kind to dispute his pleasure in this instance; so I readily sought the shelter of his roof, to which a comely dame made me welcome, and busied herself in preventing my wishes. Our drenched clothes were soon exchanged for suites of my host's apparel, and we soon found ourselves seated by a blazing fire, by the light of which our hostess laid out a well stocked supper-table. I need not say that all this was in the highest degree comfortable. Yet I was not destined to sit down to supper without discovering still greater cause for wonder.

In due time our host came in, and the first glance I cast toward him satisfied me that he was no stranger; the second glance set every thing like doubt at rest. Sergeant Champe stood before me!

I cannot say that my sensations on recognizing my ci-devant sergeant were altogether agreeable. The mysterious manner in which he both came and went —the success with which he had thrown a veil over his movements—and the recollection that I was the guest of a man who was of rather doubtful principles, excited in me a vague and undefined alarm, which I found it impossible on the instant to conceal. I started, and the movement was not lost upon Champe. He examined my face closely, and a light appearing to burst in all at once upon his memory, he ran toward the spot where I sat, exclaiming—

"Welcome, welcome, Captain Cameron! You are a thousand times welcome to my roof. You behaved well to me while under your command, and deserve more hospitality than I possess the power to give; but what I do possess is at your service; and happy am I that Providence has brought us together. You have doubtless looked upon me as a two-fold traitor, and I cannot blame you; yet I wish to stand well in your estimation, and will, if you please, give a faithful narration of the causes which led to my arrival in New-York, and to my abandonment of the British army. But you are tired, from your journey. Eat and drink, I pray you, and having slept soundly, on the morrow I will endeavor to place my character

in an honorable light in the estimation of the only British officer of whose good opinion I am covetous."

I found my host the next morning the same open, candid and hospitable man that he had shown himself on first recognizing me. At breakfast he made no allusion to our conversation of the previous evening; but when he heard me speak of getting our horses ready, he begged to have a few minutes' conversation with me; upon which, taking a seat beside me, he began:

"You remember under what circumstances I came to you in New-York. I came as a deserter; but, sir, I was no deserter! Mine was a deed unusual, I allow, and most suspicious in its coloring; but it was performed not only with the sanction of Gen. Washington, but at his positive desire! Listen, and I will tell you all, sir.

"You will be at no loss to imagine that the discovery of Arnold's treason created a great sensation throughout our army. No man could trust his brother. That the general shared in this uneasiness, all ranks acknowledged; but the extent to which this feeling, on his part, was carried, remained a secret to all, till to me, and me alone, it was communicated. I will tell you how this happened, at least, how I myself came to be honored with Washington's confidence.

"While Arnold and your commander-in-chief were carrying on their infamous correspondence, our army, as you doubtless recollect, occupied a po-

sition in the vicinity of Tappan. Lee's legion, of which I was the sergeant-major, held the outposts. One night, having posted the sentinels and gone through with the other duties, I received a message from Major Lee that he wished to see me. I found him walking his apartment, apparently much excited. He asked me to bolt the door. I did so. He then turned to me and solicited my attention.

"'Champe,' said he, 'you scarcely need be told that if there is a man in the regiment in whom more than all the rest I am disposed to place reliance, it is yourself. I am going to put all your good qualities to the test. I ask from you no pledge to secrecy, because I am confident that none is needed!'

"I thanked him, and replied, that whatever man could do for him or for America, I would at least attempt.

"With his eyes fastened upon mine, he began by saying—'Champe, you must desert! You must go over to the enemy!'

"I started at this, but before I could interpose a word, he went on.

"'Hear me out,' said he, 'and say if you are willing to accomplish the wishes of your commander-in-chief; for I am but a medium of communication between Washington and yourself.

"'You are aware,' he continued, 'of the distressing consequences of Arnold's treason—of the anxiety and misgiving which it occasioned throughout the army—and the peril into which it has brought the

life of the English Major André. You cannot, however, know till I inform you how the general is affected by it. I have had with him to-day a long and deeply-interesting interview, in which he showed me letters from —— and of —— New-York, both of which represented the plot as widely-extended. The defection of Arnold has so shaken the confidence of Washington in certain officers, that he knows not whom to trust. This he told me to-day with a flushed cheek and choking voice. And he added, that it was necessary some trusty person should pass to New-York, and hold verbal intercourse with the informants, and sift the whole to the bottom. But he does not intend that the services of his agent shall end here. If Arnold could be seized and brought back to camp, not only might André's life be saved, but there would be given such an example as would for ever deter all American officers from playing the part of traitors. 'I am sure, Major Lee,' continued the commander-in-chief 'you can find among your gallant fellows the very person of whom I stand in need.' I accepted the proposal; and, Champe, I named you as the man. Are you ready to earn immortal honor for yourself, and to do the country a most important service by carrying through this delicate and hazardous scheme for your general?'

"I thanked the major for the good opinion he entertained of me, and repeated my readiness to attempt any thing which should not imply disgrace. But I begged respectfully to be spared the disgrace-

ful brand of *Deserter*. Suffice it to say I was persuaded. The rest you know.

"I will now inform you that I succeeded in the first part of my mission, regarding the suspicions thrown out against certain officers, to the entire satisfaction of the commander-in-chief. The suspicions were groundless. The plan to seize Arnold was fully matured, and every arrangement promised a successful termination. The night of the 3d of October was fixed upon for the completion of our project; but that same morning, as you remember, we were ordered to embark, without a moment's notice. Thus our—for I had two confederates—well-laid plans to carry off the traitor were frustrated.

"After our disembarcation in the Chesapeake, reflecting that the objects of my mission were at an end, I took the first opportunity to leave Arnold's legion, for every man of whom—yourself only excepted—I entertain the most sovereign contempt. I arrived at head-quarters shortly thereafter, and had a private interview with the commander-in-chief. He expressed himself highly satisfied with the manner in which I had acquitted myself in that delicate affair. I offered to join the army again, but this he would not permit. 'For,' said he, 'should any mishap throw you into the hands of the British, you would be hung as a spy, traitor or deserter.' He then gave me a full and honorable discharge, accompanied with a purse heavy enough to buy and stock this farm, on which I live in peace and happiness with the partner of my bosom."

He now brought out his own horse along with that of my own and servant's, and rode a few miles in company with us, to put us upon the right path, from which we had wandered. We parted with the warmest wishes for each other's happiness both in time and in eternity.

Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

"The cheek will lose its 'gaudy shade,'
"The lustre of the eye must fade;
"The mind and heart immortal bloom
"Beyond the precincts of the tomb."

I recollect a pretty story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

At the foot of the throne stood the queen of Sheba; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art in the labor of the mimic wreath had exquisitely emulated the living hues and the variegated beauties of nature: so that, at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide—as her question imported—which was the natural and which the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed; yet, to be vanquished, though in a trifle by a trifling woman, irritated his pride—by the by, this was not the first time he had been

quizzed by the ladies,—the son of David—he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions 'from the cedar to the hyssop,' to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of papers and glazed paintings! The honor of the Monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king; and it must be confessed, worthy of the Natural Philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened; the bees rushed into the court and lighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The decision was not then difficult: the learned Rabbins shook their heads in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description and a pleasing moral—that *the bee* only *rests* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitably the colors may be laid on. This, applied to the *ladies*, would give it pungency.

The Middle Dutch Church.

"To spare thee now is past my power,
"Thou bonnie gem."——

In a brief paragraph yesterday morning, we spoke of the ceremonies which took place at the Middle Dutch Church on Sunday evening, upon the occasion of the final withdrawing of the congregation from the venerable pile, and its being about to become the new post-office.

As we have already said, the church was full to overflowing. Circumstances of interest will always draw together in New-York a large number of persons.

The exercises were commenced with a psalm, which was accompanied by the organ, and executed with solemnity by the choir. A chapter in the Bible was read by the Rev. Dr. Knox. The Rev. Dr. De Witt then prayed, and in a most feeling and eloquent manner returned thanks to the Almighty for the protection he had vouchsafed to the church and congregation for so many years—for the good examples set by its deceased fathers, for the prosperity which had attended that denomination of Christians, and for the many streams which had flowed from it as a fountain-head.

Dr. Knox then preached from the Gospel of St. John, taking those passages from the fourth chapter,

which described the scene between our Savior and the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well. The particular portion adapted to this occasion was his declaration that neither at Jerusalem nor on Mount Gerizim should there be any worship, but that the time was coming when the true worshippers should worship the Father, who is a spirit, and that those who worship him would do so in spirit and in truth.

From this the preacher argued there was no sanctity in the place of worship itself, that no particular sacredness attached to it longer than the worship of God was continued there. This point was argued and illustrated at some length. He also gave a dissertation on the Spirit, and elucidated its force and character as displayed in humanity, showing how superior and grand were its attributes, if rightly exercised. The worth of the soul was evident from this.

A brief sketch of the church about to be closed was then given, and the reasons for its being yielded by the Consistory.

The discussion was concise and well written, the argument logical and ingenious, and it was one of the best efforts which we have lately witnessed from this veteran clergyman.

The Rev. Dr. De Witt followed in a brief address, which seemed to come from his inmost soul. It appears from the statements made by him, that the building was commenced in 1726, and opened for worship in 1729, and that its walls are the same

which were first erected. At the beginning it had no gallery; two doors were on the west side, and the pulpit was on the east. For the first thirty years the Dutch language had been exclusively employed in its services, and for some years subsequently was used one half the time with the English.

A large number of clergymen, all of them able and devoted men, had officiated there, who now slept with their fathers, and others of the connection who had succeeded them, and whose praise was in all the churches, still survived.

The venerable building had thus passed through many and great changes of government, of laws, and language, and thousands of redeemed souls had there in times past worshipped the Father in spirit and in truth. Some passages of this address were highly touching and eloquent, and drew tears from many eyes.

Had it been possible, said Dr. De Witt, to have retained a congregation in that part of the town, the building would not now be forsaken; but the commercial improvements which were constantly occurring in this great commercial city had occasioned a great change of residence, and scarcely any of the former worshippers in that house remained behind.

An opportunity had now offered of disposing of, for a time at least, the venerable building, without doing the structure any essential injury, and without disturbing the hallowed remains which rested in the vaults around.

Another psalm, with the Doxology, was sung, and the benediction pronounced both in English and Dutch after the formula of the olden time, the last words pronounced from the pulpit, as they had also been the first, being thus delivered in the language of the father-land.

We believe one fact connected with this building is not generally known. In the famous year 1745 the steeple was struck by lightning and took fire, but some resolute persons broke through the cupola and soon extinguished it.

We believe the Post Office department will occupy the church as soon as it can be prepared for its reception.

Merchants of New-York in 1774.

"The race of yore——
* * * * * * * *
"How they are blotted from the things that be."

In turning over the leaves of my scrap-book the other day, my eye fell upon the following memorandum. The list is correct, and no doubt will be found interesting. It is a list of the names of all the Importing Merchants of New-York during the years of 1774,'75:

Garrets Abeel, Joseph Blackwell, Samuel Bonne, James Bonne, Robert Bonne, George Bonne, Thomas

Buchanan, Walter Buchanan, William Butler, Samuel Broome, John Broome, James Beekman, Joseph Bull, Derick Brinckerhoof, Everet Brancker, Richard Brancker, David Beekman, Benjamin Booth, Garret Beekman, sen. Garret Beekman, jun. Henry Brevoort, Gerardus Beekman, Everet Byvanch, Isaac Corsa, Cornelius Cloper, Peter Cloper, Peter T. Curtenius, Elias Desbrossus, James Desbrossus, William Downing, Abraham Duryee, Gerardus Dinking, Thomas Ellison; Walter, John, Samuel, James, and Thomas Franklin; George Folloitt, Gilbert Forbes, Edward Gould, Ennis Graham, Patrick Gorlat, Joseph Hallett, Nicholas Hoofman, Andrew Hamersby, Henry Haydock, Ebenezer Hazard, Jacob Leroy, Jacob Lefferts, Francis Lewis, Gabriel H. Ludlow, William Ludlow, Isaac Low, Nicholas Low, George Ludlow, Philip Livingston, Edward Laight, Robert Murray, James Morton, Charles McEvers, Thomas Moore, Peter Messier, William Nelson, Garret Noel, Jeremiah Platt, Daniel Phœnix, James Parsons, Thomas Pearsall, Lewis Pintard, John J. Roosevelt, Alexander Robinson & Co. Henry Ramsen, Thomas Randall, John Reade, Richard Ray, John Ray, Samuel Ray, Isaac Sears, Comfort Sands, Christopher Smith, Solomon Simpson, James Seagrove, Oliver Templeton, William W. Stick, Henry Van Vleek, Patrick Vandevoort, Jacob Van Voorhis, Samuel Verplanck, Jacobus Vanzandt, Anthony Van Dam, John Vanderbelt, Hubert Van Wagner, Henry White, Huge Wallace, John Watts, Jacob Watson, Alexander

Wallace, Richard Yates, Hambleton Young—103—all dead! "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "Their sons came to honor, and they knew it not; they were brought low, but they perceived it not of them!"

Comfort Sands was the last survivor, and he died, I think, about nine years ago. He also was the last survivor of a Committee of Sixty, elected in 1774 to carry into execution the non-importation agreement; and he was also the last survivor of a Committee of One Hundred, chosen in May, 1775, after the Battle of Lexington—the last survivor of Twenty-one members of the Provincial Congress, chosen in November, 1775—and the last survivor of the Committee of Safety, chosen in December, 1775.

I knew him in 1794. I think he held an office in the Custom-House at that time, which was kept in a small building in Mill-street. The memory of this street, since the renovation of that part of the city after the great conflagration, I believe is blotted out from the records of this changeable city. The only public monument to this sturdy patriot is to be found on the walls of every corner-house in Sands-street, Brooklyn. I know of no monument in New-York to any of the heroes of '76, except Montgomery. We have all our neighbors' business to attend to, and of course no time to attend to our own. We found money to go whining, crying, and sympathizing into Canada, to force their people to become free—we could find money (if Mike Walsh speaks true)

to send the Mobites and Dorrites to sink, burn, and destroy Providence—we can find money for the buying of fuel to keep the Irish *Repeal pot* boiling, and to help King O'Connel to live sumptuously every day, with his crimson cloak and scarlet crown, squeezing the last herring from the peasant's child, and compelling them to live on salt and potatoes alone—we can find money in New-York for all these things, but none to raise a Monument to WASHINGTON.

Thus has the world been gulled for sixty-six years past. First it had Wilkes and Liberty, Lord George Gordon and Popery, in England, Sacheverell and the Bishops, Burdett, Hunts, Cobbett, O'Connell, &c. all political swindlers, and full-blooded tyrants as far as their little brief authority went. Some of them I knew personally. And we ourselves have a pretty parcel of political quacks, gouging the flats and living on the fools; speaking greats welling words —like a Kentucky stump-orator—and promising men Liberty, while they themselves are the slaves of the Devil.

From the London Morning Herald.

A Bone to Gnaw.

"He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
"He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains,
* * * * *
"Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land."

There was among us here in London some short time ago a queer little man, by name Grant Thorburn; who though he for many years of his boyhood, as he himself tells us, swallowed half a pint of snails boiled in new milk with a due proportion of oatmeal for his breakfast, yet his height was only *four feet ten inches*, and his weight not more than *ninety-eight pounds;* and yet he became an object of dread to the British government as one of "the friends of the people;" the founder and proprietor of a very prosperous seed-store in New-York; the father of many talented and fine grown young men and women; and the veritable original from whom Mr. Galt took his notion of "*Laurie Todd!*" in fine, the Grant Thorburn who was *raised* in bonnie Scotland, *located* in Yankee-land, *immortalized* in Fraser's Magazine for the months of June and July, in the year of our Lord 1833. He was poking about here among all sorts of parties and public places for many months; he was looked upon generally in all parties whithersoever he went, as a pretty considerably interesting, though diminutive *Lion*, and he published his biography in one volume small octavo, with a full

eng th *effigy* of his own peculiar person enveloped in all its manifold and many-folded double-milled woollen envelopements.

Since that time the queer little man has wandered back again across the wild Atlantic, to his seed-store in New-York; and there overhauling his note-book and recollections, he has published an account of what he saw amongst us, and his own opinions thereupon, under the queer title of "Men and Manners in Britain—or a *Bone to Gnaw* for the Trollopes and Fiedlers." Much of what he saw evidently met with his most cordial approval, mixed with a pretty considerable modicum of genuine admiration.

The general post-office and its vast machinery excited his wonder—he calls it "one of those *tremendous concerns* with which this *world of a city abounds*."

The custom-house he says is another *mammoth concern;* and after noticing with astonishment its magnitude and its multitude of clerks and tidewaiters, he adds—"They have a *comfortable arrangement* here:—just as the clock struck one I observed a number of small boys come in with four raw oysters and a piece of bread on a plate, and set it down on the desk by each clerk; and I thought this was preferable to running out to an eating-house." No doubt he did; for it was founded on the very principles upon which he, the outcast son of a poor nailer, became a wealthy citizen—viz. a saving of *time* and *pence*. Republican and economist as he is, he nevertheless mentions with particular laudation the

fact that no competent officer is ever discharged except for bad behavior, and that when they have served a certain time they are allowed to retire on full pay for life; "and I think," says he, "this is a politic and *just* arrangement. But in *America* (he adds) we manage things otherwise: no matter though a man may have lost an eye, an arm or a leg in fighting for his country's rights; no matter though his goods have been pillaged, his dwelling burned and his wife and children driven to look for shelter through the freezing snow of a winter's night; no matter though he has served the public with fidelity and honesty since his appointment in the days of Washington; no matter though his salary is barely sufficient to keep soul and body together, he is removed *to make room for some lazy, hungry, political favorite.*" This is a pretty considerable *unkind cut* at the best of all possible republics, by one of her specially adopted and most republican children; and it is the more unkind for being *too true.*

In reference to the many charities of the British metropolis, he says: "I saw nothing in London that pleased me so much as the charitable benevolent institutions;" and then having enumerated the hospitals and schools, and the vast sums voluntarily given for their maintenance, he adds:—

"But independent of these sixteen thousand children who are fed, clothed and taught, you may see forty thousand Sunday scholars every Sabbath picked from the streets. Here then are fifty-six thousand

children, who might otherwise be prowling about this mighty Babylon and learning the road to the gallows, snatched as it were from destruction by these friends of christianity, and their feet directed into the paths of peace and usefulness!"

In looking at this statement, which is rather under than over the truth, we may see what a large amount of *sweet* is in London thrown into the bitter cup of human wo. "Never was there found in any of the cities in the world, ancient or modern, so many asylums for alleviating the miseries of man as are to be found in London. I saw much in London to please the eye and instruct the mind, but nothing gave me such a feast of reason, and such a flow of soul, as to walk out just as the last bell commenced ringing on a Sabbath morning, and to meet in almost every street, at almost every corner, some free, parish, some charity or some Sunday school; to see them in dresses which were the fashions of the days in which their schools were founded, many centuries ago; their broad-skirted long coats of mixed gray cloth, their red jerkins, their buff leather breeches, their blue worsted stockings, their well-blacked shoes and polished brass buckles, and white bands under their chins *like little ministers*, all neat and clean, hand in hand, with smiling happy faces, sometimes 500 in a line!"

The police of London also comes in for a share of his especial praise. He says—

"I have heard much and read more about the

wickedness of Londen; about sharpers and pick-pockets by day, aud about thieves, robbers and murderers, by night; but I have walked in almost every street, and at almost every hour of the day and night, sometimes alone and sometimes in company, and I never received an uncivil word or met an interruption from any one. I have gone to find a name and number three miles from my lodging, through a labyrinth, and knowing nothing of the way, save the direction of the compass and inquiry at the corner of every street, and never failed of attaining my object. I found the policemen to be very obliging; and I have frequently been accompanied by one or other of them, nearly a quarter of a mile, to show me the street I wanted."

He also bestows much laudation on our cabs and omnibuses, as cheap convenient and appendages to society; from all which we may learn that he was not only in London but in *luck*.

So far Mr. Grant Thorburn's book is "all *tarts* and *cheesecakes*," as governor of Barataria would have said; and now comes the "*bone*," which he throws forth for Mrs. Trollope and the Rev. Mr. Fiddler to "gnaw;" and certainly it will require much gnawing before it can be swallowed:—

"Nothing can exceed the good-natured humility of many ladies and gentlemen of the British metropolis; for, instead of employing their coachmen and grooms to drive, they mount the coach-box or dickey themselves, while the servants are lounging by

their sides or lolling within the carriage. The coach-box *tête-à-tête* between ladies and their grooms has a most engaging effect in the crowded streets of London! The drive in Hyde-park, and that noisy crowded thoroughfare Bond-street, that puppet-show stage of fashion, presents many scenes of this kind. Here may often be seen a female-flogging driver (improperly called *a lady*) dashing along in her lofty curricle with one lounging groom at her side, and two others in the dickey behind; thereby creating wonder, fear and pity in a gaping multitude."

This is severe enough—if not particularly *true;* but it is nothing to the epigrammatic severity of the queer little republican's peroration; for says he—

"I believe London is the only place in the world where men and women of fashion have *raised themselves* to a level with their coachmen and postillions!"

John Galt.

"Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
"Th' *Eternal Patron, Liberty;* whose flame
"While she protects, inspires the noblest strains,
"The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains."

On my return from Europe I was assailed on all sides, lengthwise and sidewise, on highways and by-ways, with the questions, "*Did you see Mr. Galt? Where is Mr. Galt? Do you know any thing of Mr. Galt?*" Now, (as they say at the Hall,) to put the

matter for ever at rest, I will tell what I saw, heard, and know of him, and also (as he has given his opinion pretty freely about me) I will tell what *I think of him.*

I saw him in his own house, and a snug little one it was, at Barn Cottage, near London, in November, 1833; he looked then as if he had been blown about in a whirlwind, having just escaped from a violent attack of *paralysis*, or some such outlandish name given by the doctors; it was in the morning, as they say in London, or eleven o'clock A. M. I thought he had not been at the toilet, as he had not shaved, and his hair was all in an uproar; his spirits, however, were good, and his countenance lit up when he saw me; he said, "the *chirp* of the bird was not more gladsome to the prisoner of Chillon than my presence to him when I entered his room;" the disease had sunk to his feet, and it was with difficulty he could walk from the fire to the sofa, but his mind was as bright and his hand and his pen as quick as ever; his conversation is both amusing and instructive, and his plain, honest, *broad Scottish tongue* sang like music in mine ear. I called on him frequently; he was always cheery and seemingly happy, and his health was good, though his countenance was pale, the effect of confinement.

Mr. Galt was born at *Irvine*, in Scotland, second of May, 1779; he is six years younger than myself, but I think he looks old enough to be my grandfather. His father was a merchant, and in pretty good

circumstances; he received a liberal education, although it does not appear that he distinguished himself at school, for his mother, who was a woman of strong mind, used to say of him, "my Johnny is but a dull and sleepy scholar." He entered a counting-house in Greenock, where he continued for several years. A circumstance much to his praise occurred at this period of his life. Being eldest son, he was, of course, heir-at-law; his father died, leaving a will by which he intended to make his widow independent, but, owing to some informality, the property fell into the hands of John, who instantly executed a deed in favor of his mother, thus fulfilling the intentions of his father. In 1801 or 2 we find him writing miscellaneous articles for the Greenock Advertiser. In a few years after he was engaged in a mercantile career, in company with a Mr. McLaughlan, in London, which blew up at the end of three years. In 1809 he was at Gibraltar, in company with Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse, from whence they sailed for Sicily. We next find them, like three old fools, running *aboot* the *braes* and *burns* of Greece, spending time and money for nothing, for I cannot find that either they or he wrote five grains of *common sense* on the subject, whereby the public might be benefited; while at *Tripolizza* he conceived a scheme for forming a mercantile establishment in the Levant, to counteract the *Berlin* and *Milan* decrees of NAPOLEON—(stupendous!) This castle in the air, like the war-proclamations of Governor Van Twiller, soon

evaporated into smoke. The first decidedly successful appearance which Mr. Galt made as an author, was in a series of articles that appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, styled "the Ayrshire Legatees;" this was in 1820; he afterwards published "The Annals of the Parish," and other popular works; but, in my opinion, *Sir Andrew Wylie* was his *chef d'œuvre*. From 1824 to '30 he was occupied as acting manager and superintendent of an emigration company in Upper Canada, which appears to have yielded him a thousand pounds per annum. It appears he managed the concern with a great deal of activity, and no small success; the company, however, did not prosper; whether he was in fault, or whether the company needed a *scapegoat*, I know not, but he was discharged at last, in what appears to have been a very *harsh manner*. In London he again commenced the business of an author, and in quick succession produced seven or eight successful works. In the midst of these honorable exertions for the support of his family and the discharge of his debts—for both objects were in his view, and the latter, to a certain extent, accomplished—he was, in July, 1832, struck with paralysis, which confined him to his room for many months, and has left him, as he mournfully expressed it, *three parts dead*. From all I could discern in conversation, however, his mind still retains its wonted vigor, which shows that soul is superior to matter; the *boiler* of the steamer may be *sound*, but, if the machinery gets crazed and out of order, it will

not work to the impulse of the first moving cause, namely, the *steam*. But to return to Mr. Galt—he, like most men of genius, has more wit than money; he has earned large sums, but knows not how to take care of it; so it was with Walter Scott, and so it was with several great men that we have known in this same State of New-York; but all of them showed their honesty by giving their all to pay their debts. I was informed, by those who knew Mr. Galt, while I was in London, that he had paid his debts till he had almost made himself a beggar.

My readers are aware that Mr. Galt is now dead.

From the Boston Courier of March 15, 1845.

Diet and Health.

"In my youth I never did apply
"Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood:
"Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
"Frosty, but kindly."

My esteemed friend Buckingham—By the by, your name reminds me of a story I heard my father relate sixty-five years ago. There's little doubt but you have heard it—but no matter, a good story and a good sermon are nothing worse of being repeated. Buckingham was a *deist*, Lord Rochester a profligate, and an *awfu' hand amang the lassies*. They were walking in a field where a boy was herding sheep; coming up, Buckingham accosts the boy with

My pretty boy, pray can you tell
Which is the nearest way to hell?

The boy replied:

By Rochester, as some do say;
But Buckingham's the nearest way.

My father (who died a few years ago, in his 93d year) added, God made this rebuke the means of his becoming a humble christian. But this is a digression, (as an Irishman would say, before he begins his story.) I was going to acknowledge the friendly notice of the *wee man an' his muckle* advertisement you took in your paper last week, and, for fear I forget, I will now request you to send me two copies of that same paper. The one I saw was sent me by friend Hall of the Commercial. I gave it to my granddaughter, who is named from my dear Rebecca—(see Galt's Laurie Todd.) A gentleman requests one to send to London, and another to send to Edinburgh; so if you will send two copies in such a way that Uncle Sam don't shave too deep, I will esteem it a favor—direct 576 Broadway, next to Niblo's Garden. And now, my friend B——, among other good deeds wherein you have had a hand, I esteem you the more highly, because I think you put the *cap-stone* on the *monument;* but let this pass; it will be remembered when you and I are in another world; better serving (I hope) the same good Lord, who has led us and fed us all our days. For my own part, I think I have received more of the kind mercies of a

bountiful Providence than falls to the lot of most men. During fifty years I have been in America, I have not been confined by sickness one day. I have three sons and three daughters, not one of whom has given me a sore heart; I have twenty-six grandchildren, two of them married. I am now in my seventy-third year; my health as good, my personal feelings as comfortable, and my heart as light as it was when in my twentieth year. I read without spectacles. In fact, my spirits at times are so buoyant that I am obliged to let off steam by writing some abstract, unconnected and incoherent ideas—like Cobbett and his pigs, for instance; else I think sometimes that the boiler in my small carcass would burst with pure delight. There is another item among my mercies, on which I (though old) look back with delight, that is, the pretty Yankee girl who became my wife, was the first young woman in whose *private company* I had spent ten minutes; yes—and the first *whose lips I ever tasted.* You will laugh at this; be it so, better laugh than cry—the merry man lives as long as the sad—so says Solomon; and were I to begin my life anew, I would just manage my treaty of peace with the lasses after the same mode and form. This little soul of ours is a curious little article; heart and flesh may fail; (though in my case I feel it not,) yet in the pleasures of memory the soul is as much alive in retrospect as it was fifty years ago. In my mind I have sometimes compared the soul to the boiler, and the limbs, eyes and ears to

the machinery; the machinery wears out by using, and won't answer the impulse of the first moving cause; yet the fire and the steam are the same; the man of eighty, whose eyes are dim, whose ears are shut, and whose arm has been struck with palsy; by the impulse of the soul he may try to raise his arm; it won't answer to the motions of the soul, because the machinery of the arm is dead; though the soul is as much alive as when first breathed into the carcass of clay. Seeing me as active, lively and young in appearance as I was forty years ago, I am asked by my friends how I live? I never was drunk in my life, and I never eat *enough;* I seldom sit ten minutes at table, and could eat as much more were I to sit till my appetite was cloyed. But enough of this heterogeneous compound. If your business call you here, I would be glad to see you—partly for pleasure and partly for profit. I have commenced business anew. I can't live without employment, and country work is not to my taste; besides, I was followed in my retreat by all the world of *fashion*, not only on the continent, but many from Europe; six pound-cakes and six glasses of wine (first cost one dollar) may do very well once a week, but when it comes three times a day for three months, it won't pay; besides, I was not master of my own time for a day. Now, when they come to see Niblo's Italian fiddlers and rope-dancers, men-singers and women-singers, live elephants and monkeys, they can see *Lauric Todd* next door, without fee or reward; besides, I

am ten thousand dollars lighter than I was seven years ago; but it went, neither by speculation, gambling, nor drinking, but purely by the visitation of God, (as the coroners say;) therefore it never lost me an hour's sleep.

Stocking Knitting.

"Should they a vain show of work assume,
"Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
"To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
"But far are cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom."

Going up and down the canal I was sensibly struck with the unhappy situation of the lady passengers during our voyage. They altogether consisted (from appearances) of traders' and farmers' wives and daughters; indeed on the whole route I saw but one solitary pair of what might be called *fashionables*, and this was a man and his wife who had been fifteen years married, and having no children, but plenty of money, were trying to kill time, and run away from themselves by posting to the springs, and when they got to the springs behold the fountains of pleasure were dry, no music nor dancing, no cards nor whist, back nor fore gammon, no courting nor scandal, no marrying nor giving in marriage, no nothing, for mirth was suspended, and the bitter

waters of Mara were flowing alone in their downward and solitary course; our friends therefore turned the faces of their steeds to the falls of Niagara, to try if the rushing of its waters would drown the voice of imaginary care.

But to return to the women in the cabin; there they sat from sunrise to sunset, from breakfast to dinner, from dinner to tea, from tea till the suspension of hammocks, in all the torture of splendid misery; at home their hands had never been *idle*, here they could find nothing to do; there were several entertaining volumes on the table, but these ladies did not belong to the reading community. (Now you observe, that a great many hours are lost in a voyage from Buffalo to Schenectady in a canal boat.) One day I took a book and sat down just on the line between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabin; all doors were open; I looked on the book, and listened to a dish of small talk which was soon emptied; hearing all still and some of them beginning to *nod* on their chairs, said I, ladies, how much happier than you were your mothers and grand-mothers, when they took a voyage through the Tappan sea to Newburgh, Wappengers creek, Catskill or Albany; they always had their knitting along; time was no burthen on their shoulders; their fingers, their needles and their tongues kept pace; they laughed and they sang, they were happy; as they were improving time they had no wish to kill time, as he flew fast and easily away of himself; they said it

was true, but times are altered, it's not fashionable now-a-days.

This is the fact, and more the pity. It is one of the evils which we have seen under the sun of our past twenty years' unexampled prosperity. We have seen the daughters of purseproud mechanics and purseproud merchants jingling a Jew's harp and a Turk's harp, a spinnet and a piano; but they never saw a knitting-needle; they cannot mix a pot of buckwheat cakes; they know not how to mend a stocking, or to put the apple in the heart of the dumpling. You may say to them, as captain Vanderdonk said to the young lady you read of in Paulding's Dutchman's Fireside, when she said she was tired doing nothing; said he, go knit stockings; said she, I know not how; said he, what then are you good for? Forty years ago we could get wives by paying the minister two dollars, that could cook, wash, knit, make, mend, and do a great many etceteras too tedious to mention. Now they sometimes pay the minister $500 for getting a wife, and what is she good for? As she cannot knit, you must pay $300 for a piano, to help her to kill time; $500 for pin money, to play baby-house; $200 to a cook to make her victuals; $200 to a woman to wash her clothes; $200 to servants to sweep the rooms, and $700 per annum for a cage wherein to keep this sweet singing bird. There stands an immoveable table in the centre of a large parlor; on the centre of this table stands a bowl, made of precious wood, china or net-

ted silver; in this bowl are deposited pieces of gilt paper, which denote that Mrs. A. B. and Miss C. D., not having any employment at home, are compelled to go round the streets to distribute scraps of paper, and make a little small talk. Among them you may find these words; "Mrs. Whitesmith's compliments to Mrs. Blacksmith, will be at home on Friday evening, 7th July, at 8 o'clock." FLATT. This is what you may call the beautiful simplicity of republicans.

But to return to the system of stocking knitting. I verily believe that if all the idle women in town and in country, in steamboats, tow-boats and canal-boats, were immediately to commence the-knitting of stockings, before seven months the *balance* of *trade* would be in our favor. Now I think the *suspension* of stocking knitting lies deep at the root of this evil. In the good old federal times, when Washington was President, his lady was not too proud to knit stockings for her general. Then, if I remember right, we had only two hosiery stores in New-York, one kept by Mr. Winslow, No. 9 Wall-street, and one by Gibson, hosier, shaver and hair dresser, Maiden-lane. Now look at this picture and at that; here we have upward of 2,000 stocking shops, in which, by moderate calculation, three hundred thousand pairs of stockings are sold, on an average, every week in the year. Now, is not this same stocking concern sufficient of itself to kick both the beam and the balance of trade in our faces, and to counteract the whole exportation of rice, snuff and

tobacco, and every other product of that hot-headed clime? In the unsophisticated times of federalism, Washington and Adams, the balance of trade was in our favor; bills on London could then be bought at 15 per cent. below par, making a broad difference of 30 per cent. between the federal and democratic reigns. Then we sent our flour to Europe by the hundred thousand barrels per annum, since that time we have begged from the hungry Hessian a bushel of wheat or a chaldron of rye.

When Washington was president in 1794, he told Congress that the best way to preserve peace was to be always prepared for war. Acting on this sound policy, he, Adams and the federal Congress, had procured a few frigates and sloops of war; in one of them, Commodore Truxton in the West Indies, and Decator at Tripoli, let the world see that America could not only build and sail ships equal to any, but in fighting them she was second to none. The year 1801 was the first year of the reign of democracy, and emphatically the first year of the age of experiments; a set of fellows who had never seen any thing larger than a birch canoe, sat dreaming and drinking, and smoking and sipping, till they finally came to the conclusion that a coast of ten thousand miles and ten millions of tonnage would be cheaper, safer and more easily protected by a few gun-boats, than they could by a dozen of frigates and sixteen seventy-fours. Well, the frigates were sold—gun-boats built and sent to buffet the mighty waves

of the Atlantic, some of them and their crews met a watery grave, and thus ended the first experiment. The next experiment was to destroy the old United States Bank, that the people might have leisure to live by catching fish on the banks of the rivers. The same experiment is now in the full tide of successful operation, and thousands of our population are catching shrimps. The next experiment was a metallic currency; this might be intended to give employment to all the mules and jack-asses on the continent, in carrying bags of dollars and panniers filled with gold, by way of saving the expense of remitting by mail.

From the Boston Courier.

Advertisement Extraordinary.

GRANT THORBURN—an old acquaintance—of whom we have heard nothing for some years, has an advertisement in the New-York Commercial Advertiser, which is as good as an auto-biography. It delighted us to see the honest little Scotchman once more in print. Pleasant reminiscences of the evening and the morning which he once spent with us were awakened, and imagination brought back the tones of the old gentleman's voice, as he sung Elgin, Martyrs, and Dundee. It is not our custom to advertise *gratis*, but there is something so truly characteristic in his advertisement, and something so pleasant withal in preserving a memorial of so clever a specimen of humanity, that we copy it without further preface.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In 1799 the subscriber commenced business with three pots of geraniums, a monthly rose, and 15 dollars' worth of seed. The seeds grew till they filled the whole continent—the rose blossomed till it spread into a tree, and the little birds formed their nests under its branches. Presently there came forth a host of pretenders, boasting of what they could do; they did nothing. In 1818 appeared William Cobbett. This same Cobbett in 1793, '4 and '5, published the Porcupine's Gazette in Philadelphia; its object was to prove to a demonstration that all republics were humbugs—that kings only had a divine right to reign—and that the Americans were a set of consummate rebels. The mob tore down his office, made *pi* of his types, and scattered his porcupine quills in their native air. He fled to England, returned to New-York a full-blooded radical Democrat, and opened a seed-shop at 62 Fulton-street, where he sold ruta baga at one dollar per pound, and black pigs for ten dollars each. For a long space of time you could hear nothing in Wall or Exchange-streets but Cobbett and his black pigs—Cobbett and his ruta baga. The consternation was similar to that at Frankfort when the man rode through the streets with the long nose, and still the wonder grew whether the nose was a paper or a *timmer* (wooden) nose. He vowed he would drive Thorburn from the

boards with his black pigs and ruta baga in less than six months. Before twelve he closed the concern, and again sailed for England. Naked he came into America, and naked he returned from thence; his whole goods and chattels (a few minor articles excepted) consisting only of ruta baga and smoked hams from the hind quarters of his black pigs; he shipped one case, however, which by some estimation was beyond all price, viz. a rough Albany deal board, formed into a square box, and in this box was deposited the profound skull and dry bones of the venerated Thomas Paine, author of "Common Sense," &c. Out of these bones Cobbett meant to have made political capital, but they were seized by the custom-house at London for duty, and sunk (if report speaks true) in the deep green sea.

From this subject it may be profitable to observe how similar are the movements of political quacks in all countries and at all periods. It is but a few years since that our political jugglers turned the world upside down about Morgan, his dry bones and split skull; Louis Philip, too, and his French radicals, must needs parade the bones of Bonaparte wherewith to make a bank political.

But enough of this long preamble. It is only meant to let his friends know that Grant yet lives—his eye as clear, his head as sound, and his health as good as in 1801—and this being the first day of Spring, he is provided with the usual supply of goods (as they say in Pearl-street) to accommodate his

friends; and his being only a branch from the tree at 15 John-street, the seeds, on trial, will prove good. American and European Flower-seeds just received. Bouquets prepared for the ladies in the neatest order. Catalogues gratis. Gentlemen supplied with Gardeners, &c. GRANT THORBURN.

From the Philadelphia Courier.

Galt's Laurie Todd.

We understand that a new edition of Galt's "Laurie Todd" will be published in a day or two, with explanatory notes, by GRANT THORBURN, the well known model from which this admirable work was wrought.

In relation to GRANT THORBURN, we were recently indulged with the perusal of a letter written by him to a friend in this city; and we were delighted with the spirit of pious thankfulness for the good he has received, it breathes throughout; and no less so by the cheerfulness and kind-heartedness also exhibited by this venerable philanthropist. He writes that "during fifty years and six months I have been in America, I have not been confined by sickness one day. If I live to see the 18th February next I will have completed my seventy-second year, and now

my bodily feelings are as comfortable as they were on the day I first saw America." Truly the ways of the righteous are paths of peace. And long may *his* days be on the land he has adorned as well by precept as by example.

THE END.

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